

## **Lil' Flip & Mr. Capone-E f/ Fingazz**

### **"Hustle for the Same Thing"**

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[Lil' Flip]

Hey

Put the beat up a little bit

Yeah

I like it right there

That's perfect

Matter fact, this track is perfect

We talking about gettin' this money

No matter where you from

Europe, France, Switzerland

Amsterdam, Houston, Cali, get money

[Chorus: Fingazz]

It don't matter where you from (We stay on the grind)

We do what we gotta do (Got money on the mind)

In my hood

In y'all hood

We gotta hustle for the same thing

We gotta get it, gotta get it, gotta get it, right

We gotta get it, gotta get that money

We gotta get it, gotta get it, gotta get it, right

We gotta get it, gotta get that money

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

We grind for the same thang

I got a few partners on the chain gang

And ain't never comin' home, you know

When you locked up

Your woman gone

You'll do the same thang (If you ain't got no cash)

You'll do the same thang (If you ain't got no ass)

I'm addicted to cash, I'm allergic to haters

Blunts make my throat burn (Nigga, roll up a paper)

Flossy in Vegas, then I light optimos

All this ice, got me with a flock of hoes

In H-Town

Niggas get paid for real

Fuck what you heard

We chop on blades, for real

Pimp C back home, gettin' his money on

Like Puffy Combs, the nigga got his own calogne

And two big homes, plus I got exotic cars  
It feel good to be a ghetto star (I wouldn't trade it)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Mr. Capone-E]

It's a struggle that we live for  
Stayin' alive  
While Bush startin' more wars  
Out grindin'  
Money is a object  
Gas prices going up, and how we s'pposed to solve this  
Trade my humble for that GT Bentley  
I'm trying to come up  
Homey, why you envy?  
Ain't my fault, I'm that number one stunna  
Don't Get It Twisted was my business summer  
Shine the hoes with the cash flows  
Buy the Don Perignon, at the optimo  
Can I get a V.I.P. at The Lounge, partner?  
They never seen a bald-headed homey eating lobster  
Trippin' cocktails, all drinks on me  
Jokers givin' out tat's  
At the party  
Time for the brams, to make that cash  
Sittin' next to George Lopez  
He made me laugh

[Chorus]

(Verse 3)

[Lil' Flip]

In my hood, niggas get money all day  
Look, before I hit the blunt, I stop and pray  
Each and every day  
I never forget  
I rap now, but you know, a nigga came from bricks  
Catchin' lights movin' white  
To get that green  
Ain't no furniture, but shit, I got me a flat screen  
That was '98  
Now I got cake  
In the 18-room grill like Bobby Plate

[Mr. Capone-E]

I got a house on the hills and the house in the hood  
A house on the beach, and I'm still up to no good  
Acting a fool, tryna stay sucker-free  
After party at the club, chill, V.I.P.  
Cause I'm dressed like the president  
Call my chauffer

Ladies love me, so I tell 'em, "Come closer"  
And gimme a kiss, cause ya boy made a hit  
It's all about the money  
Now, just sing  
Oh!

[Chorus]

[Fingazz]

Gotta get it, gotta get it, gotta get it, right  
Gotta get it, gotta get that money  
"Fi-fi"  
{\*scratching\*}  
"Fi-Fingazz on the track"  
We gotta get it, gotta get that money  
Gotta get it, gotta get it, gotta get it, right  
Gotta get it, gotta get that money  
Gotta get it, gotta get it, gotta get it, right  
Gotta get it, gotta get that money

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