

Cassia Eller

"I'm A Hustler"

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[Intro]

Nigga ask about me (Yeah Yeah!) {4x}

[Chorus]

I'm a hustler, I'm a - I'm a hustler homie (Yeah)
I'm a hustler, I'm a - I'm a hustler homie (Yeah)
Nigga ask ab - nigga nigga ask about me (Yeah)
Nigga ask ab - nigga nigga ask about me (Yeah)
I'm a hustler, I'm a - I'm a hustler homie (Yeah)
(This for all my niggaz)
I'm a hustler, I'm a - I'm a hustler homie (Yeah)
(That's going through the struggle, that's on the grind!
)
Nigga ask ab - nigga nigga ask about me (Yeah)
(All my niggaz that ever had to hustle to get a dollar)
Nigga ask ab - nigga nigga ask about me (Yeah)
(This for y?all man, Personality Change man!)
(The kid Cassidy, hah! this for the hood)

[Verse 1]

I'm a hustler, I'm a - I'm a hustler homie
I got the product, narcotics for the customers homie
Fiends open, they be smokin like a muffler homie
Niggas phoney so I only got a couple of homies
If you a hustler, I could I could fuck with ya homie
You spend a couple bucks I stay in touch with ya homie
I get money, I get twenty a K
I got twenty strips all doin twenty a day
And! I get cake from buds and haze I'm makin dubs
They hatin cause I'm on the grind like I'm makin love
When cops got the block hot like Jamaican clubs
Cop wait, wait for a drought, and then make it flood
Try take my cake you 'gon take a slug
But you can take my information if you takin drugs
Cause I could sell Raid to a bug
I'm a hustler! I could sell salt to a slug cause

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'm married to the game, same bride just a new groom

I do more than just do tunes
Cause my bills come in too soon, my son 'gon be two
soon
Royalty checks come like once in a blue moon
But I'm getting my doe from doin shows
I made more doe on the grind than goin gold
That's why I stay fly and I'm fly-ing on hoes
Flossin so cool, in the Aston no shoes
Just a rubber band on my wrist, no jewels
I ain't gotta prove I'm rich, I'm no fool
I know the rules, and I ain't got time for it
But the nigga will shine when it's time for it
And they will hate, you deal with the real cake
And they on the corner from morning till real late
I deal weight and if you bastards doubt me
I'm a hustler, ask about - ask about me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

To get paid, you gotta save, don't be spending the
change
In 5th grade I was hustling my Genesis games
I was dumb young, selling chewing gum to my
classmates
On the cash chase, moving at a fast pace
Never been a dummy, never did what the dummies do
So I had a mill to burn 'fore I turned 22!
Mo money, mo problems, it's true
Cause the more money I make the more problems for
you
Yeah I use dude voice, propz to the boy Shawn
He made it a hot line, I made it a hot song
So - stop drawing, man you gotta respect it
I'm the best, Swizz got it perfected
Don't mess wit, C-A double S, I-D-Y
Cause I became the best when B.I.G. died
The kid do it Big like P-U-N
Cause I'm nice like P-A-C wit the p-e-n and

[Chorus]

[Outro] [*Swizz Beatz "Go! Go!" in background*]

This for all my niggaz that's going through the struggle
That's on the grind! All my niggaz that ever had to
hustle to get a dollar
This for y'all man, Personality Change man!
The kid Cassidy, hah! this for the hood

