

Iggy Azalea

"Hustle Gang"

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Intro:

Yeah, hustle gang nigga
Gdog get do or die
You ain't got no money nigga, fuck you

T.I.

Let go, hustle gang
Play no f*cking games
T.I. pkiug you know my f*ing name, yeah
Haters drop south when they see the cane
Chips they come to london they know how to treat a
chain
On highways with them bentleys to the left side
On the eastern hemisphere holly west side
How we doin', lay low and get high
Pray to the motie, live never let die

I swear I'm super cool, still a sit by
To a nigga then I up and go and hop on a red eye
Till I'm dead I'mma live like a sour bad
They say it's all good
Platinum dog tag
Yellow gold rollin'
Yella hoe know me
In beverly hills gettin me a bottle like kobish
You my dirt all by my lonely get no cody
Shot 'em dead, my bitch take it to the church for me
In the fan uptown b-o-b hit the gurrow for me
Gdod get done with that answer to god only

Chip:

I said rose's just a pussy
Fuck her I'll go in
You can catch a hollow tip for thinking you're a chip
Royalty, hustle gang keep the crown with us
The only queens around here are the girls fucking us
And the haters get skipped,
Double dodge chip got a strapping gear
Press preÅss double clutch

Play with the bread, me the toast
Need a ghost before I'm ghost
Swear to the holy ghost

Yeah, I put my city on the map
Everybody's on the jack spot
On the flat room
Word to the union, everytime we're ruling 'em
Real talk, even pump the pill that keeps a tool with them
Heaven sent me go to hell money
Rolling in the deep still, I need that bail money
Went to the grammies I need six to keep my roly yellow
Same as my bitch
North to the south I be in the mix
My location on there I should be writing your checks
It's pay time for your career
Pussy lay down
Car full circle of balls
Could I spread them round
Yeah from lan to the a town
Time to make the whole world know my name now

Iggy azalea:

Show them wreckers with the roof off this mother low
Real bitch wanna kill all these bitch hoes
Silly flow, I'm illy my chow pain
Watch your titty boy
I rocks these two chains
You got me so inÂšane
Double m arrange
For this seats it's cold chain
All them doors go bang
You hoes be on the supper
Step up in double trouble
Sent here to fuck the gang
Hold up bitch shovel rubbers
Down the tuddle
Princess cuddle
Rocks like burning rubber
They blind just stand
But listen milf I am a mother fucker
Hustle gang you got it bad and I don't mean no usher
My hustle gang they bring them clips ok excuse me
pusha
Your malice, rip-offs every reach your bad bitch
The man texts us like dallas
Be mad at him, I'm amazing
You were simply just another nim
Gdod bitch it's more than just an acronym
Iggy

You know what it means my nigga
Gdod get do or die my nigga
Hustle gang I know
This the cane represented one time
Poddle of t.l. pking period
I know, yeah
My bitch iggy and this motherfucker represent xxl

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