

Poetic Hustla'z

"Day & Night"

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feat. Layzie Bone

[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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