

## Fat Amy

### "Hustlin'"

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Fat Joe]  
Uhh, T.S.!  
None better (Bronx niggaz, uhh)  
Life of a hustler (ha-hah, what'chu know about that?)  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo the mind of a hustler be trained to count money and  
lies  
Supplyin customers and keep it peace and just spendin  
they time  
Pop another thug that's tryin to scream but they dimes  
Hoppin all the clubs in town, they don't need to wear  
shines  
They got that energy, confident and always aware  
Who's watchin them, bitches on top of them, they don't  
just be near  
Probably spot poppy and them they robbed last year  
And just, nod and stare and show no fear  
Cause nine times out of ten this bitch connects this kid  
to shoot you  
They too hot so catchin a body's too crucial  
If you a hustler, I know you relate  
Whether you home base or go out of state  
This shit is real  
And you better recognize when you see 'em, these  
niggaz kill  
A whole 'nother drug dealer keep 'em with steels  
So be creepin so it's real on the deal, with the F-E-D  
Some of them sleep in six feet cause they skilled  
[Chorus: Armageddon]  
Fuckin with hustlers - you see us in the clubs  
Everybody wanna be us, wife beaters and flip drugs  
We them hustlers - a little thug's role model  
Where the snubb full of hollow's tryna earn a little  
power  
He a hustler - some of us locked for eternity  
Get shot down and murdered in beef or turnin for  
police  
Hustlers - yeah, you know what the sparks done  
You know where we evolve from, you know when the  
heart's pump  
Hustlin

[Fat Joe - overlapping end of Chorus]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

See life a style, now it's rappin, how you push packs in  
large amounts

And never spend a day in life movin them cats about?

That's not what Crack's about; I cooked it, cut it and lift  
it

From Brooklyn to one-sixty fiddith, I took bricks and flip  
shit

Clips I sit 'em even whip some women from runnin they  
lips

And gettin me in the middle of shit with other niggaz

And real dealers don't be yappin on the phone

What you think, father born? Don't be caskets and  
clothes

C'mon y'all know niggaz slip, speakin a joke

There go the dial tone, click, now you steamin with  
holes

Y'all motherfuckers couldn't fathom what's about to go  
down

Like a year from now, when the bears get out

From a ten-year stretch down to air shit out

Make him a man, show your heart when I tear it out

They say hustlin is the key to success, and on that note

I can feed you niggaz for less, I got madd coke

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, it's for all my hustlin niggaz

All my liquid dime niggaz

All my niggaz flippin bricks out there, yeah

All my niggaz in the Columbia brother suits

In the pourin rain, tryna get your shit on

Smokin the C.I. in the rain, y'know? (uh-huh)

Cup of noodles in your hand

It's you nigga Joey Coco, and I'm a hustler

[Chorus]

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