

Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Lil' Italy, Erica Foxx "Can't Knock the Hustle"

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Bounce.. bounce, bounce, Jay-Z huh?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, ha ha
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella y'all
Check, check

[Jay-Z]

Yo, I'm makin short term goals, when the weather folds
just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold
Chilly with enough bail money to free a big willie
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly
Shoppin sprees, copin three
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes
bouncin in the lex luger, tires smoke like buddha
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggaz can't fade me
Chrome socks beamin
Through my perephreal I see ya schemin
Stop dreamin, I leave your body steamin
Niggaz is fiendin, what's the meanin?
I'm leanin on any nigga intervenin
with the sound of my money machine-in {*brrrr*}
My cup runneth, over with hundreds
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and
runnin
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow
The Don Juan DeMarco; swear to God, don't get it
fucked up

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

I'm takin out this time
to give you a piece of my mind (cause you can't knock
the hustle)
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star

[Jay-Z]

Last seen out of state where I drop my slang
I'm deep in the South kickin up top game
Bouncin on the highway switchin fo' lanes
Screamin through the sunroof - money ain't a thang
Your worst fear confirmed
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm

Gettin down for life, thats right, you better learn
Why play with fire, burn
We get together like a choir, to acquire what we desire
We do dirt like worms, produce G's like sperm
'til legs spread like germs
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes
and I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows
What y'all don't know?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, cause you can't knock the
hustle

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy
cause that's the way you're makin me feel
(cause you can't knock the hustle)
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
to knock the hustle for real

[Jay-Z]

Yo, y'all niggaz lunchin, punchin the clock
My function is to make much and lay back munchin
Sippin Remy on the rocks, my crew, somethin to watch
Nothin to stop, un.. ..stoppable
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew
I gotta, let you niggaz know the time like Movado
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado
Auto off the champagne, Cristal's by the bottle
It's a damn shame what you're not though (who?) Me
Slick like a gato, fuckin Jay-Z
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what
Straight bananas; can a nigga, see me?
Got the US Open, advantage Jigga
Serve like Sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus
Le Tigre, son you're too eager
You ain't havin it? Good, me either
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe
us huh?
At my arraignment, screamin
all us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we
even
Thievin, as long as I'm breathin
Can't knock the way a nigga eatin - fuck you even!

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

I'm takin out this time
to give you a piece of my mind
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star
But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy
cause that's the way you're makin me feel

I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
to knock the hustle for real

{*Mary J. Blige ad libs to fade*}

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