

Lupe Fiasco "Hustlaz Song"

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Chorus: [ah ha] Ohh baby mmmmmmmm oh baby!
[talk to em]
ohhh baby [its what hustlaz do, this is a hustlaz song,
this hustle is gone]

Let me what the sun don't like, caught somewhere
between stop and go like yellow lights. [ah ha] hustla
so i
got to get it mellow ride me down the block around the
clock nothin nice. I roll like cherry red yellow dice just
watch it pop call it the \"kettle white\", its hot, just
the block , call it the \"ghetto wife\", Paul McCane its my
ball and chain, mi amor.

Hopefully I won't fall and hang, like pictures on the wall
or halls of fame. Its jus a boy man, look what it all
became nothin all, but look at all remains, all the flossy
things, marks from all the claws and fangs, remarks
from
all of yall have changed. Bustin back all yall I trained,
apologize cuz of all of yall I blame..

[Chorus] This what
hustlaz
do. An you ain't did it to a hustlaz do. An you didn't
know
it till a hustla knew. An you ain't done till a hustlaz
threw. I'm a customer too its what hustlaz do. an you
ain't
seen it till you seen it from a hustla'z view. open yo
eyes
its a hustlaz song. God forgive if the hustle is wrong.

Its bigger things so he becomes to know shit. Striving
to

be numba one till I overdose.I speak it now on my
tongue
hold it from youngest son, runnin from older quotes,
\"Thou
shall not sin, thou shall not steal, thou shall not kill,
thou shall not turn your back on those in need, i try to

flip, but these government slips teach me at these
chosen
speeds. I'm just a rows of weeds. and i roll
with reasons to stay on the road a lead till I leave with
what I sow, sold my soul indeed, leave me son with a
sum of what I sold in deeds. I'm foldin yo, Probably
headed for
the pin like some bowling balls, kept it directed at the
pen and wrote it for yall.

[Chorus]

It takes a lot of patience when you takin it on, a lot of
patent a lot of makin it known, but I ain't the type of
nigga that be placin it on. I was the king of this city now
they replacing the thrown. I know its a lot of hatin waitin
at home, and she ain't waitin you can hear the bass in
her
tone, like she can't make it alone in a broken home and
she
the brace for the bone just embracin the phone
a lot of ballin up letters a lot of erasing the poems, a
lot of comin to grips that you gonna be facin alone. All
this time all this time you was wrong. But you know
whatever
happens I got you, and you know what happened done
happened
they was happy to drop you, not letters and shoes, no
chedda, Yo mom sold shoes and sweaters shes not
better.

[Chorus]

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