

## Robbie Patton

### "Keep Hustlin'"

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[WC] Ooh-OOOOOHHHHHH!  
[E-40] BEYOooooooooooooooooooooTCH! Huh-ha,  
hah!  
[WC] Dub Cya, nya!  
[E-40] Uhhhh, hah!  
[WC] Fonzarelli, what's crackin loc?  
[E-40] Whassupish weebelations?  
[WC] \$hort Dawg, we all hogs  
[TS] Ain't nuttin nigga, it's that pimp shit bwoy  
[E-40] We doin our thingamajig up in this BEYOTCH!

Verse One: WC

Thinkin of a master plan  
Cause ain't naytin but crumbs inside my hand  
So I, hit the stick, leaves my residence  
Thinkin, "How can I get paid for spinnin this gangsta  
shit?"  
A three-strike victim, with a million dollar dream  
of swervin 740 Beem's and count G's from money  
machines  
My click trump tight, nigga we roll like dice  
For the ten china whites seekin hustler paradise  
Where you from, what's your name, motherfucker what  
you sayin?  
Dub C still claimin that Maad Circle gang and  
smokin dank and drankin, jaw breakin runnin the  
pavement  
Top rankin CD slanger, ghetto Hall of Famer  
International resider worldwider packin heat  
Mashin for the cheddar with No Limit's like Master P  
Found my glitch in this rap game, now I'm steady  
bustin  
Dub C, hoo-ridin for the chip but still hustlin

Chorus: \*unknown singers\*

Keep hustlin -- cause I'm all about mine, yeah yeah  
Keep on hustlin... droppin keys funk stackin weed  
shiftin  
Keep hustlin -- true players play it all night long

Keep on hustlin... on and on

Verse Two: E-40

Check it out; Dub C ?the below? system  
got ya ninjas dang near ready to put hands on ?PGA  
any man?  
Bout to bomb on this bitch-ass for turnin off my lights  
and gas, low on cash  
Bad enough I gotta go next door to take a bath, ain't  
got no water  
Plus I heard that the police department homicide  
division  
wanna holla at me about a manslaughter  
Triflin ass baby mama, she's a botch bitch think I'm rich  
Don't know the outcome, talkin bout "He got bread, he  
on Dub album"  
I play ya like dick and bend a dick's dream how can I  
focus (hocus pocus)  
When I'm famous as "fuck Christmas Eve, eviction  
notice"  
These rap videos gotta soon to be up and coming  
rappers thinkin cute  
knowin that we unrecouped  
E-Fonzarelli, P.K.A. Charlie Hustle  
Knockin though, knock a hoe without a penny in my  
pocket  
I don't come from much, so in order to do what I gotta  
do to survive  
Tapes and CD's be my nine to five  
Check it out, mathematics, paper rappamatics  
established  
Long money, way before I signed for cabbage

Chorus

[E-40] Get your marbles main, get your paper ... glorify  
your paper route

Verse Three: Too \$hort

Yeah

I'm comin from a fashion show, with a flashy hoe  
Smokin indo from the Valle-jo  
Like them 3rd Ward niggaz from the Calliope  
If you tryin to get high, what you passin foe?  
Top notch on my right smellin smoke  
But she don't know about the hustlin that I did when I  
was broke  
My best customers, real macks and G's  
Dopefiend beats on the backstreets

Me and Freddie B sellin game  
Custom made tapes with your name, you can't  
complain  
I always been about the business, I ain't changed  
As long as I'm in it, I'm stayin the same  
Ghetto star, feelin the pavement  
I'm always down to earth, tryin to get paid bitch  
Ain't no secret, to what I'm doin  
I got the game from Oakland so I came to this  
conclusion

Chorus

\$hort Dawg, you know we players main  
Get your money nigga

[E-40] E-40 get yo' paper main, get yo' change  
[TS] You know \$hort Dawg always get his scratch  
[E-40] Dub C!  
[TS] Nya! Nya!  
[WC] You know I'm takin mine nya!  
[E-40] Fssssssh, ahh, uhhhh, erytime up in they tall can  
face  
Glorifyin our paper route, nonstop -- you know?  
BEYOTCH!

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