

Pharrell Williams

"Skateboard P Presents Show You How To Hustle"

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(feat. Lauren)

[Intro:]

yo uh-huh

yessir

turn everything up some more

the drums you know, the music and shit

(holla back) i'm goin for it now

(holla back) yessir

(holla back) hey yo

[Verse 1:]

in the heart of a re-up, its sumthin like a g-up

M-C-A fingering that b-up or that c-up,

fiends creep up with their flesh lookin beat up,

and my tennis ball is stuffed with enough work to fill a
tea cup,

he opened up his jacket, i opened up my packet,

he pulled out his money, i'm pullin out that honey,

he stuff it in his stem* soon as he took it from me,

yellow teeth chaffed lips and his nose is runny,

he lit that shit, he hit that quick,

as if i was high i asked him where them bricks at, shit,

he smiled as if he was payin homege,

he said in the back of the apartment where they be

selling ganja,

but beware of the AK held by HM Thomas,

son gotta keep him high in them bottoms or some old
pyjamas,

i said shiiit ma nigga take another hiiit,

we ran up in that crib with them Uzis and them Sigs,

give up the work or we tyin up the kids,

did i get that work? what you think, yes i did,

i didn't, actually that wasnt true and if you aspire to
hustle thats a how-to to you

[stem-thin glass tube used for smoking crack]

[Chorus:]

this that shit make you wanna hustle,

carry square guns shootin metal wit muffles,

trunk full of cash wit a couple of duffles,

so we can sip wine and eat a bundle of truffles

We gonna show you how to hustle (holla back)
so you can style all these sneakers (holla back)
so you can style all these sneakers (ya follow that)
so you can style all these sneakers (well follow dis)

[Verse 2:]

its incredible how i etch my plans out,
to be physically subtle and financially stand out,
you should see me stick that big S on my anso*,
and literally call destructure so no one can touch ya,
teenage girls'll love ya and models wanna fuck ya,
ice cream ya way on to somebodys magazine cover,
so much money that the lid threatens eruption and the
bank says you dont have to call like you're Usher,
and i ain't kill or sell drugs to nobody,
but i know niggas that kill and stretch work like pilates,
nigga the crack house was literally right beside me,
when them fiends hit that shit they kicked jus like
karate,
we named one bruce lie,
one slim kelly who issued too much quicker than luis
rank and m belly,
yeah i escaped but theres nothing you can tell me,
cause thought i paperchase my memories won't fail me

[anso-type of gun belt]

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

in the hood wake up to the hammer noise,
sound like the work of my jerks the swagger boys,
pull up and them eyes wide open,
stack of toys,
if your girl want to leave with us thats her choice,
the feelin throbbin i got it and poppin phenomanal,
nigga signed a million dollar cheque wit his pyjamas
on,
film it like a porno no need to re-word it,
nigga the enzo jus came and i aint have to jerk it,

yeah niggas you heard it the perversion of stars,
i guess if i go in my garage it'd be a menage,
niggas cant hate on this like summer in '84,
when we high off potato chips,
new cript and florida were the soul core corridors,
yes them babies mine, fuck i need to go on my reefa,
rewire my brain, aspire to attain,
tell jacob light on the platinum keep the fire in the
chain,
yikes i mean ice on the motherfucker gleam,
i guess if my ice is fire it leave you niggas stinged,
see theres you theres me and theres between,
if you remove the between you see i achievin you
dreams

[Chorus:]

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