

Max**"Hustling All I Can Do"**Visit "[Hustling All I Can Do](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. 3-2]

May life be a trip, I never knew, things could ever get bad

As I got no love my 17 shot glock with extra clips
That's it, I'm going all out and if I die then remember me

Cause in these last days I'm feeling like I'ma hit the penitentiary

For real, trying to deal with this every day struggle
You got to get up, up off your rump baby and hustle
I tussle, work my muscle, and boss hog

Take what's mine, and still screaming fuck y'all

If I can't ball, they better lock me up

Shackled down, hand cuffed, on sight I'ma bust

What's up, where your nuts, I get rushed to the head

Thug for life, motherfucker till I'm dead

Mr. 3-2, boss of all bosses

And I ain't, tolerating no losses

And no excuses, cause this world is so shife

Street game forever, and it's like that for life, nigga

(Chorus)

Will I ever see the stage again

Radio D.J.s gone respect my rhythm

Feeling like I'm fin to hit the pen again

What will I do for food

Living in the ghetto turning boys to men

Crooked cops and killers interrupt my mission

Tell me will I ever pimp my penn again

Hustling is all I can do

[Verse 2]

I was born on a fucked up day, had to be, holidays

With nothing but frowns on my face, the sadness
brought madness

To a family that was built, unconsciencely I love em

But some consciencely, running these streets, living
constantly

It's costing me, way too much, but the slums got me
Jacking niggas work something, exclude before I hurt
something

Inhale, exhale, ok, I promise things
Gone get better, just give me one more day
So I can work my jealous friends to have around
So I can tote my shit and hurt my belly for trying to stay
down
Stay focused on what I'm trying to accomplish, and not
be accomplice
Stay real, stay true, pay dues, and don't become a
victim of some mob shit
I never let this misery, push me to do something I
regret
But just notice you in danger, I want you to feel my
anger
And if I ever feel like I'm danger, I'ma empty the
chamber, oh-oh

(Chorus)

[Z-Ro]

These motherfuckers want me dead, at least that's how
it seems to be
An army of motherfuckers against me Dean and E
Who you gone call, when my commraterly come down
rain
Nothing but revenge to keep me sane, it ain't nothing
like pain
Cause when I squeeze it then you bleed, satisfaction is
guaranteed
Black hearted ever since the first murder, off precious
is my breed
Enemies, fuck all my foes, fuck all my friends
Unless I'm in the penn, I've got nobody to call my kin
Cause all the real niggas are dead or in jail, but I've
been
Left in struggle for success trying to get a check from
Southwest Wholesale
Look at all the 16's that I've wrecked, and I'm
practically poor
On top of that I'm homeless my niggas don't want me
no more
Fuck being ten to get in, these motherfuckers act like
they don't know my face
Better remember I'm quick to click and hit don't act like
you don't know my pace
Well fuck rapping, I need some right now money, it's
getting crucial
If I pimp my pen, I got to wait 3 months for trade me
scratch for lunch money
Monday night the sirens seemed so loud
I hope that I can lose this crowd
Lately, it go down that way

That's why a nigga quick to get the K and spray
We could of been so throwed together
But because I was short it's on my cheddar
I haaaad to get up and bleed the block, and it don't
stop

(Chorus)

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