

Game "Hustlin'"

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Keep on trying,
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
C, C, Can't hold me

Verse 1.

This is dope boy music, American Dream
we let them choppers sing like that little nigga Dream
No Auto-tune unless I'm tuning out the burrough
Flying through ya borough, (Red) Camaro
I had 'em shook like coach on Reggie Bush
With that 4-5 coat hanger, bang em and let me push
I used to get my ass wooped for listenin to spice 1
On the court, game point, fade away, nice one
same court where the fiends get they white from
hustle till the night come
crouch down low, with a pocket full of money
shooting dice in my white 1's
roll another seven of the night on my white 1's
I had a jumper, plus I was pumpin
Moms and pops was both gangsters any drama I will
slump 'em
How the fuck you think I got the name Game
Same way them Lakers got all of them fucking rings
Hustlin

Bridge:

Hustling Championship ring
Hustling Metaphor street king
(Hustling) My moms worked the grave yard Shift
She was bustin it while I at home straight Hustlin

Verse 2.

I had 2 brothers niggas didn't fuck with 'em
They was like, that's our little brother don't fuck with
him
They shot 'em both so, I was like fuck it then
Called up the hommies im ready, nigga jump me in
Hopped in the G Ride, same one the pump be in
I'm bout to do these niggas worse then Columbians
And I aint hopping out the car like Trey did

I'm turnin off the lights and pullin up like "Say Kid"

Bridge:

Hustlin Championship ring
Hustlin Metaphor street king
Hustlin Drop top chain swing
Hustlin, Hustlin

Verse 3.

It was a cold Day in 1996
Fav bar Reasonable Doubt Over
Before that day, we aint know shit about hova
He was talking Cristall, and 4.6 Rovers
But all we knew were 5.0's and Toyota's
So, We took Y'all's swag y'all took our rags
The way I see it, it's a fair exchange why you Mad
Son, Yeah Jay was one of my teachers
Bumpin Roc-A-Fella but, couldn't get a feature
Was like, Being underage and couldn't get a beeper

Missing sales cuz the onions still stuck in my sneaker
Talkin to Streetsweeper,
Dodgin the Grim Reaper,
Hit My block after 8 o'clock I'll make you a believer
We was movin white kid, the Justin Beiber
Us and homeless shelters no different we both feed
'em
Playing John Madden smoking all my nigga weed up
Relaxin with my feet up, Waiting for the Re-Up

Intro:

Keep on trying,
You can never hold me down
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
C, C, Can't hold me (x2)

Verse 4.

How I sell 10 million and stay hood, somebody holla at
me
If I go to jail you nigga aint gone throw a dolla at me
Like my nigga frog, threw his impala at me
Like when I was in the bay and 40 popped his colla at
me
That's why when I come through, She look like Halle
Berry
I'm in this Game by myself, Solitaire
Every now and then, you my see me with a couple
friends
Same ones that was right there, When I had a couple
ends

No Fuckin Benz,
No Fuckin House ,
Just a fucking Couch,
So shut Yo Fuckin Mouth,
Before I zip it up, Say Fuck Rap
Fuck Interscope, Take my contract and rip it up
Aftermath's Bad Boy
Like BIG and Puff
The Giant can't sleep cuz niggas steady tryina dig him
up
And while you Mother Fuckers waitin on Toronto
I'm in the hood with Pancho
Stacking Rajon Rondo

Bridge:
Hustlin Championship rings
Hustlin Metaphor street king
(Hustling)And while you Mother Fuckers waitin on
Toronto
I'm in the hood with Pancho
Stacking Rajon Rondo

Intro:
Keep on trying,
You can never hold me down
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
You can never hold me down (you can't hold me)
C, C, Can't hold me

Keep on trying,
You can never hold me down
You can never hold me down (Naw, you can't hold me)
You can never hold me down (Uh-Uh, you can't hold
me)
C, C, Can't hold me

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