

Murs f/ John Cena, Chingo Bling, E-40

"Hustle"

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[Murs]

9th, it's the remix right?
So what we gon' do is
Further define the term "hustling" cause
These fools on the radio got people thinkin
you gotta sell dope or, be a killer or somethin but
You could be in traffic right now
On your way to school or, on your way from work
You could be, flippin burgers, doin corporate mergers
You still a motherfuckin hustler let's go

A lot of people castin shade on the classic that we
made but
Say what you say we just ask to get paid
And I might get laid if the remix gets played
So throw this on the radio like 50 times a day
I got my dude from the Yay, and my boy from H-Town
Goin hard in the paint, with my man from Smackdown
And you gotta back down, cause the grind don't cease
While dudes likes {**edit**} is hard to find in the streets
I hustle like the homey Fo-Five, rest in peace
While you bark a lot about your glock, never had to
walk the walk
You ain't a gangster homeboy, just a dude who likes to
talk a lot
That's why you got your chain snatched in a Roscoe's
parking lot
In the M-I-D C-I-T-Y
One verse'll melt the ice on your favorite rap guy
No Jacob on my wrist, cause that's not what I'm about
But I will find time to knock your favorite rapper out
And I'm a

[Chorus 2X: Murs]

H-U-S-T-L-E hustler
You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker
Goal not to be broken have to stroll like a sucker
So pay me what you owe me and don't play with me
homey

[E-40]

Huh, check it out
E-40-Water ain't gon' give it to you late (late)
E-40-Water gon' give it to you straight, way before
1988 (8)
I used to quarterback weight (weight)
Did whatever it had to take to put out my first tape
(tape)
Tryin to outsmart the boys in blue
Never knew how much I made (made)
I used to throw 'em off with my glasses and my hi-top
fade (fade)
But I never pedalled woofy just that A-1 yo-yo mayne
(mayne)
That's off my cocoa leaf (leaf)
Stapler in my du-duh-du-duhs, hubbles between my
booty cheeks
The same old clothes for weeks (weeks) gritty and
sabalosa
A turfed out motherfucker, in a Granada smoker roper
(roper)
Sippin on King Cobra (Cobra) bankroll full of huns
(huns)
Fluffin that Public Enemy, "Miuzi Weighs a Ton"
(Ton) Oooh, and it was off to the hood (hood)
Local boy from Vallejo, that player done made it GOOD!
(good)
And I wish a sucker would, try to knock my hustle
(hustle)
Fuck these motherfuckers I was brought up in the
struggle!

[Chorus]

[Chingo Bling]

Chingo Bling the boss, I could never get a layoff
America would shutdown if Mexicans took the day off
Freeways, construction keys, and nines bustin
Playboy we hustlin, end of discussion
Word to matadors, to mat-a-tres to mata-four
When Chingo thinks of money he'll be kickin down your
door
This is for my slangers and hustlers in wranglers and
rustlers
We bangin on busters no justice just us
Definition of the hustle, is mind over muscle
Chingo Bling be "Tango & Cash" like Kurt Russell
Bootleggers lovin Chingo cause my shit really sells
If they was bootleggin you, they could barely pay the
bills
Streets askin ju got heart, ju dudes is pop tart
One good lick you get knocked out the pop charts

That's why I grind from the ground up
They see me nowadays I be bling blowed up, Chingo
paid

[Chorus]

[John Cena]

Yo Murs, this John Cena from the WWE
Fillin you in on a different struggle
The struggle that takes place in four corners y'know
And it go like this
You think it's all fun and games but this shit is no joke
The type of stage where the millionaires be cuttin ya
throat
They move quick but I'm quicker, Cen' stiffer than
straight liquor
You fall by the wayside I ain't gon' lay wit'cha
Born to keep movin, provin 'em wrong
A straight hustler, stay true to the song
In the street they pull heat to try to settle a beef
In the squared circle, you feel the metal to teeth
Why's everybody lovin you, when you feedin 'em
steak?
You fall off you look around you'll be seein who fake
A true hustler, fall on his face and keep risin
So just when they counted me out, I surprised 'em
Fuck a dollar out of 15 cents, when I be clockin in
My punch card make money appear, out of oxygen
As long as I'm breathin, my pockets will swell
And John Cena's the kid, that go through hell for a cell,
what?

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