

## **Gucci Mane "Hustle"**

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Since you can't get right  
I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle  
Show you how to hustle, make a grind all night  
I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle

Show you how to hustle, put ya game down tight  
I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle  
Show you hwo to hustle, it's an all night flight  
I'mma show you how to hustle, show you hustle  
Show you how to hustle  
(Yeah)

(Ugh)  
I let my hater be my motivator  
I got 20 pounds of purp in my frigerator  
(Ugh)  
So damn an investigator  
When I re-up they bring it in a tractor trailer

(Ugh)  
I'm the king of Decatur man  
Got that fruity dro any kinda flavor man  
(Ugh)  
Good cush or that purple thrax  
White rhino you ain't never heard of dat

(Ugh)  
I got them sevens for the buck fifty  
125 if an nigga fuck wit me  
(Ugh)  
You doin' bad buyin' 50 slabs  
I'm in Texico buyin' out sandwich bags

(Ugh)  
Niggas churpin' on my Nextel  
Gucci, what? It look like nigga fish scales  
(Ugh)  
I use to hold down the Hotel  
Now I'm a member of the sign yourself cartel

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(Yeah)

(Ugh)  
I use to be the nigga wit the dimes  
Now I'm on the grind wit the 4's and the 9's  
(Ugh)  
They say it's Gucci time to shine  
A young black entrepreneur in his prime

(Ugh)  
A nigga gotta get the whole thang  
21-5 every time my phone rang  
(Ugh)  
I got so much clientele  
Black tee, black gat and a pocket scale

(Ugh)  
So I can't go broke, man  
Niggas know me as the dope man's dope man  
(Ugh)  
I made this one for my folks man  
For the J's that be smokin' outta coke cans

(Ugh)  
And they askin' for a wake up  
You wanna a brick I gotcha covered like make-up  
(Ugh)  
So wantcha holla atcha boy  
You drop a couple dollars, I'll getcha coke, I'll getcha  
boi

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(Yeah)

(Ugh)  
I got dem pounds and the QP's  
I move units, I ain't talkin' 'bout cd's  
(Ugh)  
I'm talkin bout HB's  
A huundred pounds nigga holla at HB

(Ugh)  
Nigga, I can get an escalade  
Off a hundred slab and a razor blade  
(Ugh)  
When I cut it wit the rich band  
2 flips, nigga, I'mma be a rich man

(Ugh)  
And these robbers tryinna plot up  
Get his car shot up, tyrna take a nigga product  
(Ugh)  
These niggas ain't harmin' me  
Plus I sell more drugs than a pharmacy

(Ugh)  
I'mma mix it wit the Isatol  
Ten thousand pills and these bitches ain't no Tylenol  
(Ugh)  
Big nuts like bowling balls  
30 though and dollar charm and a hole in da wall

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