

## **Rick Ross f/ Jay-Z, Young Jeezy**

### **"Hustlin'"**

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[Intro with Jay-Z ad-libs]

Everyday I'm hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'

[Hook with Jay-Z ad-libs]

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'

[Bridge with Jay-Z ad-libs]

Hustle real hard  
Hustle, hustle real hard  
Hustle real hard  
Hustle, hustle real hard  
Hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle-hustlin' hustlin'  
Hustle, everyday I'm, everyday I'm  
Everyday I'm...

[Verse 1 - Jay-Z]

Hold up  
Who you haters think you talkin' to, I'm the fuckin' boss  
White on white, G4, hater get lost  
I'm in the air I don't hear niggaz corny raps  
Yeah nigga Hov is back, that nigga Hov is back  
I got a honey bun, no not a chick  
I got a honey bun, millions nigga I got couple hundred  
'em  
Ninety-nine problems prick, don't become the hundreth  
one  
'Less you got a hundred lives murder bout a hundred,  
uh

We don't resort to violence, we on resorts and islands  
With linen shorts and shades, case they thought you  
was lyin'  
My Louis slippers, Polo top  
Linen shorts so my balls don't get hot, ha ha  
Yeah I balls a lot, nah I owns the team  
Ricky Ross, Roc-A-Fella, I owns the scene  
Stop playin' with me lames y'all not my equal  
It ain't no coincidence that my age is a kilo  
Which means that I'm pordo, which means that I'm  
gordo  
Which means that I use a G4, like in auto  
I'm a walkin' memorial  
I'm legendary for whippin' whippin' that boss  
So nigga just let that cause go

[Hook with ad-libs]

[Bridge]

[Verse 2 - Young Jeezy]

Hey, let's go  
Snowman bitch, I don't even wear the same draws  
Flat screens on my walls, flows look like bowling balls  
I know Big Meeks, the real Big Meeks  
It's over for you clowns soon as my nigga hit them  
streets  
I see you ridin' homie, but that ain't hard enough  
You know me I might pull up in an armored truck  
I stack big faces, I stack small faces  
I stack all faces, swear it's white as pillow cases  
I got a dirty mouth but my kitchen's clean  
Them folks ridin' hid the pots and the triple beams  
Hit the Dodge spot I must've copped six Magnums  
Marriott suite, I must've used six magnums  
Feds on my tail, you know them boys'll six flag ya  
Testarossa ride, like I'm on a coaster ride  
Sheet mix, remix still talkin' white bricks  
Two million records sold and I'm still talkin' white shit

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]

I'm the fuckin' future nigga, what you can't see the  
facts  
Ya want them pretty things, I'm the one ya need to ask  
They come cross the border, I'm fulfillin' ya order  
But the second ya bought her, Fed charges get brought  
up

I'm whippin' the case, like I'm whippin' the base  
Look at daddy in face now tell me how good does it  
taste  
Willie Fal-con, I'm the Dow Jones  
Down South where them D-Boys ground zones  
We never steal cars, what I'm puttin' miles on  
Thirty feet, it cost a couple hundred thousand  
My shit bigger than your's, at the biddin' wars  
I'm the one they biddin' for, dog I'm just the biggest  
drought  
I'm in the distribution, I'm like Def Jam  
Release fish scales, scales on my desk man

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Ad-libs]

[Hook]

[Bridge]

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