

# Lloyd "Hustler"

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Yo yo yo  
(hustler baby)  
Oh  
No  
(hustler baby)  
Oh  
No  
(hustler baby)

Verse 1:

Deep in the cut  
With the chrome on the thrown  
Down in Decatur  
Where the haters get shown  
Ride around the spots  
Where the pot gets grown  
Now Im feelin blowed  
Smoke by the zone  
Misfit dudes by the rules reapply  
Creeps low wit cruise control when Im high  
Brand new 22 shoes on the ride  
Gotta get blatta tatted  
Hit up green rise

Hook:

So Im ridin down this long country road  
Followin rainbows  
Tryna reach us in gold  
I gotta grind hard  
Til this shit gets sold  
Just sit back relax  
N watch it unfold  
So Im gone hit up the studio  
Write about 24  
Til these hits get throwed  
Cash checks  
Get a boat  
Betta keep it afloat  
Don't end up bankrupt and broke

Chorus:

Ima hustler baby

(hud\stler baby)  
Im on the grind  
And down for mine  
Ima hustler baby  
(hustler baby)  
Gotta get the abs  
And get that cash  
Ima hustler baby  
(ima hustler baby)  
Im accusin peeps  
Gotta stack my cheese  
Ima hustler baby  
Ima hustler  
(ima hustler baby)

Verse 2:

Oh  
Now we deep on the creep  
Down in Martin Luther King  
Watch for the curb and the swirb on lean  
Gotta hit the scene  
So fresh so clean  
In exclusive Irv and Jeffery jeans  
Cash rules everything around me  
CREAM  
My whole teams favorite color is green  
Eventhough my 20/20 vision is keen  
Never estimate  
Get weighed by the beam

Hook

So Im ridin down this long country road  
Followin rainbows  
Tryna reach us in gold  
I gotta grind hard  
Til this shit gets sold  
Just sit back relax  
N watch it unfold  
So Im gone hit up the studio  
Write about 24  
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Cash checks  
Get a boat  
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Chorus

Ima hustler baby  
(hud\stler baby)  
Im on the grind  
And down for mine

Ima hustler baby  
(hustler baby)  
Gotta get the abs  
And get that cash  
Ima hustler baby  
(ima hustler baby)  
Im accusin peeps  
Gotta stack my cheese  
Ima hustler baby  
Ima hustler  
(ima hustler baby)

Chinks Rap:

Shawty you can catch us in the back of the club  
(uh huh)  
Fresh to death  
Nigga pourin it up  
(yea)  
All the killaz straight showin me love  
And the biggest bad bitches all wantin to fuck  
(wantin to fuck)  
They know Im the realest nigga to hang wit  
Im caped up  
Plus I love to slang dick  
Up in the alley in the aston vain wish  
?  
Until I make they fuckin brains ?  
Look shawty im dangerous  
Yo nigga hate me  
Cause you prolly his main bitch  
Fuck who you came wit  
Let me explain this  
I prefer the block  
But I'll pop the stainless  
Nigga got em creepin out the club real slow  
Bitches shoot what they started  
Askin can they go  
Hell yea my nigga Lloyd  
These hoes is G'd up  
And they down to fuck  
So roll that weed up

Chorus

Ima hustler baby  
(hustler baby)  
Im on the grind  
And down for mine  
Ima hustler baby  
(hustler baby)  
Gotta get the abs  
And get that cash

Ima hustler baby  
(ima hustler baby)  
Im accusin peeps  
Gotta stack my cheese  
Ima hustler baby  
Ima hustler  
(ima hustler baby)

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