

Chad Kroeger

"Hustle & Flow"

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(Intro)

Dice rolls

On the first roll 7 or 11 is a winner

Either other time 11 is irrelevant

And 7 is craps, after you've established a point

A point being 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, or 10

2's, 3's, and 12's is only relevant on your first roll and they craps

The money gone, but the dice stay

Just cuz I taught you the game don't mean you know how to play

And it damn sure don't make you...

(Chorus)

I'm a hustla baby, I take chances everyday

I'm a gambler baby, how can I win if I don't play

I'm a hustla baby, you either hustlin them or they hustlin you

I'm a gambler baby, I'm gon do what the old heads taught me

(Verse 1)

Five Hundred on the line and I'm looking for a 10

But I know exactly know how to find a bitch again

I buck'em off the table, a 4 and a 6

Money up, money down, who gonna fade me tricks

Came a 6, and what I left with, hush it

It's a secret; hustlas don't discuss it

Brush the dust off my britches when the dice game finished

Sometimes you gotta lose, man that just the business

I done left the rent to the dice game, the water and lights

My old lady bout to hoop and call it a night

My last two hundred, and I'm bout to let it ride

Let'em roll, came out a 4 and 5

My points 9, I'm working, 8, 10, I'm searchin

Well here goes a 4 and a 5

Well a 6 and a 3 but either way it's a 9

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

The sink in a drought and I'm tryin to survive
Cable off, TV only picks up five
White sneakers, damn near look off-white
And I'm still using heavy starches, them shit is alright
My whole life I'd have trouble stayin focused
But I never gave up and never stopped copin
Pits in the yard, a bucket in the driveway
I'm gonna turn that bitch into a new truck one day
Someday, cuz I'm gonna get out here and work until
I get a mil, fuck the lotto and a record deal
It's real, when you don't even know when your gonna
get your next meal
Even though when you straight, you still feel like you on
them X pills
Can't sit still, you pace back and forth
Cross the floor until you can't take no more
But I'ma be back, believe that, like my big homie E-
Mack
...the muthafuckin Southside!

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I took sixteen zips of that Mexican red
Weighed my quarters at five, charged an arm and a
leg
Busted heads, this move dealt me a new hand
The eight I invested was now two grand
Met a busta at a club and told him I was the man
Met up with him, sold him a quarter ki of sand
A young dude, my mentality was like fuck dude
We like some pit puppies fightin over dog food
In school I sold candy a quarter a piece
I made my money off three and the rest was all me
In life I fucked a couple of good connects up
So if you in the car with me keep ya heads up
Worked so hard but couldn't stack no bread up
Finally said fuck it cuz I just got fed up
The money I owe you, you can chop that boss
Because I don't think you got the balls to come knock
Stak off

(Chorus)

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