

Bob**"Grand Hustle Kings"**Visit "[Grand Hustle Kings](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uncle Quincy they gon dig this
Haha, hold up

[Chorus]

Alright people, I wanna see you dance if your type
forever
Get your hands up, say hey
And shawty you're looking good
Come here, let me see you dance
Get ya hands up

[T.I.]

I got to the park, supercool, stupid hot
He the freshest from his fitted down to the shoes and
socks
Can you wanna like it, could'nt care less if you do or not
A reminder for those of you who forget
It's the king partna', ya aint bout to say a big deal I'm
not
Fifty mill I got, double down why not
177 Aston Martin cash and carry off the lot
They say money talk but listen Shorty cause I talk a lot
Incredible, my pockets and a cherry red drop
Your money funny, big dummy in the words Redd Foxx
We're gonna be smoking the city when I come kicking
come and witness
8 hundred young women all here for Young fif
Listen, if I really dig her, let her meet my uncle Quincy
Catch up with me suckers gonna need a solid month
of?
Many moons will it take you baffoons, many goons
Presents fill up any room, King back gimme room

[Chorus]

[B.o.B]

I told the World what I'm gon do, check the charts if you
want proof
Number 1 and number 2, I'll take the rest, don't mind if
I do
Pull my seat up to this table in the game, where's my

food

But frankly, I accomplished what they said I'll never do
Or maybe you've been sleeping or snoozing on me
before

Or possibly, blocking me from opening doors

And everybody surprised now

3 years down the road, but where was everybody

When albums wasn't exposed

Who cares if it aint fair

Cause I mean?

Bob on beast, Bob on blast, Bob is everything you say

It's finesse, an expression, an emphasis on my name

Talking record labels corporations this is entertainment

Here is what I meant

They be like "hey Bob try this"

Put on this shirt, put on these jeans

Put on this hat, that'd be the sh-t

Rap it like that, sing it like this

Yeah yeah yeah

That'll be a hit

What's his name,

[Chorus]

[Young Dro]

Hey look, came on so hard

You don't see the star in me

Dro, I can do anything, you don't see the heart in me

Pressure becomes combustible

Wheels squeezing the arteries of haters

Plus my uncle is Quincy Jones so pardon me

I like riding a may

When it come to money boy, we got that?

Looking bad as ever, mansion in the panamerica

Why sick, I'm extravagant and clever

Will damage you, it's whatever

Grand Hustle Kings

I wont get off the mic until that thing starts sizzling

Block you like a histamine

This is really history

Watch ya old lady 'fore I slip in with this hickory

Like elmo y'all tickle me

Why I still be ripping beats

Backing fantastic, tell me that you've been listening

White on white, drop back joint

T.I in a ride out

2 of the best in the game, what you gotta decide about

[Chorus]

