

## **Big Noyd**

# **"Episodes Of A Hustla"**

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[Big Noyd]

I'm the type of gentleman finessin timbalands  
Flippin like three grand, cop a hundred grams goin  
hand and hand  
Hennessee guzzlin, just motherfuckin hustlin  
On the streets watchin police in the gray caprice  
Six Y trey gate, time to motivate  
Those are the deeds life will squeeze  
If you flip you gettin hit with the four pound  
Pull out your gat take out more rounds  
3 against 1, thats how we go down  
I cant get knocked, they tryin to get the drop, damn shit  
is hot  
Im watchin what they doin cuz they cruisin up the next  
block  
Im hot with this chrome piece, but I don't need the  
position  
where I'm spittin at the motherfuckin police  
I couldnt get caught, had to leave New York, couldnt  
use my passport  
Bitches hangin up in the airport  
So yo bro, got to take the jetta  
Whateva, I'm on the flow gotta get these ginos,  
got a hundred grams of Coke bout to blow,  
feel my cold pistol fully start spittin,  
I'm hittin and wont miss you  
I'm official, Queensbridge murder, life gambalin  
especially  
professionally gat handlin  
Call me V cuz I'mm vexed like a veteran  
and better than whoever wanna Front let em step up in

Hook: Big Noyd

Introducin, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thug motherfuckers  
Introducin, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thug motherfuckers  
Introducin, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thug motherfuckers  
Introducin, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thugs

[Big Noyd]

Sittin back, the blunt steamin, sippin heines and  
dreamin  
Pushin keys in four wheelers, flippin millions to billions  
My style is extraordinary foul when it come to grams  
Im usin plans takin out the whole fam  
You best to believe the trigga squeeze, makin niggas  
bleed  
Cross sea delivery, pushin keys out of factories  
Baby you sound good, blowin up in the hood, its logical  
Matter fact its possible, I got my work bubblin, me and  
my niggas jugglin  
Cracks and strugglin while we hustlin but with no  
question  
We gonna survive to the fittest cuz we in this, style  
corrupt what the fuck  
Life style like a menace, child livin for rounds for  
Queensbridge era  
I be bringin terror, the natural born hustla so yea  
whateva

Hook

[Big Noyd]

A nigga try to bag me, he grabbed me, a nigga almost  
had me  
I pulled out the banga and blew his ass badly, I'm nasty  
Crazy mentality, start a catastrophe livin life tragedy  
You know you gettin jumped punk  
There aint no time for more than one  
Tellin em son  
(They front, Smoke his ass like a Philly blunt)  
Reach for my spine, pull out my nine, cock it one time  
Make him lay down, dont move around cuz your ass  
mine  
Gave a crook look got him shook, he on the floor  
flinchin  
Now we bitchin and he snitchin, listen  
I pistol whipped him, but to know the main fact  
is that i pushed his wig back then took off in the black  
AC'

Hook

[Big Noyd]

motherfucker, word up

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