

Das Efx

"Who Put it Together"

Visit "[Who Put it Together](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This for my block niggaz
My niggaz who got the block hot
Ya understand
Check it out, look . .

[Verse 1: Turk]
Everyday all day, I be getting my grind on
So I can live lovely and get my shine on
Early in the morning, to late at night
I be doing my thing, going on flights
Catching the night ramblers, and the early birds
Best believe they coming, all they need is the word
Where the fire at, and they gone crowd your world
Especially if you got big bags of pearl
For the dope fiends
Crack for the crack fiends
Weed for the weed fiends
Coke for the coke fiends
I'm a all around hustler with every drug
And I serve everybody, don't care where you from
When it comes down to money, then I gotta get it
In order to stack hundreds, I gotta get out and get it
And make something out of nothing
Try to shake something
Got enough fetti on the strip for me to shake
something

[Chorus 4x: Turk]
I hustle eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours
Nigga, Nigga, you put it together

[Verse 2: Turk]
(Look, look)
I hustle 52 weeks straight
12 months, 365 days cause they got money to make
Doing bad is something I hate
That's why I take
Penitentiary chances, every single day
I gotta feed the little one
That's why I do's, what I do's
Behind a project fuckin' building

It's must I make ends meet
Cause ain't no nigga, no nigga gone take care of me
I been strugglin' for too long
That's why I hit the corner and get my groove on
Selling coke and heroine
Watching the words that I speak on my cell phone
From the shop to the block, nigga
Our spot be hot, and I, got it on lock, nigga
And only I got the ki'
So that means, ain't no nigga could hustle with me

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 3: Turk]

(Look, look)

All I know is how to sell drugs
How to make a quick come-up, my nigga, and get it in
bluff
Been making dirty money all my life
Since 12, got off the porch, my nigga, and started livin'
trife
Dropped out of school and I didn't finish
Runnin' the streets so hard, I ran down my tenni's
That's just the way that I was livin'
From sun-up to sun-down, just spinnin' and flippin'
Up and down the block, in and out the hallways
Back and forth to stashes, like a chicken with no head
I had to get paid, 'cause I like nice thangs (why)
Cause them hoes, jocks a nigga who got change
Come on man, you know how it go
Plus a nigga ain't frontin' ya shit no mo
I gotta get me, get it 'till I can't no mo
Ball 'till I fall, 'till it ain't no mo

[Chorus 4x]

[Turk]

Uh-huh, that's how it's going down, nigga, from my
town, to yo' town
Get yo motherfuckin' paper nigga by all means. If you
gotta
Murk yo way to get it, work your way to get it
However nigga, get yo shit, nigga. Turk said that.
Motherfuck them people
Yeah. And it's like that. I'm a motherfuckin' hustler
My nigga Ke'noe, he a motherfuckin' hustler.
Laboratory nigga;
You know we some motherfuckin' hustlers, ya
understand?
See what's going down, in 2003 to.. whenever. Look . .

Visit [Das Efx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.