

Nipsey Hussle

"Hussle Is My Last Name"

Visit "[Hussle Is My Last Name](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus:]

Hussle is my last
Hussle is my last name [x8]

[Verse 1:]

Look I'm a stay fresh
Y'all stay bummy,
Y'all can chase pussy,
I'm a chase money
You only live once and niggas die young,
You live by the bullet you're gonna die by the gun,
I'm coming off Slauson where niggas hate your guts,
And... be riding high, niggas wanna set you up,
They probably jealous of it never get enough,
They say money ain't the root of all evil, nigga say
whaaat?
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see,
I've been on the grind since the age of fourteen,
Started with a quota, bought my first buck
Bought my first gun, said fuck it then I bust
It ain't the ones I fucked off it's the ones I fucked with,
Ain't the ones I trap trade, it's the ones I trusted,
Jealousy and envy see it all around me,
Looking for nip hussle on the block is where they found
me,

[Chorus]

I'm like ooooh, get ready,
I got my mind on a whole 'nother setting,
When they see me they say Nip where ya heading,
And I be like on my way to the cheddar [x2]

[Verse 2:]

Look look look,
Slauson boy swag,
Check out my demeanor,
Gold cuban links, bullet proof beemers,
Duffle bag money I ain't never had a visa,
And if sports was hip hop I be balling all season,
Cops can't stop us,

Rolex watches, homes foreclose when the popo's
caught us,
County jail state pen time is nothing,
Bounce back and now I'm about to take raps top
honors,
Cause,

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm on the block with these rocks,
Posted loked, lowkey so Johnny think I'm smoking,
Focused on nothing more than getting to my quota,
Hoping the block well before they start patrolling,
I'm knowing, they watching us binoculars is scoping,
Bumping up the smokers trying ask me where I sold it,
My mind state money over everything underneath the
sun, and death out the barrel of my gun, go bang,
Don't ask me why I gang bang,
It's easy, believe me, the coppers they need me,
I pay they salary, they know my calories with weight,
Too heavy to stop, I'm chopping down ounces, halves,
Sevens, boulders, dimes, nicks, watever,
I'm going forever I'm never gon stop it,
So don't holla at me unless money is the topic.

[Chorus]

Visit [Nipsey Hussle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.