

Soulja Slim, Hustlin' Is A Habit

(feat. Steady Mobb'n)

I be thinking bout' a whole lotta ways of getting paid
And got a lot of ways of getting mine, all the time
If you got it, then I want it, that shit don't stop
Let me get that out ya' nigga
Still we closing down shop
And taking hits at the same time, trying to maintain my ends
Fuck a benz, I'm trying to get a Land Rover
Riding down Magnolia, hit the horn at the real soldiers
Fuck the ones who wanna see me dead all over in Angola
Have 'em saying "Damn, that boy done came up, he done got famous"
And "I know you couldn't test that nigga, cause he was on that dust"
Yeah I caught a joce, but that just was my wake up call
A year and 6, back in town with a lot of rounds
They said I'm tripping, I've got a gift that God gave me
I'll be slipping, I'm crazy, I'm a hustler

[hook]

Hustlin' is a habit, we gots to get our paper
Straight mob niggas, touching 6 figures on these capers [x4]

I be an artist like Picasso, when it come to these jacks
Flood my nostrils with this powder, boy you surf to get wet
I need it all in one pop, cause boy my habit can't wait
Get tough, kiss this M-11, and quality on like a safe
See, my trigger finger's shaky, got a bad taste in my mouth
See my nose starting to run and that mean that time bout' out
You know the ghetto's trying to kill me
That's why I'm giving it to you raw
Fuck what you heard about a nigga, and believe what you saw
Since life or death in these streets, and my seeds gotta eat
The lord gave law to the land
The strong survive by the weak
Don't play no games, cause I'm tweaking, and you know what's next
Get ass-hole Luke out on the floor, oh yeah come up out that there Rolex
That's on the G to the H to the O-S-T
Hustlin' is a habit and there ain't no cure for me

[hook x4]

FUCK PEACE, it's a violent society
I'm lacking the currency, but shit I need the bread so I can eat
Cops stop it, they don't purify the streets, nigga from Smack Meets
Cause I tell it how it be
Some dope fiends owe me, so they got they ass beat
Such a cold world, wicked ghetto tragedy (your telling me)
I got soldiers with forces and traits from Angola
Pelican fate, meal quick at your atrophy?
Tell me why it has to be, cause I'm a G
So many fake ass hoes and foes
That's how the world goes
Billy Block owed double kilos, she load the steel-o
We on the D-low
Don't make me push it aside like Rico
We getting money in my Bubblelaud Benz
[??????] and Magnolia Slim
Boy, why these suckers try to do me
Why they mad
Cause I'm influenced by niggas who make they own movies
While you acting moody, Crooked pass me the tooly
I'm a tuck 'em farther down till they do me
They be shining like African rubies
I'm a real hustler nigga....

[hook]