

# Big Tymers "We Hustle"

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**(feat. B.G., Juvenile, and Turk)**

*[Juvenile]*

Listen,

It's a fresh package I got - why not move it  
Keepin' it in the house 'll have the Feds locked to it  
Business as usual is goin' on in the slums  
We want the whole cake, nigga - we don't want no  
crums  
Stupid shit - we avoid it  
Dope - we exploit it  
Had our shit tight bitches done destroyed it  
Now niggas gettin' out lookin' for employers  
Made a deal with the D.A. and the lawyer  
Swearin' he would never tell - put it on his daughter  
Sayin' he was outta town - nigga crossed the border  
Should've bust his head, but I don't need the heat  
I'll send another nigga out to handle beef for me  
It's a test 'cause I've been given him a ki a week  
Let me see what they gon' do up on the streets for me  
And if he hand me his business, I'ma make sure he's  
straight  
The only nigga out the project Magnolia with weight

*[Hook - Turk]*

Nigga, we hustle hustle everyday, all day  
Get our grind on in the project hallway  
Nigga try to hit a hustle, they get burnt with a K  
Hot Boys and Big Tymers - they surely don't play

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*[B.G.]*

Started out with a seven-gram quarter, flipped to half-  
a-ounce  
Tryin' to keep clothes on my daughter and food in her  
mouth  
It don't stop from sun-up to sun-down - I'm on the grind  
In two weeks I was workin' a 16-25

Tryin' to get it - only thing in my vision is ballin'  
Jumpin' out a 500-S class on brodders  
So you only had a nickel like me hustlin' hard  
'Fore I knew I was workin' four ounces and two quarters  
Not a taker I'm scarred from (? ?)  
Swore he was gon' front just bringin' his shit  
Now I got a quarter ki - broke it down to six and two  
quarters  
It's cooked already - I got these niggas runnin' like  
water  
Slowly, I'm comin' up - scorin' a ounce since fronted  
nine  
Had this nigga - only said what they workin', the block  
is mine  
Got hustlin' skills in my blood - come from my pa  
That's how I know the game 'cause at a young age I  
was taught

*[Hook2x - Turk]*

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*[Baby]*

Brother, you my hustler, and K.C. my killer  
Michael, (?), Curl, y'all lay back and peep these niggas  
Dubbed all and wide open (whatever) whatever, my  
nigga  
Big (?) grab the glock out to shoot, my nigga  
Then if it go down, I know you're ridin', nigga  
But it's cool - I lost some hot boys, my nigga  
But I'm a fool untamed by the children in this game  
Tre, go grab them things, we gon' get paid, man  
Joe Casey know a nigga wan' buy some things  
I start in the hood, I keep it real with my goods  
Lac, hurry up back, I know a nigga wan' buy some crack  
Smack a whole brick on that bitch when it come back  
Stone, you play the cuts and watch my back  
Magnolia Shorty, take these stacks and meet me at the  
shack  
I'm 'bout to go to a car lot on veterans, black  
And buy that new black-on-black 2G Cadillac

*[Hook - Turk]*

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*[Mannie Fresh]*

What

What

What

Remember when shit was a easy task

Back in the days that passed

When bitches use to cut class

Just to let a dumb nigga hit that ass

Now everything fucked up

Sure virgin pussy gon' cost you a-hundred bucks

Nigga, that use to be the man shit outta luck

Young niggas walkin' 'round with that duck

Some say, "Play with your nose."

Some say, "Fuck them hoes."

Some say, "You're fat. Work out and get a six-pack."

I say, "Fuck all that, I'd rather have six facts."

Young niggas done drove me to pack a heater

Fuck drawin' up the meat beaters

They tryin' to defeat us

Move us out and delete us

Erase us niggas from the face of the earth

Put your dick in the dirt

No how, no way, daddy, it won't work

I refuse to be a statistic

DNA ballistic

With a closed casket

'Cause some young nigga blasted my brains on the  
side

Lil' daddy, I'ma swing wide and let everything out here  
feel me

You ain't gon' do it - old age gon' kill me

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