

## The Lox

### "Keep Hustlin'"

Visit "[Keep Hustlin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* send corrections to the typist

(Jadakiss)

ahhhh

unhhuh

yeah

D-Block

R 3, motherfuckers couldn't wait

Yeah

Niggas not want Jada to kiss on them (kiss on'em)

Throw sour milk or piss on them (piss on'em) burn their cell

Snitch niggas playing the game "Who turn to tell" (what?)

I'm waiting right here for the warden and burning the L

Recognize real this is an example of that (yeah)

Grey uncut diesel come and sample a sack

D-Block where the hammers is at (that's right)

Every night is like the Apollo with guns, even amateurs clap

I hit raw in the store, ravined, then laid low on the yea-yo

When I cop more of the green

Got a BX connect and a Georgia Team

My life is juicy nigga

It was all a dream

It's my house so I'm a ask you to leave

I'm like carbon-dioxide

Cause I don't want you faggots to breathe

And I might murk two in the new Smurf blue

2002 BM wagon with the B's (unuh)

(Styles)

Chorus (2X)

All my niggas with guns

Keep busting them

All my niggas with drugs

Keep hustling

All my niggas with money

Keep getting it

All my niggas that ride  
Keep living it

(Styles)

It's the kid with the attitude  
Chip on the shoulder  
Brick in the whip with the 5th in the holster  
Purple in the dutchee (un huh) I got a circle full of  
niggas  
that will kill your grandmother if she touch me  
Told you I get deep with a gun  
If I die then my niggas teach the rules of the street to  
myson  
Cause I might got to meet with the lord  
What I live by? die by?  
My gun, my word, and my sword  
Cause niggas sound hard but they just ain't convincing  
me  
Microwave killer, do my shit instantly  
Built that courage in Anna, it's the dark side  
that makes me want to flip and go smother your mama  
(bitch)  
Just for birthing your ass  
And this the ghost when you take your last breath  
And I'm cursing your ass  
And I'm sort of like the Grim Reaper, but I'm a get  
deeper  
Cause I'm right here on earth for your ass

Chorus 2X

This is it  
Sheek Luc..c'mon

(Sheek)

You know Sheek hold it down wherever he at (no doubt)  
You wanna knock yourself out?  
Nah let me do that  
I'm thugging everything I'm on (yeeah)  
I spit too hard  
Keep the hawk like I'm out in the yard  
Even in the boot Luch keep a gat in his hand  
Brick under the fan, think I care about a moon man or  
Grammyaward?  
What did you expect? I ain't seeing double platinum  
unless I take it off your fucking neck (right now)  
Cut my check and get out my face  
Before I go home and get that new shit out the case (no  
doubt)  
I don't think y'all hearing me, it's not fair to me  
I'll clap you if my niggas is daring me

Your God is dumping your face  
Then run up and choke your bitch ass, just in case  
Then that y'all is thirsty to hear some more  
You better put a rush on Volume four (d block)  
Walk with me

Chorus 2X

Visit [The Lox](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.