

50 Cent "Hustlers Ambition"

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{Light the fire that needs the air}
Yeah
{I won't burn unless you're there, you're there}
I need you
{Ooh, I need you}
I need you to hate

So I can use it for your anger
{Light the fire that needs the air}
{I won't burn unless you're there, you're there}
You know, it's real shit, feel this!

America got a thing for this gangsta shit, they love me
Black Chucks, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle
I take Spit over Raymo, shit, I'm a fan
Got the silver duck tape on my tray eight handle

The women in my life bring confusion to shit
So like Nino in New Jack, I'll holla
"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 the empire on the low
The narc's don't know I'm the weatherman
I take that coca leaf and make that snow
Sit back, watch it turn to dope, watch it go out the do'
O after O, you know

Homey I'm just triple beam, dreamin' niggaz be
schemin'
I fiend to live the good life the fiends are just fiendin'
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you can't see
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me

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

So I hustle

Yea, I don't know shit about gymnastics I somersault
bricks

Black talons start flyin', when a nigga flip
I cook crack in the microwave, niggaz can't fuck with
me

Me and my cool G's, call me Chef-boy-are-50

Check my logic, smokers don't like seeds in their weed
shit

Send me them seeds, I'll grow them what they need
Them ain't Chia Pet plants in the crib that's chronic

And I'm sellin' them for 500 a pop god damn it

I sell anythin' I'ma hustler, I know how to grind
Step on grapes put it in water and tell you it's wine
If you analyze me, what you'll find is the DNA of a crook
And what goes on in my mind

It's contagious, hypnotic, it sounds melodic
If rap was the block or spider, I'll be poke and product
Now get a load of me, flashy, far from low key
And you can locate me wherever that dope be
Be gettin' money man

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

It's 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
Or in the jeweler's switchin' chains

I upgrade from 30 BS to clean VS
Rocks that I copped from proceeds from the spot
I got the energy to win, I'm full of adrenaline
Play the curve 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 Cristal in the blender and make a protein shake

I'm like the east coast number one Playboy B
Hugh Hefner'll tell you he ain't got shit on me
The Feds watch me, Icey they can't stop me
Racist, pointin' at me, "Look at Niggerace"
Hello!

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

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