

Cassidy, I'm A Hustla (Remix)

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Chorus - Jay-Z]

Nigga ask about me nigga ask about me
Nigga ask about me nigga ask about me
I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey
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[Verse 1 - Cassidy]

I'm so nice I'd bet my life I guess I got gambling problems
You scramblers can't handle the problems, STOP, I win a lot
When I bet so I spend a lot, the rocks on my neck they weigh more
Than a cinder block, to move forward I had to guard and defend the
Rock and I got more blocks than synagogue, Shaq start to get loud when
I send the shots, hit this drama I'm like Douma you dinner opp
Cause you's not no contender opp, I make um sick to they gut when I
Pick up the pen and jot, I grind on summer hustle all winter opp
You working wit a burger to, you still a beginner opp
They bring in chips in when I cock, Scarface died of a 14/5
I give 'em 10 a watt, lets get around break it down get 10 a rot
My clip switch is at 6 and 10 o'clock, I workin with the raw thug
And I be in the spot, you working with the law thug you should of
Been a cop, I don't care if you've been shot been to the pen or not
Pussy I'll pull it, give you A bullet in a box

[Chorus - Jay-Z]

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[Verse 2 - Cassidy]

You a bitch ass nigga, snitch ass nigga, I'm the type to get cash
Quick fast nigga, Cass is a rich ass nigga, I got it on smash I make
Hits and your shit trash nigga, naw you ain't hot at all, so when the
Media asks if I fuck wit a lot of y'all I'm like not at all, the last
Cat I heard rapping I knotted off, so I ain't fucking with nothing
If I'm not involved, My one liners make rhymers need tylenol, and I've
Been sick with the hook since I wrote Got it off, for kissin Eve, I
Flip the keys, I got 20's of the Christmas trees with no sticks and
Seeds, that'll get you higher than a muthafucka, I'm a pretty type guy
Flyer than a muthafucka, I'm a hustler wit time and a plan, When I
Perform its more than 2000 in the stands, I been getting thousands to
The grams, that's why I'm on the cover of the Source with 10,000 in
My hand, the reason I be smiling for my fans, is because I ain't
Trying lose my deal like I'm Dylan from The Band, man, these niggaz
Acting like thugs, but they ain't never squeeze, these niggaz
Acting like bloods its cuz they ain't never bleed, we all thugs I'm
A better breed and you can't say that I don't come back to the hood
Cuz I ain't never leave, and shit change, shit the same wit this

Cheddar cheese, I just cop betta coke and smoke betta weed, I'm single
So I get the hoes that I want, I had the #1 single and went gold
In a month what you want

[Chorus]