

**Alan Jackson F/ Keith Whitley****"Hustlin' Daze"**

Visit "[Hustlin' Daze](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

{\*"If you ain't real about it, don't talk"\* -> Baby Thad }

[Guru]

It's ninety degrees on the corner, in the summer heat  
Dreamin of beach houses, mad ladies and Hummer  
jeeps  
Got another beep now it's time to watch a brother creep  
and pull another scam, not yet the man but the  
brother's deep  
Ain't tryin to stay in this life for too long  
You tellin me that I'm bound to lose, but you wrong  
I'm too strong, plus me and my team's got a true bond  
I'll stay in these streets, you stay in the house where  
you belong  
Yo who's wrong, you never had to live in my shoes  
And my view's, that every second is vital  
The way I see nigga's the way I G it  
A raw ghetto entrepreneur, yeah I be it  
Not as glamorous, as the gangster flicks  
I'll show you some gangster chicks that hold me down  
we get rich  
And get this, bet this, I'm after payola  
The loot, the paper, til my hustlin days are over

[Chorus: Donell Jones]

I'm a hustler, a hustler hmm  
Gotta get the dough to win  
And I'm a baller yeah, baller  
Shot call-errr  
I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel  
For niggaz that wanna be actin ill  
All the player haters stay, off my nuts  
while I'm/we handlin business

[Guru]

Illegal business, I need to invest in somethin legit  
This money's comin too quick, I copped a house and  
two whips  
Who switched it, not me, I'm keepin it real  
Keepin the steel while the envious watch hungry, I'm  
eatin my meal

Late nights, there ain't no time for stage frights  
This ain't fiction, it's my mission to get paid alright?  
No need to speak about greed, long as I'm feedin my  
seed  
then I'm completin the deed, so I'm keepin this cheese  
High-priced lawyers, I'm too nice for ya  
Never touchin the work no more, too precise for ya  
Controllin the town, holdin it down  
I'm the Master Allah Now, I'm showin you style  
I go in your file, and make you hard to locate  
Delete all your data don't disregard your fate  
I'll off you then I'm off with a honey like suave bola  
Shit I'm livin this life, til my hustlin days are over

[Chorus]

[Guru]

Bouncin in and out of town, hope I don't step out of  
bounds  
Chicks love to crowd around cause of my rep, how that  
sound?  
Enemies are growin in numbers, hopin to catch me  
slumber  
I wonder; how many are hopin to take me under?  
NARC's and Feds, throwin darts at my head  
Some new cats tryin to make me part with my bread  
Now I'm in a zone worse than Nino in Sugar Hill  
Now I'm all alone, the piper wants me to foot the bill  
Now I'm facin the judge, my name on a folder  
In jail for life, my hustlin days are over

{\*"If you ain't real about it, don't talk"\* -> Baby Thad }

[Chorus]

{\*"If you ain't real about it, don't talk"\* -> Baby Thad }

[Donell Jones]

Oh yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah, uhh  
Uhh.. ooohooooohwoooooohhh  
Get the paper, get the dough  
Cause I'm hustlin  
Gotta get the paper, get the dough  
Cause I'm hustlin  
And I'm a hustler  
And I'm a baller, yeah  
I pack plenty of steel  
So all the player haters stay, off my nuts  
while we handlin business  
Oh yeah, ohooooohhhhhohhhhhh

Mmmmmmm ohhh ohhh, oh yeah  
If you're with me, throw your guns in the air  
Whoahoahaohohhhhohhhhhh, ohhh yeah

Visit [Alan Jackson F/ Keith Whitley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.