

## **Fat Joe**

### **"Hustlin'"**

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Uh, T.S.!  
None better  
Life of a hustler  
Yo, yo, yo

Yo the mind of a hustler be trained to count money and  
lies  
Supplyin' customers and keep it free, suspended in  
time  
Pop another thug that's tryin' to stop a scream but they  
dyin'  
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  
Some be creepin', some be squealing on the deal with  
the F E D  
Some of them sleep in six feet 'cause they skilled

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  
Was 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'

Seems like the style, now is rappin', how you push  
packs in large amounts  
And never spend a day in life movin' them cracks  
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

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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? Cup-O-Noodles in  
your hand  
It's you nigga Joey Coco

And I'm a hustler, 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 snub full of hollows tryna earn a little power

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