

Apollo 440, Hustler Groove

It was full moon in the middle of June
In the summer of 59
I was young and cool,
Shot a bad game of pool
And hustled all the chumps I could find

The main hustler's rule is dont blow your cool

I partied hard
And packed a mean rod
And played the horses at the track
I've won at cards, against tremendous odds
My favorite game was black jack!
Yes, I was hound studs dream!
A hustler supreme!
There wasnt no game that couldnt I couldnt play
And if I caught a man cheatin
I would give em a beatin
And I might even blow him away!

The main hustlers rule is dont blow your cool

Back when I was young and cool
Dancing to the hustlers groove (x2)

And not a time flew by
And it was soon July
And the days grew funky and hot
And me and Spoon
We played it cool
And I taught him to shoot pool
Till he could soon sink three in one shot
Kept him under wraps
Till he had master shooting craps
And could deal a winning hand
We would practice all day and at night we would play poker
And talk over a cool can.

When I was young and cool
Dancing to the hustlers groove (x2)
Dont blow your cool!

Back when I was young and cool
Dancing to the hustlers groove (x2)
Dont blow your cool!

Now you could feel all the tension
Building up in the convention
As the hustlers began to arrive
Must have been 9000 or more
That came to the door
The time was 11:55

Door pockets and door peddlers,
Murderers and thieves,
Card shop gamblers with aces up their sleeves
Bank robbers, burglars, boosters, and pimps
And prostitutes and car girls
And all kinds of nymphs
Loan sharks, swindlers, counterfeiters, and fences
Crooked politicians spending campaign expenses
Hijackers, arsonists, rookies in the mob
And anybody else whoever killed, cheated or robbed.

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