

Papoose "Hustle Hard"

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(feat. 50 cent)

[Chorus x4: 50 cent]

Hustle Hard
Money Stack
Sell that dope
Sell that crack
Sell that pat
Sell that gat
Sell that pussy
Holla back

[Verse 1: Papoose]

Listen if you eightball shavin' on the block turn 7 grams
to 14 grams you gotta (Hustle Hard)
Turn 14 to 28 fast
56 to 100 grams
now im on yo ass (Hustle Hard)
and I ain't stoppin' at a hundred grams
a hundred grams to a hundred grand
let's take it back to the gutter fam
I ain't shaking none of you suckas hands
because im better than you, you, him, and your other
man
they need no brown when they makin' them sucka jams
but they get on the radio and turn to the gutterman
you and your R&B boss make a good couple fam
I'ma catch you at lover's lane like Son of Sam
Got the revolver in my fuckin' hand
Automatics like that hot 97 concert summer jam
half of my work, make samples to keep em' comin' fam
I sample 50 like i just copped a hundred grams

[Chorus x4: 50 cent]

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[Verse 2: Papoose]

At age 7 this nigga tried to sell me 6
You can't jerk me I got more scales than fish
Nigga's mad cuz they can't make a sell for shit
When I'm on the block I make more sales than Sprint
Gone have to bust yo gun if you bust my ballz
This nigga owe me some money tryin' to duck my callz
Follow them up the oneway street he smokin' on a
loosay
He seen me and tried to bust a U-way
So I caught him on a 2-way Street and gripped on a
oozay
I ain't have a sidekick but I hit em' on a 2-way
Brought 10 nigga's who thought they'd never see you
breathless
Well that's somethin' that Tennessee like Memphis
Rappers be tryin' to get in where they fit in like tetris
Thats why I leave they family 'morning' like 'breakfast'
They see other niggaz do it and then they try to follow
Thats why I leave they family 'mourning' like 'alonzo'

[Chorus x4: 50 cent]

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[Verse 3: Papoose]

I lead the rifle raw
You just went right through your final door
I invite you all
Never did like you or trifle fraud
Sick as psycho wards
invite you on buyin' my mike recital was vinyl
Shine a light that'll blind you
My Light that'll fight for your title
Cry for psysem like michael
My life recycle is psycho da pschobanktual bible
Look in the eyez of your idle
Im right behind you
I Lined you
I Stifled yours
you rap niggaz marked for death like Michael Moore
(Hustle hard)
Yeah even my rhymes is hustle
I'm sellin' em' to your mind watch my respect double

(Hustle hard)
They never used to wanna produce him or introduce
him
Gettin' Text's from niggaz who rappin'
Text messages from niggaz who producin'
Now a days I get more Texas than Houston (Hustle
hard)
Ha you ain't doin' no real bubblin'
you keep your end of the street stop air hustlin'

[Chorus x4: 50 cent]
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