

# Youngbloodz, Hustle

Yea, youngbloodz, kill the mic, track boys  
yall aint ready for this shit,  
Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea

ok we back and bumpin, youngbloodz thats us fo sho  
from left to right we rockin and kickin down every door  
watch out now get 'em shawty, oh thats them U-way boys  
we set it off dont get twist it still out makin noise  
big pistol thats my word, ice cold is so superb  
3 hits 4 shots im on it, runnin you up off the curb  
so bring your A-game, we bringin hella pain  
you disrespect my sip ill pop your back like pootytank  
so if your ready run it, we got that shit that will  
im from atlanta steady bouncin blowin off the grill  
cuz in the trunk its bumpin, we goin all night long  
so grab a cup cuz aint no way in hell you goin home

{chorus}

I wont get my crime around  
i hustle baby  
i stay down every time no day  
i hustle baby  
from the track or the trap fo sand  
i hustle baby  
no day i hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby  
I wont get my crime around  
i hustle baby  
i stay down every time no day  
i hustle baby  
from the track or the trap fo sand  
i hustle baby  
no day i hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby

im a crime time hustler man, i tried to tell 'em  
my crew cuz its the ex-convict, convicted fellow  
banana clips bazmellons of all these stitches tellin  
the bitches of bazballers and secrets of shotcallers  
of better rounds of scoppin he said lue a-town to oakland  
niggas prayin and hopin, they dont get caught with dope and  
out a catin and a cripin in chicago they folkin  
down south we got 36 oles trapin and focus  
this is no hocus pocus, play the game like locus  
playas vibe up and whittin im the third cosmosis

{chorus}

my pimpin is old school, and they chevy with bleak shoes  
tip tops and flip flops, adidas and suede pumas  
who nigga fo like yall they never goin change that  
they slang goin where i hang and my bitches they whod-a-rest  
and we all drink du-duces of dat go for 5  
we'll put that hot heat like between your eyes  
and i keep it under the seat in the summer they sweatin me  
comin down your street with beat sittin on some chesly feet  
outta town in thats gold rims, fo shawty be servin dem  
everytime my chevy stop my rims they still spin  
A-town for life yall we never goin change that  
still roll with them dope boys on the bow with them J's at

{chorus}

repeat chorus till end

crbt2('Youngbloodz','Hustle')

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