

# Juvenile

## "Get Ya Hustle On"

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*[Juvenile]*

That's right, it's crunch time now fellas  
No time to be cryin for momma now, it's the movement  
C'mon

To all my people on them corners I consider as dogs  
I wish I could break a package down and send it to y'all  
I know ya feelin me behind them penitentiary walls  
Put me on the visit list and I'll be in to see y'all  
Talk to 'em - your mayor ain't your friend, he's the  
enemy  
Just to get your vote, a saint is what he pretend to be  
Fuck him! Ah-listen to me, I got the remedy  
Save your money up and find out who got 'em for 10 a  
ki'  
Bubble, if you don't hustle don't use your energy  
Cause you gon' be a cellmate or wind up as a memory  
Yeah, and I could give a fuck if you kin to me  
My life is up and down and side to side like a centipede

*[Chorus]*

Get ya hustle on, nigga get ya hustle on *[4X]*  
We take the Pyrex and then we rock with it, roll with it  
Take the Pyrex and then we rock with it, roll with it!  
We take the Pyrex and then we rock with it, roll with it  
Take the Pyrex and then we rock with it, roll with it!

*[Juvenile]*

The loamin hard sparkle like glass  
Main bitch right behind me lookin sharp in the Jag  
Security say you don't know me so I talk to 'em bad

If a nigga want somethin I got somethin for his ass  
Choppers - I'm already knowin that it's a G thang  
Ever since they tried to drown a nigga on the eastbank  
Everybody need a check from FEMA  
So he can go and sco' him some co-ca-llina  
Get money! And I ain't gotta ball in the Beemer  
Man I'm tryin to live, I lost it all in Katrina (damn)  
And nobody cares what the police thank  
Everybody fuckin with ki's cause it's a street thang

*[Chorus]*

*[Juvenile]*

Wodie! You really feelin your folks  
Just them crackers behind them desk-es that ain't  
hearin us though  
We starvin! We livin like Haiti without no government  
Niggaz killin niggaz and them bitches is lovin it  
Fuck Fox News! I don't listen to y'all ass  
Couldn't get a nigga off the roof with a star pass  
Talkin - y'all comfortable right now to your own land  
'Til a nigga catch ya down bad, starvin and want cash  
Get your mind right, nigga get your money up  
You're movin a little somethin, but you ain't done  
enough  
Fo' shizzle - you know the boss gonna want a cut  
Yeahhhhhh - or the boss gon' haveta fuck you up

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

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