

# Murs, Hustle (Remix)

(Murs)

9th, it's the remix right?

So what we gon' do is

Further define the term "hustling" cause

These fools on the radio got people thinkin

you gotta sell dope or, be a killer or somethin but

You could be in traffic right now

On your way to school or, on your way from work

You could be, flippin burgers, doin corporate mergers

You still a motherfuckin hustler let's go

A lot of people castin shade on the classic that we made but

Say what you say we just ask to get paid

And I might get laid if the remix gets played

So throw this on the radio like 50 times a day

I got my dude from the Yay, and my boy from H-Town

Goin hard in the paint, with my man from Smackdown

And you gotta back down, cause the grind don't cease

While dudes likes {\*edit\*} is hard to find in the streets

I hustle like the homey Fo-Five, rest in peace

While you bark a lot about your glock, never had to walk the walk

You ain't a gangster homeboy, just a dude who likes to talk a lot

That's why you got your chain snatched in a Roscoe's parking lot

In the M-I-D C-I-T-Y

One verse'll melt the ice on your favorite rap guy

No Jacob on my wrist, cause that's not what I'm about

But I will find time to knock your favorite rapper out

And I'm a

(Chorus 2X: Murs)

H-U-S-T-L-E hustler

You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker

Goal not to be broken have to stroll like a sucker

So pay me what you owe me and don't play with me homey

(E-40)

Huh, check it out

E-40-Water ain't gon' give it to you late (late)

E-40-Water gon' give it to you straight, way before 1988 (8)

I used to quarterback weight (weight)

Did whatever it had to take to put out my first tape (tape)

Tryin to outsmart the boys in blue

Never knew how much I made (made)

I used to throw 'em off with my glasses and my hi-top fade (fade)

But I never pedalled woofy just that A-1 yo-yo mayne (mayne)

That's off my cocoa leaf (leaf)

Stapler in my du-duh-du-duhs, hubbles between my booty cheeks

The same old clothes for weeks (weeks) gritty and sabalosa

A turfed out motherfucker, in a Granada smoker roper (roper)

Sippin on King Cobra (Cobra) bankroll full of huns (huns)

Fluffin that Public Enemy, "Miuzi Weighs a Ton"

(Ton) Oooh, and it was off to the hood (hood)

Local boy from Vallejo, that player done made it GOOD! (good)

And I wish a sucker would, try to knock my hustle (hustle)

Fuck these motherfuckers I was brought up in the struggle!

(Chorus)

(Chingo Bling)

Chingo Bling the boss, I could never get a layoff

America would shutdown if Mexicans took the day off

Freeways, construction keys, and nines bustin

Playboy we hustlin, end of discussion

Word to matadors, to mat-a-tres to mata-four

When Chingo thinks of money he'll be kickin down your door  
This is for my slangers and hustlers in wranglers and rustlers  
We bangin on busters no justice just us  
Definition of the hustle, is mind over muscle  
Chingo Bling be "Tango & Cash" like Kurt Russell  
Bootleggers lovin Chingo cause my shit really sells  
If they was bootleggin you, they could barely pay the bills  
Streets askin ju got heart, ju dudes is pop tart  
One good lick you get knocked out the pop charts  
That's why I grind from the ground up  
They see me nowadays I be bling blowed up, Chingo paid

(Chorus)

(John Cena)

Yo Murs, this John Cena from the WWE  
Fillin you in on a different struggle  
The struggle that takes place in four corners y'know  
And it go like this  
You think it's all fun and games but this shit is no joke  
The type of stage where the millionaires be cuttin ya throat  
They move quick but I'm quicker, Cen' stiffer than straight liquor  
You fall by the wayside I ain't gon' lay wit'cha  
Born to keep movin, provin 'em wrong  
A straight hustler, stay true to the song  
In the street they pull heat to try to settle a beef  
In the squared circle, you feel the metal to teeth  
Why's everybody lovin you, when you feedin 'em steak?  
You fall off you look around you'll be seein who fake  
A true hustler, fall on his face and keep risin  
So just when they counted me out, I surprised 'em  
Fuck a dollar out of 15 cents, when I be clockin in  
My punch card make money appear, out of oxygen  
As long as I'm breathin, my pockets will swell  
And John Cena's the kid, that go through hell for a cell, what?