

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Hang Out and Hustle"

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The C-R-U-D-D-Y, the C-L-I-C-K
It's texture pure terror a street professor aggressor
scale and measure
clever compressor stretching salary stacks be running
blocks as a
factory
structure capture the raw product I manufacture,
fracture critic chatter
nigga catcher as I blast a cop matter capsule shatter
scatter midnight
disasters clips I rather gather then flip for what I'm
after now and
forever money makes things better at a regular gets
me jewelry, bitches,
bankcards, cars and competitors proposed threats
wreck necks and puff ya
puzzled see trouble muzzles when I hang and hustle.

Booda Bop, Boom, Bam, Bink, Bick Bow Bookow,
Ratatat, Klack Klick, Klick
Kow, Klick Kow put brains with muscle. Hear a crew of
guys utilize they
skills. Bang out hang out slang out work and hustle. Flip
techniques
over
boogie bangin' beats. A street fleet with Moet, dank
and freaks in
twenty separate suite I'm servin' dope lyrics holding
weight, just like
Chris Webber a warrior from Golden State, and I
conjure up raps I bet
you
don't know any they be hitting like that brick that
smacked Reginald
Denny.
Collects cash n' checks on a jet to meet the next client
as I arrive at
L.A.X.

I'm up early so I catch my phlegm spit step then stash
the stem 10 clips

in ten shit bottles are sectioned in wit a clip thick a
block stocked
wit
protection see X again tools ta fry and unified like
Mexicans but if
shit
is slow in comin' a fiend that's one thing thats when you
see twenty
niggas running to one fiend.
Yo black tops I got that yellow high for hours buy from
me now or next
time I swear I'll sell you flour I got dreams of getting a
98 or a Caddy
living fatty plus I got a little man calling me daddy my
lady and little
man they need me and I need 'em I gotta see em and
please 'em but first
of
all clothe & feed 'em so we can see freedom even if I
jeopardize my time
and life while I'm in this game I'm making sure that
mine is right from
the beginning to the end its dividend to the end so I
like to hang out
and
hustle wit my friends.

Well it's Friday night and the weekend's here. All that
partying shit
must take a seat to the rear.
Instead of fuckin' wit those phony ghetto chicks I'd
rather be movin' my
clips with my homies on the bricks my fingers stay
hard. My hands stay
full of ash. My fingernails stay dirty that's from burying
my stash.
Fiends are bummin', money's comin' to say the least,
but I'm out there
flippin' clips feeding the belly of the beast. It's first of
the month
money's comin all day all night and too many going for
theirs I'm
cuttin'
sales off with my bike. Now with my niggaz in session
we freestyle
rhyme.
Reminiscing moving that shit 20's of clips at a time.

