

L.O.X., Keep Hustlin'

[Jadakiss]

ahhhh

unhhuh

yeah

D-Block

R 3, motherfuckers couldn't wait

Yeah

Niggas not want Jada to kiss on them (kiss on'em)

Throw sour milk or piss on them (piss on'em) burn their cell

Snitch niggas playing the game "Who turn to tell" (what?)

I'm waiting right here for the warden and burning the L

Recognize real this is an example of that (yeah)

Grey uncut diesel come and sample a sack

D-Block where the hammers is at (that's right)

Every night is like the Apollo with guns, even amateurs clap

I hit raw in the store, ravined, then laid low on the yea-yo

When I cop more of the green

Got a BX connect and a Georgia Team

My life is juicy nigga

It was all a dream

It's my house so I'm ask you to leave

I'm like carbon-dioxide

Cause I don't want you faggots to breathe

And I might murk two in the new Smurf blue

2002 BM wagon with the B's (unuh)

[Styles]

[Chorus x2]

All my niggas with guns

Keep busting them

All my niggas with drugs

Keep hustling

All my niggas with money

Keep getting it

All my niggas that ride

Keep living it

[Styles]

It's the kid with the attitude

Chip on the shoulder

Brick in the whip with the 5th in the holster

Purple in the dutchee (un huh) I got a circle full of niggas

that will kill your grandmother if she touch me

Told you I get deep with a gun

If I die then my niggas teach the rules of the street to myson

Cause I might got to meet with the lord

What I live by? die by?

My gun, my word, and my sword

Cause niggas sound hard but they just ain't convincing me

Microwave killer, do my shit instantly

Built that courage in Anna, it's the dark side

that makes me want to flip and go smother your mama (bitch)

Just for birthing your ass

And this the ghost when you take your last breath

And I'm cursing your ass

And I'm sort of like the Grim Reaper, but I'm a get deeper

Cause I'm right here on earth for your ass

[Chorus x2]

This is it

Sheek Luc..c'mon

[Sheek]

You know Sheek hold it down wherever he at (no doubt)

You wanna knock yourself out?

Nah let me do that

I'm thugging everything I'm on (yeeah)

I spit too hard

Keep the hawk like I'm out in the yard

Even in the boot Luch keep a gat in his hand

Brick under the fan, think I care about a moon man or Grammyaward?

What did you expect? I ain't seeing double platinum

unless I take it off your fucking neck (right now)

Cut my check and get out my face

Before I go home and get that new shit out the case (no doubt)

I don't think y'all hearing me, it's not fair to me

I'll clap you if my niggas is daring me

Your God is dumping your face

Then run up and choke your bitch ass, just in case

Then that y'all is thirsty to hear some more

You better put a rush on Volume four (d block)

Walk with me

[Chorus x2]