Rick Ross, Hustlin' (Remix)

(feat. Jay-Z, Young Jeezy)

[Intro: with Jay-Z ad-libs]
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'

[Hook: with Jay-Z ad-libs]
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'
Ev-ev-ev-everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Ev-ev-ev-everyday I'm hustlin'
Ev-ev-everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin' hustlin' hustlin' hust-hustlin'

[Bridge: with Jay-Z ad-libs]
Hustle real hard
Hustle, hustle real hard
Hustle real hard
Hustle, hustle real hard
Hustlin' hustlin'
Hustle-hustlin' hustlin'
Hustle, everyday I'm, everyday I'm
Everyday I'm...

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]
Hold up
Who you haters think you talkin' to, I'm the fuckin' boss
White on white, G4, hater get lost
I'm in the air I don't hear niggaz corny raps
Yeah nigga Hov is back, that nigga Hov is back
I got a honey bun, no not a chick
I got a honey bun, millions nigga I got couple hundred 'em
Ninety-nine problems prick, don't become the hundreth one
'Less you got a hundred lives murder bout a hundred, uh
We don't resort to violence, we on resorts and islands
With linen shorts and shades, case they thought you was lyin'
My Louis slippers, Polo top
Linen shorts so my balls don't get hot, ha ha
Yeah I balls a lot, nah I owns the team
Ricky Ross, Roc-A-Fella, I owns the scene
Stop playin' with me lames y'all not my equal
It ain't no coincidence that my age is a kilo
Which means that I'm pordo, which means that I'm gordo
Which means that I use a G4, like in auto
I'm a walkin' memorial
I'm legendary for whippin' whippin' that boss
So nigga just let that cause go

[Hook with ad-libs]

[Bridge]

[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]
Hey, let's go
Snowman bitch, I don't even wear the same draws
Flat screens on my walls, flows look like bowling balls
I know Big Meeks, the real Big Meeks
It's over for you clowns soon as my nigga hit them streets

I see you ridin' homie, but that ain't hard enough
You know me I might pull up in an armored truck
I stack big faces, I stack small faces
I stack all faces, swear it's white as pillow cases
I got a dirty mouth but my kitchen's clean
Them folks ridin' hid the pots and the triple beams
Hit the Dodge spot I must've copped six Magnums
Marriott suite, I must've used six magnums
Feds on my tail, you know them boys'll six flag ya
Testarossa ride, like I'm on a coaster ride
Sheet mix, remix still talkin' white bricks
Two million records sold and I'm still talkin' white shit

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
I'm the fuckin' future nigga, what you can't see the facts
Ya want them pretty things, I'm the one ya need to ask
They come cross the border, I'm fulfillin' ya order
But the second ya bought her, Fed charges get brought up
I'm whippin' the case, like I'm whippin' the base
Look at daddy in face now tell me how good does it taste
Willie Fal-con, I'm the Dow Jones
Down South where them D-Boys ground zones
We never steal cars, what I'm puttin' miles on
Thirty feet, it cost a couple hundred thousand
My shit bigger than your's, at the biddin' wars
I'm the one they biddin' for, dog I'm just the biggest drought
I'm in the distribution, I'm like Def Jam
Release fish scales, scales on my desk man

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Ad-libs]

[Hook]

[Bridge]