

Pulp

"Hustlin'"

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[Fat Joe]

Uhh, T.S.!

None better (Bronx niggaz, uhh)

Life of a hustler (ha-hah, what'chu know about that?)

Yo, yo, yo

Yo the mind of a hustler be trained to count money and lies

Supplyin customers and keep it peace and just spendin they time

Pop another thug that's tryin to scream but they dimes

Hoppin all the clubs in town, they don't need to wear shines

They got that energy, confident and always aware who's watchin them, bitches on top of them, they don't just be near

Probably spot poppy and them they robbed last year and just, nod and stare and show no fear

Cause nine times out of ten this bitch connects this kid to shoot you

They too hot so catchin a body's too crucial

If you a hustler, I know you relate

Whether you home base or go out of state

This shit is real

and you better recognize when you see 'em, these niggaz kill

A whole 'nother drug dealer keep 'em with steels

So be creepin so it's real on the deal, with the F-E-D

Some of them sleep in six feet cause they skilled

[Chorus: Armageddon]

Fuckin with hustlers - you see us in the clubs

Everybody wanna be us, wife beaters and flip drugs

We them hustlers - a little thug's role model

Where the snubb full of hollow's tryna earn a little power

He a hustler - some of us locked for eternity

Get shot down and murdered in beef or turnin for police

Hustlers - yeah, you know what the sparks done

You know where we evolve from, you know when the heart's pump

Hustlin

[Fat Joe - overlapping end of Chorus]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

See life a style, now it's rappin, how you push packs in
large amounts

and never spend a day in life movin them cats about?

That's not what Crack's about; I cooked it, cut it and lift
it

From Brooklyn to one-sixty fiddith, I took bricks and flip
shit

Clips I sit 'em even whip some women from runnin they
lips

and gettin me in the middle of shit with other niggaz

And real dealers don't be yappin on the phone

What you think, father born? Don't be caskets and
clothes

C'mon y'all know niggaz slip, speakin a joke

There go the dial tone, click, now you steamin with
holes

Y'all motherfuckers couldn't fathom what's about to go
down

Like a year from now, when the bears get out

From a ten-year stretch down to air shit out

Make him a man, show your heart when I tear it out

They say hustlin is the key to success, and on that note
I can feed you niggaz for less, I got madd coke

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, it's for all my hustlin niggaz

All my liquid dime niggaz

All my niggaz flippin bricks out there, yeah

All my niggaz in the Columbia brother suits

In the pourin rain, tryna get your shit on

Smokin the C.I. in the rain, y'know? (uh-huh)

Cup of noodles in your hand

It's you nigga Joey Coco, and I'm a hustler

[Chorus]

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