

Ghostface Killah "Hustle Hard"

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(feat. Trife Da God)

A nigga like me, man, I love the game, I love the hustle,
man

I be feeling like one of them ball playing niggaz, you
know?

A Bird, a Magic, or something, yeah, you know a nigga
got dough

A nigga can leave the league, but if I leave.

The fans still gonna love me, man?

I get love out here, I done sold coke on these streets,
man

Hash, weed, heroin, as long as niggaz is feeling it

A nigga like me can hustle it, that's my gift in life, eh

You know? Funny man, you a hustling muthafucker,
man

(Uh, I heard it was rocking out here, where the dough
at, man?)

{You know how what it is}

(These niggaz out here, yeah, they got the move
straight up)

{Aiyo, next fiend that come thru, I'm tackling them, I
don't give a fuck}

(What the fuck you looking at man?) {I need like five
sales in a row, man

Y'all niggaz fall back} (What the hell my niggaz at,
man, straight up and down man

We ain't playing out here) {I'm out here, right now,
man

Everything is me, when I'm out here, man} (Take a
break or get broke)

[Chorus 4X: 50 Cent sample "Places to Go"]

Hustle hard, money stack, sell that dope, sell that crack

Sell that pack, sell that gat, sell that pussy, holla back!

[Trife Da God]

We hustle hard in the city of Gods, with dedicated
dealers

Take this shit for a serious job

Thugs with hideous scars, bag the prettiest broads

And teach 'em how to move coke, in they panties and

bra's
My pops stayed on the hustle, cuz the family was large
No fancy cars, no shrimp scampi or caviar
Just a cold plate of agony, mixed with a harsh reality
Fuck a donation, we started our own charities
We had to hustle, we ain't caking like Russell
So if you live how we live, you can relate to the struggle
Me and my niggaz running wild like some apes in the
jungle
Paper chasing, serving fiends, at the gate when they
come through
This one's for all my Newport slingers, dope heads
that'll chew off fingers
Just to shoot that thing up, get on ya grind
'Cause while your getting yours, I'm getting mines
If you need some tips on how to hustle, drop me a line

[Chorus 4X w/ ad-libs]

[Trife Da God]
Hustle hard, that's the only way a nigga know how
Been grinding most of my life, and I ain't gon' stop now
Growing up, I remember them days, slinging that beige
Pumping trays on the first of the month, niggaz was
paid
I learned the tricks of the trade, with the flip or the save
When you bag up, wear rubber gloves and clean off the
blade
I used to watch my older brother carve stones at the
table
And my moms home, it was new to my 'view', like Star
Jones
In and out of buildings, lamping in halls with eight balls
Way before they had the cameras installed
That was 9-7, when Biggie Smalls gave us the script
The Ten Crack Commandments on how to manage your
bricks
Shopping bags, popping tags, with the brand new in
shit
No more hand-me-down rags, my appearance was
dipped
I'm on my grind like coffee beans, I'm gon' sale
Worldwide I got fiends on line like AOL

[Chorus 4X w/ ad-libs]

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