

## 50 Cent

### "A Hustler's Ambition"

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(Like the fire needs the air)  
(I won't burn unless your there)

Yea, I need you, I need you to hate  
So I can use you for your energy  
You know, it's real shit, feel this!

[Verse 1]

America's got a thing for this gangsta's shit, they love me  
Black Chucks, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle  
I take spit's over raymo shit, I'ma fan  
Got that silver duck tape on my Trey Eight handle  
The women on my life bring confusion shit  
SO like Nino from New Jack, I'll have to cancel that bitch  
Look at me, this is the life I chose  
Niggaz around me so cold, man my heart dun froze up  
I build an empire on the low the narc's don't know  
I'm the weatherman, I take that coco leaf and make that snow  
Sit back, watch it turn to dope, watch it go out the door  
O after O, you know, homey I'm just triple beam, dreamin  
Niggaz be schemin, I'm fiendin to live a good life  
The fiends just fiendin  
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you can't see  
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me

[Chorus]

I want the finer things in my life  
So I hustle (hustle)  
Nigga you get in my way when while I'm tryin to get mine  
And I'll buck you (buck you)  
I don't care who you run with, or where you from  
Nigga fuck you (fuck you)  
I want to find the thing thats in my life  
So I hustle (hustle)

[Verse 2]

Yea, I don't know shit about gymnastics I summersault

bricks  
Black talents start flyin, when a nigga flip  
I cook crack in the microwave, niggaz can't fuck with  
me  
Man my cold days, they called me chef boy are 50  
Check my logic, smokers don't like seeds in their weed  
shit  
Send me them seeds I'll grow 'em what they need  
Them ain't chia pet plants in the crib thats chronic  
And I'm sellin them 500 a pop god damn it  
I sold everythin I'ma hustler, I know how to grind  
Step on grapes put in water and tell you its wine  
If you analyze me, what you'll find is the DNA of a crook

What goes in my mind, it's contagious  
Hypnotic, it sounds melodic  
If the rap was the block or spider, I'll be that potent  
product  
Now get a load of me, flashy, far from low key  
And you can locate me where ever that dope be, gettin  
money man

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Its a hustler's ambition, close your eyes listen, see my  
vision  
Mossberg pumpin, shotgun dumpin and drama means  
nothin  
It's part of the game, catch me in the coupe switchin  
lanes  
In the jewels with your chains  
I upgrade from 30 BS to clean VS  
Rocks that I copped procedes from the spot  
I got the energy to win, I'm full of adrenaline  
Played it perf and get nauseous, watchin the spinner  
spin  
I make plans to make it, a prisoner of the state  
Now I can invite yo ass out to my estate  
Them hollow tips bent me up, but I'm back in shape  
Pour Crystal in the blender and make a protein shake  
I'm like the East coast number one playboy B  
Hugh Hefner'll tell you he don't got shit on me  
The feds watch me, icy they can't stop me  
Racist, pointin at me look at the nigga ratchi  
Hello!

[Chorus]

