

Lupe Fiasco "Hustlaz Song"

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[Chorus:]

(ah ha) Ohh baby mmmmmmm 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 rose in weeds, and I
arose with reasons, to stay on this road I lead, till I
leave with what I sold, my soul indeed, leave my son
with the sum of what I sold in deeds. I'm foldin yall,
probably headed for the pin like 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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