

## Heidi Brühl

### "Day & Night"

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[Chorus: Dominique]

You got me hustlin' day and night, oh baby

[Boogy Nikke]

You got me hustlin' day and night for your attention

Can you feel it, baby?

Reefer got me goin' in a zone

I need this shit like a clock need hands

Don't understand how the potency can have control of me

I gotta let loose soon, or I'm doomed because the hood is so good

When it come to a hustlin' a nigga stay on touch with this

I'm stalkin' while I'm walkin' countin' loot from the blazin'

'Cause there's plenty hit me up on my hitter

Because there's plenty baby (plenty baby)

(Chorus)

[Tony Tone]

The way the system's set up you got to have your game tight

And that's the reason why a nigga like me stay on the low every night

'Cause everyday I gotta make my pay and every way to survive

I gotta stay high to keep my mind clear

From all this madness in this world, see this sadness

These Cleveland streets ain't nothin' nice

You gotta watch your back for niggas, bitches, po-po

And fights, but that's the life that I chose, and that's the way roll

I'm incognito, flippin' ends for Mo Mo, and that's day and night

(Chorus)

[Layzie]

It's all about the hustle from your birth

Gotta put in your work as you run this earth  
Put your head to the sky even though it hurts  
Whatever it's worth, gotta do your dirt then some (Mo,  
Mo, Mo)  
And I run with dummy, man  
With a ounce of rocks in my hand  
I am what I am with a masterplan  
'Til I got knocked on the block, pop pop to the Glock  
While they had me on lock, had me schemin' of a plot  
And I know they watchin' me, tryin' to get what I got  
And I ain't got shit, but I went from movin' that yey to  
these tapes  
And I'm gon' hustle and never break, #1 in this race,  
first place

(Chorus)

[Mo! Hart]  
I gotsta keep the food on my plate and clothes on my  
back  
I ain't got nobody for the things that I lack  
It's a sucka born in this world every minute  
As long as they let me, I'm damn sure runnin' up in 'em  
They work hard all day, and I'm up all night  
My bills is half-way paid, and my ? needs to be tight  
Never have to worry about where to lay my head from  
all them hoes  
Ghetto love show big playas, always make sure my ride  
was legitmate  
Never do I worry about my pockets being unfit  
'Cause when I'm doin' my thangs, nigga, I'm lookin'  
swell  
Just hope tomorrow, I don't end up in jail  
You got me...

(Chorus)

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