

C-Murder

"Hustla's Wife"

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[talking:]

Y'all bitches better get off me, y'all feel me what's up
You see me what's up, everything around here
Do you see anything, you thought wasn't there
Look what's up baby, you know I'ma ride for you

[C-Murder:]

I seen you in the projects one day, with a bad attitude
Acting all rude, I thought it was cute
See I don't like a pushover broad, I'm living foul
I need a sweet thing, that's bout getting wild now
When I finally snatched you up, my stacks was on the
decline
Nigga you hit a lick, and it was our time to shine
I had you go in the club, intice this thug
And show him some love, and slip some'ing in his mug
You did that like a G, brought that nigga to me
He brought us his stash, now I fill a double bag with
cash
Smash a few weeks passed, first class
I'm hitting that ass, stack mail and duck the task

[Hook:]

She's a hustler's wife, she thugging
A hustler's wife, got it going on
She's a hustler's wife, call it thug love
She's a hustler's wife, married to a hustler

[C-Murder:]

Now five bricks a day, so I guess I'm that nigga
Bought you a hair shop, all them hoes jock
Rock for rock, ounce for ounce
For and a halves, look at him I made him laugh
You my dog and I got your back, straight up dime piece
Just like me, you hate the police
When you got with me, you married a mob boo
Ain't no leaving one way, and that one way out true
It comes with the job, let's take a ride grab the pearl I
brought you
This world is yours, just do what I taught you
Bulletproof on the Benz, that I gave you right

Ain't no slipping, when you living as a hustler's wife

[Hook]

[C-Murder:]

They kicked in the do', waving the fo'-fo'
It's a jack move, got me and my girl on the flo'
But they mashed up, they ain't gon merk us
Most likely they gon stick and move, in the service
Ransacked the place, put the heat in my face
I want ay'thang nigga, including the safe
Man I'm this close to making a move, raising up
And break, make a move for the tool shh
Somebody set me up, must of been one of my homes
The camera wasn't on, or the burglar alarm
Mami don't cry, it's gon be alright
This the shit that happens, as a hustler's wife

[Hook]

[talking:]

(why y'all acting like this, what you thought
You mad, cause we blowing it up
You following us, I'm down with my nigga to the end
And we gon keep, doing it big real big
We mean that don't touch me don't put your hands on
me
Don't-don't touch me at all, so what's up huh)
This chick ride or die tattooed up, with my name
ay'thang
Soldierette, whatever you wanna call it
A lil' gangsta bitch, she's a hustler's wife
She married to a hustler right, she's a hustler-hustler
When I'm locked up she there for me, she care for me
You heard me, she keep it real with me
She deal with me, chill with me down to blow it up
And blow with me, fire roller too whodi

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