

Yung Joc, Hustlenomics

(Yung Joc)

Alright boys and girls

You finally made it to the end of the album

I hope you learned somethin

But the best is yet to come

(WELCOME TO HUSTLENOMIC\$)

(Chorus One: Yung Joc)

Who would've imagined that life would be so good nigga; now I'm on

Cause I'm tired of all the games nigga; now I'm grown

Tell you what the game's missing; right from wrong

Respect game young nigga, tell them haters so long

(Yung Joc)

You can call me Malcolm X, I hustle by any means

Take the blow, break it down, weigh it on triple beams

I'll cook it, I'll whip it, I'll ship it, I'll flip it

I'll rock 'til the motherf**kin feds come knockin

The owner of the hand, I can be the middleman

Best if you don't know the man, I just tax an extra grand

I get you what'cha want we call that captain and the booker

Hustlenomic\$ yeah I'll chop you one, I got it if you want it

I'm from the slums, and the sticks, turned crumbs, into bricks

Got a bum, full of knicks, gun full of hollow tips

And where I'm from we shared everything, we called it hand-me-downs

I implemented Hustlenomic\$, pimp look at me now

(Chorus One)

(Chorus Two: Yung Joc)

I can show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle

Let me show you how to hustle (WELCOME TO HUSTLENOMIC\$~!)

Let me show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle

I can show you how to hustle nigga (WELCOME TO HUSTLENOMIC\$)

Grab a number two pencil cause I'm 'bout to test niggaz

This game about to drop, shit I'm 'bout to bless niggaz

I tell 'em no cheating's allowed, eyes on your test nigga

I graduated with honors cause see I was the best nigga

Two plus two don't equal fo' in my world

Seventeen five get your ass thirty-six o's of that girl

Okay class let's settle down (shhh) you better pay attention

Cause I bet the class clown end up in federal detention

And when I say detention I ain't talkin after school

Cause if you're slippin on your pimpin you'll be rockin county blues

Quit trickin on these hoes, man they guaranteed to choose

Stop trigger your re-up or you're guaranteed to lose

Guarantee you slicker with your hustle, do it like the mob do

Learn to talk in code, learn to keep the law up off you

Cause you niggaz keep snitchin, and hoes keep talkin

Either they throw away the ki' or they gon' put you in a coffin

(Chorus One + Chorus Two)

(Yung Joc)

Hahahahahaha

If you made it to this portion of the album

Give yourselves a round of applause man

I wanna say thank you personally from the bottom of my heart

For takin the time, to ride with me nigga

To wake up to this shit, to go to sleep to this shit

To thug to this shit, to get money to this shit nigga

Hustlenomic\$ is what it is

It's not a campaign for motherf**kin attention
This is what I do
Like I said, if you listen to this shit
Apparently what you do nigga, get money, Block E-N-T~! (echoes)