

Boot Camp Clik

"The Hustle"

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[Intro: Buckshot] Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle [Buckshot] I'm in my hood where my section ain't great Where some pack a nine cuz they section still eight Late, on the rink at a high rate Crimerate at a high rate, look at how the time escape Day turns to night, night turns to profit It's money on the street, you can't stop it Got to get, focused like a Sony cam And nowadays, cuz these niggas so phony, damn I, heard enough rumors go 'round Bout the God, like he was hard, but he ain't doing it now Actually, on the factual tip It's a struggle, to eat without using this mack and the clip That's why I, lean back in the back of the whip Now tell my dog get to passing the spliff, it's getting tragic Boy, cuz it's a struggle with the hustle Don't be scary with the hustle, make moves with the hustle, nigga what? [Chorus: Steele (Buckshot)] Don't talk about it, be about it (Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle) You got heat, don't be without it (Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle) You in the street, trying to make a dollar (Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle) You gotta, avoid beast, trying to make a collar (Don't be scared of the hustle, make moves with the hustle) [Steele] General Steele, Boot Camp's Black Panther Black fist, black glove, wrapped round the black snub Get dressed, act tough, get stretched Hot pellets leave ya melon a mess, Steele one of the best Same time, one of the worst Good and bad, same time, put the metal to work I got feeling, yeah, I cry when it hurt, but I get over in time Cuz I realize crying don't work My family, my wealth, with that said, I die for the camp Signed and sealed with that Duck Down stamp, Bucktown the champ When then Timb boot niggas perform When you see that flag, nigga, it's on, we unstoppable [Chorus] [Tek] See me? Everyday I'm hustling hustling Rounding up customers, look I'm herb russling Man, I blow in and out of these towns Miami to A, that's how I move 'round I was trunk

popping, pound dropping Glock cocking, while you was
on the stoupe car spotting My team lay it down like a
royal flush And you mad cuz your bitches wanna fuck
with us My razor'll keep a jagged edge You be walking
out of heaven with a scar on your head And S, courtesy
of Smokey Bin Laden See me everywhere, fuck boy, I
ain't hiding I ride with a temple on deck With some
killas on set, 24 on a neck and I Quit to being so fresh
from bummy And I never been scared to take no
money, bitch [Chorus]

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