

## Pharrell

# "Skateboard P Presents - Show You How To Hustle"

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Yo, uh, huh, yes sir  
Turn everything up some more  
The drums you know, the music and shit

(Holla back)  
I'm goin' for it now  
(Holla back)  
Yes sir  
(Holla back)  
Hey, yo

In the heart of a re-up, it's somthin' like a G up  
MCA fingering that B up or that C up  
Fiends creep up with their flesh lookin' beat up  
And my tennis ball is stuffed with enough work to fill a  
tea cup

He opened up his jacket  
I opened up my packet  
He pulled out his money  
I'm pullin' out that honey

He stuff it in his stem soon as he took it from me  
Yellow teeth chaffed lips and his nose is runny  
He lit that shit, he hit that quick as if I was high  
I asked him where them bricks at shit

He smiled as if he was payin' homage  
He said in the back of the apartment  
Where they be selling ganja

But beware of the AK held by HM Thomas  
Son gotta keep him high in them bottoms or some old  
pyjamas  
I said shit ma nigga take another hit  
We ran up in that crib with them Uzis and them Sigs

Give up the work or we tyin' up the kids  
Did I get that work, what you think? Yes I did  
I didn't actually that wasn't true and  
If you aspire to hustle, that's a how to, to you

This that shit make you wanna hustle  
Carry square guns shootin' metal with muffles  
Trunk full of cash with a couple of duffles  
So we can sip wine and eat a bundle of truffles

We gonna show you how to hustle  
(Holla back)  
So you can style all these sneakers  
(Holla back)

So you can style all these sneakers  
(Ya follow that)  
So you can style all these sneakers  
(well, follow this)

It's incredible how I etch my plans out  
To be physically subtle and financially stand out  
You should see me stick that big S on my anso  
And literally call destructure so no one can touch ya

Teenage girls'll love ya and models wanna fuck ya  
Ice cream ya way on to somebody's magazine cover  
So much money that the lid threatens eruption and  
The bank says you don't have to call like you're Usher

And I ain't kill or sell drugs to nobody  
But I know niggas that kill and stretch work like pilates  
Nigga the crack house was literally right beside me  
When them fiends hit that shit they kicked just like  
karate

We named one Bruce lie, one slim Kelly  
Who issued too much quicker than Luis rank and M  
belly  
Yeah, I escaped but there's nothing you can tell me  
'Cause thought I paper chase, my memories won't fail  
me

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(Well, follow this)

In the hood, wake up to the hammer noise  
Sound like the work of my jerks the swagger boys  
Pull up and them eyes wide open, stack of toys  
If your girl want to leave with us that's her choice

The feelin' throbbin' I got it and poppin' phenomanal  
Nigga signed a million dollar cheque with his pyjamas  
on  
Film it like a porno no need to re-word it  
Nigga the enzo just came and I ain't have to jerk it

Yeah, niggas you heard it the perversion of stars  
I guess if I go in my garage, it'd be a menage  
Niggas can't hate on this like summer in '84  
When we high off potato chips

New cript and Florida were the soul core corridors  
Yes them babies mine, fuck I need to go on my reefa  
Rewire my brain, aspire to attain, tell Jacob  
Light on the platinum, keep the fire in the chain

Yikes I mean ice on the motherfucker gleam  
I guess if my ice is fire, it leave you niggas stinged  
See there's you there's me and there's between  
If you remove the between, you see I achievin' you  
dreams

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