

Mary Hopkins

"Hustlin' is Da Skillz"

Visit "[Hustlin' is Da Skillz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[L.O.G. talking]

Hustla, I be hustlin', I be the hustla, nigga

[L.O.G.]

I be the boss balla, body haula, in a hurst, put in work,
and do my dirt

I plan it first, get with my click and, they learn they shit

Now we out on the flight hittin' motherfuckin' licks

No talkin' shit, we got some business

We gotta handle with the ski mask, stocking bands,
bandanas

More ammo for the calico, street sweeper, 9 millimeter,
glock

Mack 90 with the beams on top, hustlin', strong muscle
heavy

Takin' over, patrol ya

They run in your shit like a Desert Storm soulja

Screamin' "Wartime, what is yours is now mine"

Now can you define, a hustla, must be me L.O.G. from
the S.A.C.

The M-O-B 'til I D-I-E, now do you feel me, these niggaz
that try to kill me

I'm with it, I got some caps I wanna peel G, to the chest,
straight slug 'em

'Cause I don't love 'em, 'matter of fact, this a jack, so
motherfuck 'em

He got some nerve, tryin to lie 'bout that quarter bird

Not knowin' that hustlin' is the skills to pay bills

[Chorus]

Hustlin' is the skills to pay the bills nigga

Hustlin' is the skills to pay the bills nigga

Hustlin' is the skills to pay the bills nigga

Hustlin' is the skills, hustlin' is the skills

[L.O.G.]

Now get yo ass on the ground, bitch spread yo legs

Put yo hands on yo head, you move, ya dead

'Cause see I'm jackin' for your loot, your motherfuckin'
yayo

No time to bail, you got to go, you gotsta go

So say your prayers, motherfucker look me in my eyes
You 'bout to die, (gun cock, gun blast), goodbye
Me and my niggaz, we can't get no jive
Hop in the ride, with the ski mask, go out and ride
For yo merchandise, I even take yo life
And after midnight, you besta stay the fuck out of site
I'm not a player hater, I'm just a player breaker
I catch him slippin', then your broke, and then yo ass is
smoked
'Cause I done told ya, I'm a soulja
lickin' motherfuckers out they boulders
Crack, let me get that out you black
You fuckin' 'round with some niggaz who like to ride
and jack
For a livin', so nigga thanks for your givin'
And if you wouldn't gave, you would've slept in your
grave
So you best not never slip, 'cause niggaz like me
L.O.G., is jackin' for your ?????

[Chorus]

[L.O.G.]

Kickin' in doors and slappin' hoes, dope and gold
For the love of cash flows, who knows
What you get hittin' licks nigga, I'm gettin' greedy like
Uncle Scrooge
With a nina millimeter, I need a, 'nother victim to take,
to break
He hesitate, to make, I can't wait, to penetrate, his
chest plate
No fake, I be buckin' 'em, and when you see L.O.G., I be
hustlin'
'Cause niggaz in my click, jackin' for yo shit, packin'
shit thats chrome
Ready to bring it on, pump a tool to your dome, 'bout to
send you home
In a body bag, 'cause thats yo ass nigga
Ski mask way, is the ways I raise my cash these days,
nigga, and I'mma get paid

[Chorus]

[L.O.G. talking]

I be the hustla, L.O.G., who I be, a motherfuckin' hustla

Visit [Mary Hopkins](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.