

## Showaddywaddy

### "Can't Knock the Hustle"

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Bounce.. bounce, bounce, Jay-Z huh?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, ha ha  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella y'all  
Check, check

[Jay-Z]

Yo, I'm makin short term goals, when the weather folds  
just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold  
Chilly with enough bail money to free a big willie  
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly  
Shoppin sprees, copin three  
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes  
bouncin in the lex luger, tires smoke like buddha  
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggaz can't fade me  
Chrome socks beamin  
Through my perephreal I see ya schemin  
Stop dreamin, I leave your body steamin  
Niggaz is fiendin, what's the meanin?  
I'm leanin on any nigga intervenin  
with the sound of my money machine-in {\*brrrr\*}  
My cup runneth, over with hundreds  
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and  
runnin  
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow  
The Don Juan DeMarco; swear to God, don't get it  
fucked up

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

I'm takin out this time  
to give you a piece of my mind (cause you can't knock  
the hustle)  
Who do you think you are?  
Baby one day you'll be a star

[Jay-Z]

Last seen out of state where I drop my slang  
I'm deep in the South kickin up top game  
Bouncin on the highway switchin fo' lanes  
Screamin through the sunroof - money ain't a thang  
Your worst fear confirmed  
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm

Gettin down for life, thats right, you better learn  
Why play with fire, burn  
We get together like a choir, to acquire what we desire  
We do dirt like worms, produce G's like sperm  
'til legs spread like germs  
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes  
and I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows  
What y'all don't know?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, cause you can't knock the  
hustle

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy  
cause that's the way you're makin me feel  
(cause you can't knock the hustle)  
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time  
to knock the hustle for real

[Jay-Z]

Yo, y'all niggaz lunchin, punchin the clock  
My function is to make much and lay back munchin  
Sippin Remy on the rocks, my crew, somethin to watch  
Nothin to stop, un.. ..stoppable  
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew  
I gotta, let you niggaz know the time like Movado  
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado  
Auto off the champagne, Cristal's by the bottle  
It's a damn shame what you're not though (who?) Me  
Slick like a gato, fuckin Jay-Z  
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me  
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what  
Straight bananas; can a nigga, see me?  
Got the US Open, advantage Jigga  
Serve like Sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus  
Le Tigre, son you're too eager  
You ain't havin it? Good, me either  
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe  
us huh?  
At my arraignment, screamin  
all us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we  
even  
Thievin, as long as I'm breathin  
Can't knock the way a nigga eatin - fuck you even!

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

I'm takin out this time  
to give you a piece of my mind  
Who do you think you are?  
Baby one day you'll be a star  
But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy  
cause that's the way you're makin me feel

I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time  
to knock the hustle for real

{\*Mary J. Blige ad libs to fade\*}

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