

Birdman & Rick Ross**"Don't Hustle Again"**

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feat. Kevin Rudolf

[Intro]

This shit classic, this H
This for all the hustlers

It's for the real ones
Money over the best pussy
Family over money, we hustling

Money that's my life, money that's my light
My money make me mad, my money make me right
My money make me laugh, my money make me cry
My money is my love, for money you will die
Illiterate thugs down for cigarette buzz
Minding my life in prison so I'm living it up
Red champagnia, to celebrate
Triple ccmb, we selling weight
Organized crime, organized mind
One bird call you shot 45 times
45 fully, fully automatic
Bitch is fully loaded, if you want it, you can have it
I'ma grind till my cheese straight
Thinking back to the days when my mama used to say

[Hook]

I've got to hold on,
Don't, don't hustle again
Hold on me, I've got to hold on
Don't, don't hustle again
Cause I can't breathe
I've got to hold on, hold on, hold on
Me, I've got to hold on
Don't, don't hustle again
Don't, don't hustle again

800 milligram fresh from the pharmacy
Like lucas, get it to the army
I keep sit on me, cmb cash money is an army
So we flip em out the Jag, 200 on the dash
Bitch we mash, duffle bag full of cash

Louie v bag, 2 mill just to splash
See my homie beat one, nigga beat another one
Then the beat another one, then he beat another one
Then the beat another one, then he beat another one

Like money ain' shit, pop a few bottles nigga fuck
another bitch
Celebrate for the licks, celebrate on chips

[Hook]
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Hold on me, I've got to hold on
Don't, don't hustle again
Cause I can't breathe
I've got to hold on, hold on, hold on
Me, I've got to hold on
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