

Crowded House

"Still Hustlin'"

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Uh, uh yeah uh
Just another one, just another one
Uh uh, check it

[Verse 1]

Never touch mine, breakin' ya hustle
Watchin' ya crumble over punk shit
Runnin' ya mouth, now you in trouble
Got ya whole click sittin' there hot
We at the spot
Feed the money counters into the block
And at the top is an old lady
Matchin' Mercedes, servin' her husband
Cause the homie's crazy
Bought up and drunken
Straight thuggin' and trees burn
Weed clouds get distributed
Eyes turn red palms sweat
When niggas hit the shit
The AC on, CD knockin' and it's the Gamblaz
Ghetto platinum, stuck in some shit
You know we handle em'
They still talkin' still hustlin' still musclin'
And takin' over, catchin' your queen
With no smugglin'
She told it all
Checkmate like Mac Mall
We all ball, we dogs
With no plaques on the wall
We independent on some other shit
Movin' them boxes
Cause it's cash on delivery
The safe in the closet
We still lovin' it

[Verse 2]

I wanna get riches, flip sixes, and own a condo
Blowin' Bom though cause the niggas is some smokers
In the Gamblaz shack with craps, and scraps for poker
We stock brokers, we trained just like Wall Street
I look at all my competition this war meets

The Gamblaz, we ghetto platinum and y'all weak
Though I sit back blow off Rap City all week
Seein' garbage ass rappers that think it's all sweet
It's deep, better watch the Gamblaz we on creep
The first to leap, get swepted beneath the feet
Man I treat the world to million dollar rhymes and lines
About thugs movin' dimes and carryin' loaded nines
Fatal times and crimes keep fuckin' up my mind
I'm blind and still livin' life on the line
Read the line status, hits to hits in my defense
I don't wanna get penned to the fence and get rich
Everyboy say I'm takin' a risk to get rich
Tryin' to flip off a million dollar dissin' and shit
Splittin' sections to fractions, perhaps it's for actions
They got me bringin' pain like the tractions, what
happened

[Verse 3]

Yo, yo, yo

More money to get, O's to flip, hoes to break
Clockin' loot from state to state movin' major weight
Like cargo, breakin' em' off something hardcore
We all roll, to have big money is what we ball for
In and out of lanes countin' my cash
With a blunt on my lips and ounce of my stash
We bounce fast up the block, tuck the glock then skat
Rockin' raps won't stop till my pockets fat
I'm out to profit in this game till my time is over
I spend my spare time hustlin' and grindin' doja
Fuck exposure just show me the cash up front
We mash punks and shoot lyrics like we blastin' pumps,
what

[Verse 4]

Smoke, smoke, smoke till I can't smoke, smoke, smoke
I fucks a ho till she can't fuck no more
In it been gettin' it like lobster and shrimp
I don't know why I'm a hell of a pimp
I strive with a limp, flip the gift and get swifted
On my mama, I'm a fool I get with this
I don't admit, fuck all y'all ya crew's small
All the funky funky girls just ball
Flip my dick in her jaw, fuck the law
Diggy Daz the shit straight breakin' the law
Tell me, tell me, tell me who's number one
That nigga Daz, all these suckers get done

[Verse 5]

I been thugged out since day on, also pays to come
Dues been done paid, blocks been done sprayed
Ya whole click can't fade one nigga in my crew

Paper bound is what I represent cause money I pursue
I ain't takin' losses dog while niggas crossin' game
Live for money fuck fame and all my life I endure pain
I ain't no lame so don't try to play me for no jokes
Weed smoke and Hennessey got me easy to provoke
Turn to music top my folks, Vicky, Tera, Macy
I got it sowed from BK street to the A-V-E
And y'all hatin' me cause my riches steadily stackin'
I see ya whole crew standin' sold bushes out there with
em'
Here we go like a phantom but I'm backboard tweezed
Me and the Fig and the Gamblaz flip to L-I-V-E
G-O-P bitch

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