

Jay-Z

"Can't Knock The Hustle"

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(feat. feat. Mary J. Blige)

I'm making short term goals, wonder whether foes
just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold
chilly with enough bail money to free a big Willy
high stakes, I got more at stake than Philly
shopping sprees, coping three, duece fever I guess its
fully loaded,
ah yes,
bouncing in the lex luger, tires smoke like Buddha
50 g's to the crap shooter,
niggas can't fade me
chrome socks beaming, through my peripheral I see ya
scheming
stop dreamin', I leave ya body steaming
niggas is feening, what's the meaning
I'm leaning on any nigga intervening with the sound of
my money machine-in
my cuff running over with hundreds
I'm one of the best niggas that done it
six digits and running,
y'all niggas don't want it
I got the godfather flow, the don Juan Demarco
swear to god, don't get it fucked up

[Chorus - Mary J. Blige]

taking out this time
to give you a piece of my mind
(cause you can't knock the hustle)
but though you think you are
baby one day you'll be a star

that scene out of state where I drop my slang
I'm deep in the south kicking up top game
bouncing on the highway switching 4 lanes
screaming through the sun roof money ain't a thang
your worst fear confirmed,
me and my fam roll tight like the firm
getting down for life, that's right, you better learn
why play with fire, burn
we get together like a choir
to acquire what we desire

we do dirt like worms
produce g's like sperm
'til legs spread like germs
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes
and I sip wine, and spit vintage flows
but y'all don't know.....

yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
cause you can't knock the hustle

[Mary J. Blige:]

but until that day then
I'm the one whose crazy
cause thats the way ya making me feel
(cause you can't knock the hustle)
I'm just trying to get mine,
I don't have the time
to knock the hustle for real

y'all niggas lurching, punching a clock
my function is lo make much 'n' lay back munching
sipping remy on rocks, my crew
something to watch nothing to stop
un...
...stoppable
scheme on the ice, I gotta hide your crew
I gotta
let you niggas know the time like movado
my motto,
stack rocks like Colorado
bottle off the champagne, crystals by the bottle
its a damn shame what ya knot though
me
slick like I got though (who?)
fucking Jay-Z
pops knew exactly what he did when he made me
tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what
straight banana's
can a nigga, see me
got the US Open, advantage jigga
serve like sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus
Le Tigre,
son you're too eager
you ain't having it? good, me either
lets get together and make this whole world believers
at my arraignment, screaming
all these blacks got is sports and entertainment, until
we even
thieving, as long as I'm breathing
can't knock the way a nigga eating
fuck you even

[Mary J. Blige:]

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to give you a piece of my mind
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but until that day then
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cause thats the way ya making me feel,
I'm just trying to get mine, I don't have the time
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