Nappy Roots, Hustla (Dirty Version)

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke
Pork rinds and a soda pop
I told a cop I'd beat it, lost
At 3 a.m., they told up "stop"
We got it real real, to the top
A G like 30 feet away from the county line
The weed flyin, the golden smilin
Wip it nice an then they sign
Man, fuck
How denyin' my damn luck,
This ain't no find if we get stuck I'm doin time
Don't get messy with the Prezzy
A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzy
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth
Back an forth we swerve and dip
Pumpkin pie
Bust a cop
I'll be damned, they took my crop
Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit about a hunid fi (105)
Miles per hour
In the country wit the pudin, good an chunky
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money
Got to be that early bird
To grind an get what I deserve
Quick to burn an an can't mesquite it
Lord I need it fore the third
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure
Standin on the standard curb
Days begin to bend an blurred

Homegrown bacon
Yeah, I'm havin the wage
Tendency of a 50 hit, when its about gettin payed
Came along with a ragin theif hidin under the shade
An momma won't quit buggin me about my heathenish ways
Now I've wasted more tears then my mouth cold beer
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin my fears
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob
Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah! (hustla)

Chorus:
If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)
If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)
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Aint no tenth, 35%
Dent in my hub caps, sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that

Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo
Dough is what Im reachin fo
Money low, need some mo
Hustlin these streets alone

Now everyday I work, 75
A&R tellin me lies
Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit bubbla die
Now peep the otha side, ova them hills
Rich dude that own them mills
Tha candy sto is open for sale
These junkies gone smoke it to death
Money, hos, clothes, auto-mobiles, gold grills
no scrill, no deal, fifth weel, big grill
wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still

lay it on the fish scales
I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pont-i-ac
Got a cup full of Con-i-ac
Quarter out of hunny sacks
Tell me get my money back
Still broke, feel like I ain't got shit to live fo
So much to kill fo
C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin round wishin
But my hands ichin, poppa need a new transmition
Get my grind on, hustle that bustle to make my grip in any time zone
Bundle that bubble, lets make it split
We buy: peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs
nigga, please, anything you ask fo, we got what you need
To these college degrees we applyin to streets, cause I'm a (hustla)

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(spoken)
Hustla. Carry many meanings..
Whether you a crook in them books
whether you usin your mind or usin a 9
bootleg alcohol, or runnin the ball
you must get it in. You was born a hustla
an you a die a hustla. Prophit, hit 'em wit it
(/spoken)

I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera
For life in a ballance, of it
Lyin an shinin a beddy ro
I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine (I mean)
If I don't crush it then Imma bust the 9
I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, its over y'all
Wit all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time
Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog
My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw
Dont go trickin 'em all, Imma have you bust for all my Niggas
Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all, aww!
What? What? What? Aw! Aww!