

Cassidy, I'm A Hustler

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Intro: Jay-Z (Cassidy)]

Nigga ask about me (yeah, yeah) nigga ask about me (yeah, yeah)

Nigga ask about me (yeah, yeah) nigga ask about me (yeah, yeah)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

(This for all my niggaz that's goin through the struggle...)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

(..that's on the grind)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

(All my niggaz that ever had to hustle to get at a dollar..)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

(..this for y'all man)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

(Personality change, man)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

(The Kid Cassidy, this for the hood)

[Verse 1: Cassidy]

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey

I got the product, narcotics for the customers homey

Fiend's open they be smokin like a muffler homey

Niggaz phoney so I only got a couple of homies

If you a hustler I could-I could fuck wit you homey

You spend a couple of bucks I'll stay in touch with you homey

I get money I get 20 a K, I got 20 strips all doin 20 a day - ay!

I get cake from buds and haze I'm makin dubs

They hatin cause I'm on the grind like I'm makin love

Wit cops got the block hot like a Jamaican clubs

Cop wait, wait for a drought and then I make a flood

Try to take my cake you gon' take a slug

But you can take my information if you takin drugs

'Cause I could sell Raid to a bug

I'm a hustler I can sell salt to a slug, 'cause

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

Nigga ask a... nigga-nigga ask about me (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

I'm a hustler, I'm a-I'm a hustler homey (yeah!)

[Verse 2: Cassidy]

I'm married to the game, same bride just a new groom

I do more then just do tunes

'Cause my bills come in too soon, my son gon' be two soon

Royalty checks come like once in a blue moon

But I'm gettin my dough from doin shows

I made more dough on the grind than goin' gold

That's why I stay fly and I'm flagon on hoes

Floss is so cool, in Austin no shoes

Just a rubberband on my wrist no jewels

I ain't got to prove I'm rich, I'm no fool

I know the rules and, I ain't got time for it

But a nigga will shine, when it's time for it

And they will hate you deal with the real cake
And they on the corner from mornin to real late
I deal weight and if you bastards doubt me
I'm a hustler ask about, ask about me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Cassidy]

Yeah paid you got saved don't be spend the change
In fifth grade I was hustlin my Genesis games
I was dumb young sellin chewin gum to my classmates
On the cash chase movin at a fast pace
Never been a dummy never did what the dummies do
So I had a mill' to burn before I turned 22
"More money, more problems" is true
Because the more money I make, the more problems for you
Yeah I used dude voice props to the boy Shawn
He made it a hot line I made a hot song
So, stop drawin man you got to respect it
I'm the best Swizz got to perfected don't mess wit
C-A-double-S-I-D-Y
'Cause I became the best when B-I-G died
The Kid do it big like P-U-N
'Cause I'm nice P-A-C with the P-E-N, and

[Chorus]

[Outro: Cassidy]

This for all my niggaz that's goin through
The struggle that's on the grind
All my niggaz that ever had to hustle to get at a dollar
This for y'all man, personality change, man
he Kid Cassidy, this for the hood [echoes]