

Wiz Khalifa, Hustle Hard

Money on the mind
Hustlin' all the time
All about the paper
Cause da youngn' on his grind
Youngn' on his grind
Young – youngn on his grind

Some say I'm next to be the greatest
Your jealousy comes with success, you can't escape it
The dirty little dudes will stress you when you take it!
Bless you when I'm speaking
I chew one of you guys, yeah, boy I'm feasting
Body covered with tates and good wheats
And back to back, he spit fire u'mon slires
Flames upon lames
The same lil nigga just playing with dumb change
You stand one lane I'm tearing through da streets
Ya you niggas beef and I ain't saying I won't a (no)
That well ve the day I give life to ya lil niggas
Some of them are older than me, but you all little haters
Gowing too hard for me take a fall lil nigga
Keep doing my thing ya you are a lil sicka (yea)
Splits and big chipas (yeaaa) young but rich niggas
You want that real shit well den fuck with wiz nigga! And I

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O.K
Listen fan I hear you man, but I'm a little hotta (hotta)
Wiz could goin and I'll be hard for you to get mafia (mafia)
Young monsta chumps could slump off ya
Nigga wanna touch my flow fuckz wrong with'em?
Bomb like osannem I
... you and me is in the compass
That's why I think they wanted real
But they don't really
I do this here for really, though
Damn chains, all I hear is from you fat guys
I smell the discipline... cause with the world playing
I'm that guy you can't fight
Another in the book to match
You test the
They not only can't touch me lyrically
You cowards can't touch me literally

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