

# Nappy Roots, Watermelon, Chicken & Gritz

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke  
Pork rinds and a soda pop  
I told a cop I'd beat it, lost  
At 3 a.m., they told up &quot;stop&quot;;  
We got it real real, to the top  
A G like 30 feet away from the county line  
The weed flyin, the golden smilin  
Wip it nice an then they sign  
Man, fuck  
How denyin' my damn luck,  
This ain't no find if we get stuck I'm doin time  
Don't get messy with the Prezzy  
A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzly  
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth  
Back an forth we swerve and dip  
Pumpkin pie  
Bust a cop  
I'll be damned, they took my crop  
Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit about a hunid fi (105)  
Miles per hour  
In the country wit the pudin, good an chunky  
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money  
Got to be that early bird  
To grind an get what I deserve  
Quick to burn an an can't mesquite it  
Lord I need it fore the third  
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure  
Standin on the standard curb  
Days begin to bend an blurred

Homegrown bacon  
Yeah, I'm havin the wage  
Tendency of a 50 hit, when its about gettin payed  
Came along with a ragin theif hidin under the shade  
An momma won't quit buggin me about my heathenish ways  
Now I've wasted more tears then my mouth cold beer  
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin my fears  
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob  
Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah! (hustla)

Chorus:  
If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)  
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)  
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Aint no tenth, 35%  
Dent in my hub caps, sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that

Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo  
Dough is what Im reachin fo  
Money low, need some mo  
Hustlin these streets alone

Now everyday I work, 75  
A&R tellin me lies  
Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit bubbla die  
Now peep the otha side, ova them hills  
Rich dude that own them mills  
Tha candy sto is open for sale  
These junkies gone smoke it to death  
Money, hos, clothes, auto-mobiles, gold grills  
no scрил, no deal, fifth weel, big grill  
wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still

lay it on the fish scales  
I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pont-i-ac  
Got a cup full of Con-i-ac  
Quarter out of hunny sacks  
Tell me get my money back  
Still broke, feel like I ain't got shit to live fo  
So much to kill fo  
C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin round wishin  
But my hands ichin, poppa need a new transmittion  
Get my grind on, hustle that bustle to make my grip in any time zone  
Bundle that bubble, lets make it split  
We buy: peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs  
nigga, please, anything you ask fo, we got what you need  
To these college degrees we applyin to streets, cause I'm a (hustla)

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(spoken)

Hustla. Carry many meanings..  
Whether you a crook in them books  
whether you usin your mind or usin a 9  
bootleg alcohol, or runnin the ball  
you must get it in. You was born a hustla  
an you a die a hustla. Prophit, hit 'em wit it  
(/spoken)

I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera  
For life in a ballance, of it  
Lyn an shinin a beddy ro  
I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine (I mean)  
If I don't crush it then Imma bust the 9  
I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, its over y'all  
Wit all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time  
Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog  
My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw  
Dont go trickin 'em all, Imma have you bust for all my yiggas  
Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all, aww!  
What? What? What? Aw! Aww!