

Afu-Ra f/ Royce Da 5'9"**"Pusha"**

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[Afu-Ra]

Show me, which one of y'all is bold
Which one of y'all wanna roll
It just too many rocks in the road
Worldwide my crash staff like a hustla
And I'm flying in the planes, reading Hustler
Word life, it's all about the game
It's all about what comes to ya mind, when someone
mentions ya name
Spit flow after flow, like every track is the same
And each one of my flows will be a sample in your brain
My love for the music, is all that I got
It's like, cooking a meal, the one ingredient in the pot
I got my hands on a life long bundle
Since '93, I've been working up in the jungle
I never clock out, I gotta finish my bundle
All I wanna do, is rock the mic, and keep it humble yup
Hustle, hustla, we all gotta hustle, yup
Get your hands up, cuz we all gotta hustle, come on

[Royce Da 5'9"]

I live for this music, die for this music
I'm why you got your hands up, hands up, hands up
Whoa, I make you lay way down, way down
Low, in the ground, for what you stand up for
Standard less then 7 dollars a record, is not acceptable
I show you how to collect you alot of decimals
I'm a walking acronym, rollin' so faster
O.M.O.M., Own My Own Masters
Oh my, N.E., I did it with No En'emy
In the SS, mighty looking so slim
S.G.'s; Shootin' Guns like a soldier
While you looking so grimm, folk, fold
Go off, you should go snitch, P.Y.B., nigga
Pump Yo Brakes, while I Pull Yo Bitch
Cuz, she I need, five for the a-side
The b-side; three, you see how it be
Rappin' 'em acronym's, backin' 'em backwards
Rappers up to the wall, clap 'em up, kill 'em all
Write it down, thug it out, spit it out, wrap it up
Ship it out, bring the buzzin' out, that's what this

shit about

[Afu-Ra]

Whatever's clever, I guess it's back to the basics
I really feel like Shogun in The Matrix
My mind's stick stone, lyrics to build an empire
And how to capitalize, on the entire
Roll for dollars and cents, it's fucked up
I do this for money, but if I didn't, I be hungry
And like I said, music's all that I got
And I do this for my seed, so you know a brother gotta
rock
I'm proud to walk in a bank, deposit a knot
Realize it's coming, from the way a brother voice drop
Now I can spit 16 bars, or shoot for the stars
Hardy-har-har-har, I still take it far
And all I know, I'm coming from a culture
Life without independence, is like a torture, yup
Hustle, hustla, we all gotta hustle, yuupu
Get your hands up, cuz we all gotta hustle, come on

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