

## **Soulja Boy Tell'em**

### **"Hustlin' Is A Habit"**

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I be thinking bout' a whole lotta ways of getting paid  
And got a lot of ways of getting mine, all the time  
If you got it, then I want it, that shit don't stop  
Let me get that out ya' nigga  
Still we closing down shop  
And taking hits at the same time, trying to maintain my  
ends  
Fuck a benz, I'm trying to get a Land Rover  
Riding down Magnolia, hit the horn at the real soldiers  
Fuck the ones who wanna see me dead all over in  
Angola  
Have 'em saying "Damn, that boy done came up, he  
done got famous"  
And "I know you couldn't test that nigga, cause he was  
on that dust"  
Yeah I caught a joce, but that just was my wake up call  
A year and 6, back in town with a lot of rounds  
They said I'm tripping, I've got a gift that God gave me  
I'll be slipping, I'm crazy, I'm a hustler

[Hook]

Hustlin' is a habit, we gots to get our paper  
Straight mob niggas, touching 6 figures on these  
capers [x4]

I be an artist like Picasso, when it come to these jacks  
Flood my nostrils with this powder, boy you surf to get  
wet  
I need it all in one pop, cause boy my habit can't wait  
Get tough, kiss this M-11, and quality on like a safe  
See, my trigger finger's shaky, got a bad taste in my  
mouth  
See my nose starting to run and that mean that time  
bout' out  
You know the ghetto's trying to kill me  
That's why I'm giving it to you raw  
Fuck what you heard about a nigga, and believe what  
you saw  
Since life or death in these streets, and my seeds gotta  
eat  
The lord gave law to the land

The strong survive by the weak  
Don't play no games, cause I'm tweaking, and you  
know what's next  
Get ass-hole Luke out on the floor, oh yeah come up  
out that there Rolex  
That's on the G to the H to the O-S-T  
Hustlin' is a habit and there ain't no cure for me

[Hook x4]

FUCK PEACE, it's a violent society  
I'm lacking the currency, but shit I need the bread so I  
can eat  
Cops stop it, they don't purify the streets, nigga from  
Smack Meets  
Cause I tell it how it be  
Some dope fiends owe me, so they got they ass beat  
Such a cold world, wicked ghetto tragedy (your telling  
me)  
I got soldiers with forces and traits from Angola  
Pelican fate, meal quick at your?atrophy?  
Tell me why it has to be, cause I'm a G  
So many fake ass hoes and foes  
That's how the world goes  
Billy Block owed double kilos, she load the steel-o  
We on the D-low  
Don't make me push it aside like Rico  
We getting money in my Bubblelaud Benz  
[?] and Magnolia Slim  
Boy, why these suckers try to do me  
Why they mad  
Cause I'm influenced by niggas who make they own  
movies  
While you acting moody, Crooked pass me the tooly  
I'm a tuck 'em farther down till they do me  
They be shining like African rubies  
I'ma a real hustler nigga...

[Hook]

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