

Method Man F/ Blue Raspberry

"Believe That"

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[Hook] 2x

Never let the money and these broads break us
We right here 'til the Lord take us
We act a fool cuz the laws make us
"Baby.. You can't stop the hustle"

[Backbone]

You walk your ass 'cross my yard - get off my grass
You wanna get to that money - get off yo' ass
You wantsta know my name - you awsta ask
If you wanna see me for somethin - it's gon' cost ya
cash
I see ya pokin outcha jeans girl you actin bad
Oooh, do that again wit'cha nasty ass
I caught her comin out the mall, with 2 or 3 bags
Now shawty got her at the wood shack, throwin her
back
Champagne, chicken wings, and bubblebath
Catch me somewhere outta town signin autographs
Still workin street corners, straight servin them blacks
Them thirty-two fifth it for four and a half
I prefer a Cheverolet, when it's time to mash
And I smoke the 'dro weed, a hundred dollars a sack
I put up the big numbers nigga, check the stats
And I'm on the microphone with Gipp, Slimm, and Cass

[Hook] 2x

[Big Gipp]

Since the trashman only run once a week
If I miss it, I'm wait 'til night and dump it up the street,
behind the Winn-Dixie
Quiver, never step or kept up his penny drawers
To get an applause, appeared to have no flaws
In the situation, no dentation, smellin good
But I ain't gonna feel her, touchin up would be too easy
Sleazy, measly, lookin ugly like a person tryna sell me
a dub
Fool A, C, D, and me
Trees ain't my reason for sendin your ass to grave and
Watch you say the grade is..

Burn like acid reflux, somebone'll order up the Pheffer
chickens
While I order up a smoked duck (Thank You)
Get the gas to go, at the corner sto'
Keep my hand on the nine piece
In case somebody wanna disturb the peace (Always
keepin my eyes open)
Uhh, cuz you, can't, stop the hustle

[Hook] 2x

[Slimm Calhoun]
Well I'm known for my shine, Southside
Eyes on the prize, it's Mr. Fly Guy
Mobbin, '68 Chevy, door vault ties
Jumped out muggin like I'm holdin twenty pies
Rocked up, work on the block,
We keep it, chopped up in the spot, in the pot
Where we keep it, stocked up from the Frosty Flakes
To the chickens in the cake
If I drop it on the tool, it must be weight
Went with two and a quarter, came back with eight
Let Juke lick the plate, I re-rock the shape
Like it hot in the kitchen nigga, oven on bake
Got gorillas with banana clips, who love to go apes
Southpaw, side-strapped, known to leave yellow tape
Try and stop the hustle and crushed like grapes
Just for the taste... Just for the taste..

[Hook] 4x

Uh-uh (Uh-huh)
"Baby, you can't stop the hustle"
[Repeat until fade]

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