

## Ideal

### "The Hustle"

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[Common]

My eyes watch God from a place  
Where times is hard, hard times we embrace  
Everybody want a yard, cuz a yard means space  
Being broke is odd and leaves an odd taste  
In the mouth of the metropolitan  
The hustle is hollarin'  
Beautiful minds grind, grind for the dollarin'  
Whether dice scholarin' or white collarin'  
We all taught hustle to prophet like Solomon  
The young play corners, Sean Jean modelin'  
They get it from they momma, black music is fatherin'  
Blue and whites flash lights like parliment  
In court non-whites, wishin' they had Cocharan  
Tell your guy and them, yo the blocks hot again  
Aunties walking to liquor stores in moccasains  
My guy got a gig, on the side he barberin'  
Married a foreign chick so she could get a green card  
up in the hustle

[Chorus]

[Common] Just put it in your back and hustle  
The paper's stacked so hustle  
[Omar] Gon'! - Gon' get it and get me that  
Gon'! - Gon' get it and get me that  
[Common] Just move, and shake, and grind and hustle  
It's on your mind so hustle  
[Omar] Gon'! - Gon' get it and get me that  
Gon'! - Gon' get it and get me that

[Dart Chillz]

First to the third, I'm close to the curb  
Toast to the bird, now I'm posted to serve  
Heard is a verb when you pour dirt on the floor  
Bill collectors and the roaches working your nerves  
It's a ghetto truck for a ghetto boy  
To get in them ghetto streets and get him a ghetto toys  
So he can come so just work murder rate is increasin'  
I don't give a fuck long as my coke is decent  
And my rims blind the whole damn precinct  
Everytime you see a head in my lap you know she

sinked  
I know I'm dead in this trap, that's not how we think  
Fifty shells all around on the ground, can't catch a  
weak blink  
Five went through me, two stayed in me to do my duty  
Only thing that subdued me  
Two weeks, same corner, new freaks  
New geese, all white AND 1's new sneaks

[Chorus]

[DJ Joe Sinista scratches bridge]  
"Can't knock the hustle!" "The Hustle!" "I'm in"  
"Im in" "I'm in too deep" "deep to sleep!" "Can't knock  
the hustle!"  
"The hustle!" "Caught up in the hustle!" "I'm gettin'  
high"  
"Can't knock the hustle!" "The Hustle!" "I'm in"  
"Im in" "I'm in too deep" "deep to sleep!" "Can't knock  
the hustle!"  
"The hustle!" "Gotta hustle up!" "I got to have it, have  
it...have it" (echos out)

[Common]

Some rhyme, some throw shows, some sow clothes  
Some hobo at the junction inbetween cars  
Some enter in functions inbetween stars  
Some teach, some preach saying they seen God  
Some put they money up, against me odds  
Flippin' real estate yo, stocks and bonds  
Dreams of rollin El Derado's bumpin' El DeBarge  
Whatever the dreams, stay on ya deem the world is  
ours, its the hustle

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[DJ Joe Sinista]  
"Gotta hustle up!" "Stay hustlin'!"  
"Gotta hustle up!" "Stay hustlin'!"  
"Gotta hustle up!" "Stay hustlin'!"  
"Gotta hus-" "hustle up!"  
"Stay hustlin' hustlin' hustlin'!"  
(echoes out)

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