

Jay-Z Feat. Mary J. Blige "Can't Knock The Hustle"

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Just talk about
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Jay-Z, huh?
Just talk about
Yeah, yeah, yeah, roc a fella y'all, ha ha
Bounce, bounce, bounce, roc a fella y'all
Check, check

Yo, I'm makin' short term goals, when the weather
folds
Just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold
Chilly with enough bail money to free a big willie
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly

Shoppin' sprees, copin' three
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes
Bouncin' in the lex luger, tires smoke like Buddha
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggaz can't fade me

Chrome socks beamin'
Through my perephreal I see ya schemin'
Stop dreamin', I leave your body steamin'
Niggaz is fiendin' what's the meanin'?
I'm leanin' on any nigga intervenin'
With the sound of my money machine in

My cup runneth, over with hundreds
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and
runnin'
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow
The Don Juan, De Marco, swear to God, don't get it
fucked up

I'm takin' out this time
To give you, a piece of my mind
'Cause you can't knock the hustle
But who do you think you are?
Baby, one day you'll be a star

Last seen out of state where I drop my slang
I'm deep in the south kickin' up top game
Bouncin' on the highway switchin' fo' lanes
Screamin' through the sunroof, money ain't a thing

Your worst fear confirmed
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm
Gettin' 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
Till legs spread like germs
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes
And I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows
What y'all don't know?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, 'cause she can't knock the
hustle

But until the late thang, I'm the one who's crazy
'Cause that's the way you're makin' me feel
(The way you make me feel)
She can't knock the hustle
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
To knock the hustle for real

Yo, y'all niggaz lunchin', punchin' the clock
My function is to make much and lay back munchin'
Sippin' Remy on the rocks, my crew, somethin' to watch
Nothin' to stop, un-stoppable

Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew
I gotta, let you niggaz know the time like Movado
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado
Auto off the champagne, cristal's by the bottle
It's a damn shame what you're not though
(Who?)
Me

Slick like a gato, fuckin Jay-Z
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what
Straight bananas, 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 havin it? Good, me either
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe
us huh?

At my arraignment, screamin'
All us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we
even
Thievin' as long as I'm breathin'

Can't knock the way a nigga eatin' fuck you even

I'm takin' out this time
To give you a piece of my mind
But who you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star

But until the late thing, I'm the one who's crazy
'Cause that's the way you're makin' me feel
(The way you make me feel)
I'm just tryin' to get mine, I don't have the time
To knock the hustle for real

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