

Naughty By Nature "Hang Out And Hustle"

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Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah

The C R U D D Y, the C L I C K
It's texture, pure terror, a street professor
Aggressor, scale and measure
Clever compressor stretching salary stacks
Be running blocks as a factory structure

Capture the raw product I manufacture, fracture critic
chatter
Nigga catcher as I blast a cop matter, capsule shatter
Scatter midnight disasters, clips I rather gather
Then flip for what I'm after

Now and forever, money makes things better
At a regular, gets me jewelry, bitches, bankcards, cars
and competitors Proposed threats wreck necks and
puff ya puzzled
See trouble muzzles when I hang and hustle

Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah
Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah

Booda bop, boom, bam, bink, bick bow bookow
Ratatat, klack klick, klick kow, klick kow
Put brains with muscle, hear a crew of guys utilize they
skills
Bang out, hang out, slang out, work and hustle

Flip techniques over boogie bangin' beats
A street fleet with Moet, dank and freaks in twenty
separate suite
I'm servin' dope lyrics holding weight, just like Chris
Webber
A warrior from Golden State and I conjure up raps

I bet you don't know any they be hitting
Like that brick that smacked Reginald Denny
Collects cash n' checks on a jet to meet the next client
As I arrive at L.A.X.

v

Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah
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I'm up early, so I catch my phlegm, spit, step
Then stash the stem, ten clips in ten shit bottles
Are sectioned in wit a clip thick a block stocked wit
protection
See X again, tools ta fry and unified like Mexicans

But if shit is slow in comin' a fiend, that's one thing
That's when you see twenty niggas running to one
fiend
Yo, black tops, I got that yellow high for hours
Buy from me now or next time I swear I'll sell you flour

I got dreams of getting a 98 or a Caddy, living fatty
Plus, I got a little man calling me daddy
My lady and little man, they need me and I need 'em
I gotta see 'em and please 'em but first of all, clothe
and feed 'em

So we can see freedom even if I jeopardize my time
And life while I'm in this game, I'm making sure
That mine is right from the beginning to the end
It's dividend to the end so I like to hang out and hustle
wit my friends

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Well, it's Friday night and the weekend's here
All that partying shit must take a seat to the rear
Instead of fuckin' wit those phony ghetto chicks
I'd rather be movin' my clips with my homies on the
bricks

My fingers stay hard, my hands stay full of ash
My fingenails stay dirty that's from burying my stash.
Fiends are bummin', money's comin' to say the least
But I'm out there flippin' clips, feedin' the belly of the
beast

It's first of the month, money's comin' all day, all night
And too many goin' for theirs, I'm cuttin' sales off with
my bike
Now with my niggaz in session, we freestyle rhyme
Reminiscin', movin' that shit 20's of clips at a time

Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah
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Hang out and hustle wit my friends, yeah

What the fuck are you gonna do, except hustle?

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