

Edge Jagged

"THIS GOES OUT"

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This goes out to all them hustlers

Everybody out there making them ends meet

I ain't mad at'cha

JE y'all, this goes out to everybody

This goes out to you, this goes out to you

(This goes out)

This goes out to you, this goes out to you

(I'm telling you this goes out)

This goes out to you, this goes out to you

(This goes out, hey)

This goes out to you, this goes out to you

(Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Some people sleep five to a bed

Three at the feet, two at the top

So I can't really talk about how they should live

When I know in my heart if it came down to it

I'd be getting down the same as them

See Lord, tryna hustle must be something heaven sent

A lot of rent wouldn't be made without this trade

That we call hustlin'

This goes out to the cats on the corner

Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar

I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out to the girls in the streets

Like going all out just so their kids can eat

Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out...

I used to be half between

Going all out and doings things that I know just wasn't
right

And now I'm looking back

And I think just do it or never did something

But I can tell you that

I'd probably take a bullet in my head than leave my
family unfed

And that's the way it is

This goes out to my homies, yeah

This goes out to the cats on the corner

Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar

I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out to the girls in the streets

Like going all out just so their kids can eat

Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out...

[Rap]

Uh, uh, uh

Ay yo I welcome the struggle

Like I welcome the hustle

Find the right one, take it and bubble

That's on the muscle

I ain't giving in, I'm trying to win

And if I gotta get my hands a little dirty

Then I'm sorry for sin

But the Fed don't understand ain't bred

So brothers gotta learn to bake to make bread

Chicks use their ass and shake to make breat

But I understand shorty keep them kids fed

This goes out to my whole 5-5-81 click

I often reminisce when we just dreamed of this

Rich cars, fine homes, girls with nice toes

Dime pieces standing in line to show us their thongs

Went from riding six deep in a little ass jeep

To Cadillac trucks and Benzes, prowling the streets

We gon' ball till we fall

Cause we fadin' em all

Put your glasses in the air, this goes out to y'all

This goes out to the cats on the corner

Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar

I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out to the girls in the streets

Like going all out just so their kids can eat

Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something

Hold your head up cause they can't touch you

This goes out...

My homies, you can't touch me

If you don't really know

This goes out to my homies

You can't touch me

If you don't really know

This goes out to my homies

You can't touch me

If you don't really know

This goes out to my homies

You can't touch me

If you don't really know

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