

Laws

"Hustle"

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[Feat. Mason Caine]

[Verse 1: Mason Caine]

They wanna knock my hustle, that's my million dollar baby

I use my mental muscle like I'm Russell in the 80's

You can bet I'm crazy, I'm a savage from my check

My new bitch got her ex-nigga tatted on her neck

But she rata-tat, tat 'em till they whack

She told me fuck a hater, middle finger to the death, to the left

Call me money making Mitch and my money getting rich

I put them dummies in your tummy if you running with a snitch

They wanna knock my Nino, De Niro, Pacino

Take down what I've built and blow up my casinos

I'm knocking where the talcum be, X, I'm like Malcolm be

Higher than a balcony with a jump off,

Finna jump off and touch a falcon wing

You hustle small, you're at a amidst

My hustle tall, Bill Russell and I'm very adamant

Hustle in, hustle out, duffles in, duffles out

Blood stains in the back seat, gotta buff 'em out

[Hook:]

Gotta get it, get it till it's all gone

Believe me when I say that it's on, you can't knock the hustle

You get it in, I'm the one you call on

Moving through the night till it's done, you can't knock the hustle

Every day and night, it's hustle, only way to life is hustle

Say what you want about me but you can't knock the hustle

Every day and night, it's hustle, only way to life is hustle

Say what you want about me but you can't knock the hustle

[Verse 2: Laws]

Used to think that I could get my deal and let my
dollars circulate
Sort of rise and fall, then I realized that it ain't worth
the hate
Now I'm treating hate like the raven, never more
I work my fingers to the bone, Skeletor
I pick the mic up and settle scores and my fans like the
tee birds
They singing tell me more, tell me more
As soon I enter the door, I say you'll never get me a
tour
Listen, I'm getting five bill, real recognize real like I feel
like I been
Here before
I'm a worker but call me the boss, gully of course
If you are claiming, don't tuck in your bling
We'll recycle the chain, now hustle the cross
Toughen up dog, another hit single, you buy one again
This is a stick up dedicated to all the broke rappers
sitting five in the
Pen
Trying to win, if you pop a city, we'll let you rebuild and
we riot again
Don't try to compete, just admire the man
We kinda wake up right at 9 A.M, then hustle our
products till 9 P.M
And write the whole night about our obvious struggle
It's not a secret y'all got in some trouble
Letting the young in the height of this rumble, start
knocking the hustle

[Hook:]

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hustle
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