

# Yung Redd & Lil Ron, Hustla

(\*talking\*)

You know, why I hustle for mine (yeah)  
Mo'fuckers, I'm still on the grind  
Ay H.\$.E. niggaz, G's up yeah

(Hook)

Let me get a H, yeah I hustle all the time  
Now let me get a U, understand I'm about mine  
Let me get a S-T-L-E-R  
I'm a hustling ass nigga, my money so large

(Yung Redd)

The streets is wet I know, I preach this gutter flow  
A go round come back nigga, you reap what you sew  
Never took that much time, for me to know  
See I just planted my seed, and let my money grow  
Time reveal I'm real, these other niggaz hoes  
And everyday's a gamble, so let the dice roll  
Where I'm from, I been repping from unteen  
It's been my theme, my earrings high beam  
Yeah Yung Redd enough said, I bump heads  
With these niggaz, who thought that I couldn't make enough bread  
A hundred deep, I'm so strong  
Get high in the plane, wet I smoke his own grown

(Hook)

(Lil' Ron)

Grinding's a habit, I'm making this cabbage  
Block move like clockwork, if anybody asks  
Same as the glock work, do it without a mask  
Learn to take it slow, when I'm making fast cash  
Dro smoking, out of gas masks  
The best grass put some'ing in the bank, stack and don't touch that  
So for crack, just show me where them bucks at  
Pull up in that truck, trust me sluts love that  
I could show you how to make ya doubles, smooth like butter  
But remember, I been through the struggle me and my brother  
Smuggle shit through check points, with no trouble  
Get a room and a coffee mug, make them hoes bubble

(Hook)

(Yung Redd)

Fuck you, and any nigga you run with  
You can play that punk shit, till you hear that Yung nigga  
That get's the deal in the hood, we them niggaz they come get  
I'm all grind small time, licks I'm done with  
And it seem to me, y'all niggaz ain't G's to me  
Must be a dream and y'all forseen, in the streets with me

(Lil' Ron)

I keep my heat with me, and send five where your chest at  
And them greentip bullets, going through that vest black  
I'm taking them green dollas, to where them checks at  
To the bank account, I put em and then I bring em out  
Fuck what you thinking bout, I ain't with that hanging out  
Lil' Ron getting paper, you wish you could make it out

(Hook)

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, I don't know what the fuck  
These niggaz, was thinking out here (Sucka Free)

We still on the grind mayn, we ain't never left mayn  
H.\$.E. mo'fuckers, yeah