

**Rick Ross f/ Busta Rhymes****"Hustlin'"**

Visit "[Hustlin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'

Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'  
Ev-ev-ev-everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Ev-ev-ev-everyday I'm hustlin'  
Ev-ev-everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin' hustlin' hustlin' hust-hustlin'

[Busta Rhymes speaking over Intro]

Hey yo, Rick Ross  
I had the wild coke connect from niggaz from South  
America  
My Guyanese niggaz used to hit me off, ha ha ha ha  
Flipmode bitch, yeah  
Busta Rhymes, Rick Ross  
Now I think you niggaz know what it is  
See when the Reaganomics of it was poppin' off  
We used to get that inconceivable pop  
Rick Ross, go 'head and talk to 'em

[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

Who the fuck you think you fuckin' with, I'm the fuckin'  
boss  
Seven forty-five, white on white that's fuckin' Ross  
I cut 'em wide, I cut 'em long, I cut 'em fat (What)  
I keep 'em comin' back (What), we keep 'em comin'  
back  
I'm in the distribution, I'm like Atlantic

I got them motherfuckers flyin' 'cross the Atlantic  
I know Pablo, Noriega, the real Noriega  
He owe me a hundred favors  
I ain't petty nigga, we buy the whole thang  
See most of my niggaz really still deal cocaine  
My roof back, my money rides  
I'm on the pedal, show you what I'm runnin' like  
When they snatch black I cry for a hundred nights  
He got a hundred bodies, servin' a hundred lifes

[Hook with Busta Rhymes ad-libs]

Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Ev-everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Ev-everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Everyday I'm, everyday I'm

[Verse 2 - Busta Rhymes]

I'm on this shit too, I know ya can't believe  
Just call me claustrophobia I leave no room to breathe  
While other niggaz done lived see I create a scene  
Then I get up on my grind and I hustle to another level  
to another extreme  
Amphetamines, weed the empire that I'm building  
Even got a coke connect through Pablo Escobar's  
children  
Heard what I said bitch, Pablo Escobar's children  
They call me whenever they manufacture the coke  
shipment  
Whenever there is a drought and we need to place an  
order  
I holla at Manuela Escobar, Pablo's daughter  
From Columbia through Bahamas, Florida Keys border  
Yes, the hunger for enchilada gets hotter please call  
her  
She gets me coke that makes bodies numb once ya  
fingers in it  
So white, the coke got a sparkle like she got crystals in  
it  
Look, out of town my gangsta's bubblin'  
See I will flip and sell you any drug cuz I be hustlin'

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

We never steal cars, but we deal hard  
Whip it real hard whip it whip it real hard  
I caught a charge, I caught a charge

Whip it real hard, whip it whip it real hard  
Ain't bout no funny shit still bitches and business  
I'm on my money shit still whippin' them Benzs  
Major league who catchin' because I'm pitchin'  
Jose Canseco just snitchin' because he's finish  
I feed 'em steroids to strengthen up all my chickens  
They flyin' over Pacific to be specific  
Triple C's you know it's back we holdin' sacks  
So nigga go on rat, run and tell 'em that  
Mo' cars, mo' hoes, mo' clothes, mo' blows

[Hook]

Visit [Rick Ross f/ Busta Rhymes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.