

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Rap's A Hustle"

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[Verse 1]

I'ma pimp, a pen's my hoe
She don't ever move 'til I say so
Her only purpose in life is get me large
I got my pen workin' 16 bars
When I'm happy she happy, sad she sad
She make sure we both have
She know I got plenty more ready to replace her
Bitch better have mine
I'm not lettin' no pen get out of line
You get it, I mean, can you dig it
She committed to me, she please niggas for me
My shit's so tight, she leave a nigga for me
I met her in a studio, she caught my eye
She was with a mac, over kickin' whack ass rhymes
I needed a pen, so he let me borrow her
Like my shit ain't I'll enough to overpower her
I see he wasn't treatin' her right
I gave her some paper
And let her do her thing that night
That's right, I took her from that playa
He to concerned with his money and his data
She told me, shit he be kickin' be so weak
I told him, your hoe chose me I'm goldie
Be cool, or we can make the heat come out
Your pen work for me 'til the ink run out (playa)

[Chorus]

Money talks and bullshit walks
Rap is a hustle, yo
Only the strong survive, I was born to rhyme
Put me on the streets and I'm goin' for mine
Money talks and bullshit walks
Rap is a hustle, yo
Only the strong survive, I was born to rhyme
Put me on the streets nigga

[Verse 2]

My rap is uncut raw, out the door
Type shit to have fiends lookin' for more
Your rap is lactose; you cooked up, the glass broke

Customers complainin', some never comin' back yo
My rap flow is pure all white, in the hood all night
You made your first sale when I sold out
My shit numbs your whole mouth, yours leaves a foul
taste
My rhyme's a felony, yours never seen a trial date
You need a legal aid, my pen got the DA's paid
My flows sleepin' in a cave
No day's I got the streets in this mad
You need a mask to prepare the ? here
It's heated glass once I flip this track
You should see my stash, I got rhymes for days
Fuckin' right crime pays, I stay deliverin, ain't no
middle man
I never short my mans or cross my fans
Or switch my supply when money cross my hand
It's funny, I'm here, unlike like the crew I used to roll
wit'
Yall might as well work for me, I got that clientele
You put too much cut in that stuff yall tried to sell
That's the reason why your empire fell like Goliath
I'm supplyin' ghettos and satisfyin' Marks
NARC's is analyzin', askin' why this kid
Out bridge is commin' through with platinum sound'
and
Bringin' heat to the street like if I had the iron (for real)

[Chorus]

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