

Charlie Hustle Ft Rebel "Go Hard"

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Charlie Hustle. Rebel music.

Â'Cause this beats too beautiful. You know. (Jim Beanz)

ItÂ's like Â"I Need LoveÂ" on steroids.

(A radio hit)(Give it to me)

I like the stylish clothes you wear (Uh)

I like the way you part your hair (Uh)

I like them little things you do (Uh)

You make wanna do the G thing and sing to you (Uh)

(Like, Oh Yeah)

(Verse 1)

ListenÂ...

When I pull my gun, I shoot for the stars

And when I pull it, may that bullet land in mars

And if it does, everything you want is ours

Just because when I seen you, I see stars

I mean, I see flowers, kids and marriage

You could have whatever you like without Clifford

Harris, baby

And you could live your life through

I donÂ't like youÂ... IÂ'm sayinÂ', IÂ'm tryinÂ' wife you

AndÂ...

(Chorus)

I donÂ't usually stress them (Ohh)

Shatwy youÂ're the exception (Ohh)

I love the way that youÂ're dancinÂ'

Make me wanna

Go Hard (Go Hard) Go Hard

I know you like it (Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah)

So baby donÂ't fight it (Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah)

(Noooo)

Â'Cause I know you like it (Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah)

Make me wanna

(Go Hard) Go Hard (Go Hard) Go Hard

(Verse 2)

And if you gotta man, I donÂ't wanna know nada.

You think he go hard. Yeah, I go harder.

And I promise to never act like IÂ'm your father.

ItÂ's time to make a change, listen to Obama.

Talkin' no drama.
I like to ball a lil but I'm not a Globetrotter.
I'ma provider.
In M.I.A., they feelin' me like I'm Flo Rida.
Chicks in L.A. bumpin' me in their low rider.
You smell like an angel, you're so heaven scented.
You love Nayo's s***. You're so independent.
If you trust me. Yeah, I trust you.
God don't like ugly, I know that he love you.

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

And baby it don't matter that much to me (Oh No)
(Too much to me)
Girl you just way to fly to be (Noooo)
And I don't even know if you (Gotta Man)
But even if you do, I'ma take you by the hand (Baby)
Tell me what he gotta do with me

(Verse 3)

I don't chase them. They chase me.
Shawty got me actin' like, like I ain't me.
I'm usually not an eater but she lookin' tasty.
Shawty lookin' sweeter than a French pastry.
I swear if you seen her, this chick is two nickels.
Homie, that's a dime.
Her lower spine got two dimples...I ain't lyin'.
Uh, you could sit a bottle on that.
And if you wanted ma, you could be a model with that.
She puttin' up a fight but I ain't got no problem with that.
She a knockout and I know how to counter attack.
Mean, if this was boxing, I'm Mayweather but way better.
Let's change your last initial to the eight letter.
(Hustle, Hustle, Hustle)

(Chorus)

(Yeah) (Oh, Oh, Oh)
(Charlie Hustle, Charlie Hustle) (Yeah) (Charlie Hustle,
Charlie Hustle)
(Uh, Charlie Hustle, Charlie Hustle) (Uh, Charlie Hustle)
Charlie Hustle so fly. Charlie Hustle too fly.
Yeah...and we out.

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