

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)