

## **Missy Elliott F/ Big Boi , Nicole**

### **"H-U-S-T-L-E"**

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#### [Intro]

Everybody out here wanna be hustlers, man  
Buit they dont have any idea what I used to do  
I used to do anything imaginable  
A nigger like me was scared to go to jail  
So I'd use my brain and just think up the most  
outlandish shit  
Shit niggers would never do, I used to get dirty  
Now these niggaz out here just be out here queer  
hustling  
Man these niggaz got it all backwards  
I'm gonna show 'em how I used to do it

#### [Verse 1]

A lotta people wanna knock what we do on my block  
But we do what we do cause we ain't got a lot  
And you might get shot if your tounques not watched  
Casue dudes walk around with hand cannons in their  
crotch  
Fucking up the way they walk, stuck to the strip like  
scotch  
Witht he top notch (?) that can cook clean rocks  
See times is too hard for us to ever go soft  
So the doc got me on prescription strength zoloft  
So I can deal with the stress and I won't go off  
But I'm on top, won't stop 'til the microphone drop  
Rollin' four deep in the Cut like, what?  
Hit you up and then roll off, we tryin' to get this dough  
boss  
We don't do diamonds cause my dudues ain't show  
offs  
Tryin' to keep it low so we don't see no cops  
Wanna blow up, but I don't wanna go pop  
Gotta blow up cause I can't let this dough stop

#### [Chorus]

H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)  
You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker  
Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker  
So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me  
homie (x 2)

[Verse 2]

I used to sell insense bottle 10 cents a dozen  
Hit the strip and make 'em flip for a dollar a sack  
Everyday before juinor high I bought a six pack  
And sold 'em for a buck a piece down by the track  
And I never sold crack, did aluminum cans  
Used to get laughed at by you and your mans  
But I never let it get, stay true to my plans  
I used it all for the studio (Now you understand)  
In the grocerie store parking lot, like can I help you  
ma'am?  
To the car with those bags, used to run that old drag  
For a itty bitty tip, maybe a quarter or more  
And when I wasn't doing that I was knocking at your  
door  
Like, "May I speak to the head of the household?"  
Then give you the speech on how buying this candies  
keeping me out the  
streets  
Cheap dirt hustles, no glorious tales, but it did keep my  
black ass from  
going to jail  
And I'm a . .

[Chorus]

H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)  
You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker  
Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker  
So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me  
homie (x 2)

[Verse 3]

I can make a dollar out a dime when I hollar out a  
rhyme  
From the school of hard knocks, so a scholar of the  
grind  
Used to dub tapes myself, claim the quality was fine  
but it sounded like shit, lots of hits, hella static  
But for three plus two, them shits moved like magic  
That's five well spent for true hip-hop addicts  
And once they're friends heard it, then they all had to  
have it  
So I took it on the road with little to no baggage  
Just some draws and cassettes, droppin' jaws with my  
sets  
Once they saw the live show they had to take a piece  
home  
Now I'm almost famous, used to be least known  
But not to big to walk the streets alone  
Stand in front of any venue witha box of cd's

And these kids love me I stay DTE  
Down To Earth, and down to merch at any given  
moment  
If there's money on the block, then where am I, Cause  
I'm a . .

[Chorus]  
H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)  
You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker  
Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker  
So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me  
homie (x 2)

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