

## Travelling Wilburys

### "Believe That"

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[Hook] 2x

Never let the money and these broads break us  
We right here 'til the Lord take us  
We act a fool cuz the laws make us  
"Baby.. You can't stop the hustle"

[Backbone]

You walk your ass 'cross my yard - get off my grass  
You wanna get to that money - get off yo' ass  
You wantsta know my name - you awsta ask  
If you wanna see me for somethin - it's gon' cost ya  
cash  
I see ya pokin outcha jeans girl you actin bad  
Oooh, do that again wit'cha nasty ass  
I caught her comin out the mall, with 2 or 3 bags  
Now shawty got her at the wood shack, throwin her  
back  
Champagne, chicken wings, and bubblebath  
Catch me somewhere outta town signin autographs  
Still workin street corners, straight servin them blacks  
Them thirty-two fifth it for four and a half  
I prefer a Cheverolet, when it's time to mash  
And I smoke the 'dro weed, a hundred dollars a sack  
I put up the big numbers nigga, check the stats  
And I'm on the microphone with Gipp, Slimm, and Cass

[Hook] 2x

[Big Gipp]

Since the trashman only run once a week  
If I miss it, I'm wait 'til night and dump it up the street,  
behind the Winn-Dixie  
Quiver, never step or kept up his penny drawers  
To get an applause, appeared to have no flaws  
In the situation, no dentation, smellin good  
But I ain't gonna feel her, touchin up would be too easy  
Sleazy, measly, lookin ugly like a person tryna sell me  
a dub  
Fool A, C, D, and me  
Trees ain't my reason for sendin your ass to grave and  
Watch you say the grade is..

Burn like acid reflux, somebone'll order up the Pheffer  
chickens  
While I order up a smoked duck (Thank You)  
Get the gas to go, at the corner sto'  
Keep my hand on the nine piece  
In case somebody wanna disturb the peace (Always  
keepin my eyes open)  
Uhh, cuz you, can't, stop the hustle

[Hook] 2x

[Slimm Calhoun]  
Well I'm known for my shine, Southside  
Eyes on the prize, it's Mr. Fly Guy  
Mobbin, '68 Chevy, door vault ties  
Jumped out muggin like I'm holdin twenty pies  
Rocked up, work on the block,  
We keep it, chopped up in the spot, in the pot  
Where we keep it, stocked up from the Frosty Flakes  
To the chickens in the cake  
If I drop it on the tool, it must be weight  
Went with two and a quarter, came back with eight  
Let Juke lick the plate, I re-rock the shape  
Like it hot in the kitchen nigga, oven on bake  
Got gorillas with banana clips, who love to go apes  
Southpaw, side-strapped, known to leave yellow tape  
Try and stop the hustle and crushed like grapes  
Just for the taste... Just for the taste..

[Hook] 4x

Uh-uh (Uh-huh)  
"Baby, you can't stop the hustle"  
[Repeat until fade]

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