

50 Cent, Hustler's Ambition

(Girl singing:

Like the fire needs the air
I won't burn unless you're there)

Yea, I need you, I need you to hate
So I can use you for your energy
you know, this real shit, feel this!

[Verse 1]

America got a thing for this gangsta' shit, they love me
Black Chuckas, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle
I take Spit over Raymo shit, I'm a vandal
Got the silver duct tape on my tray eight handle
The women in my life be confusion and shit
SO like Nino when New Jack, I holla "cancel that bitch"
Look at me, this is the life I chose
Niggaz around me so cold, man my heart dun froze
I built an empire on the low the narc's don't know
I'm the weatherman
I take that cocoa leaf and make that snow
Sit back, watch it turn to dough, watch it go out the door
O after O, you know, homie I'm just triple beam, dreamin'
Niggaz be schemin', I fiend to live a good life
The fiends are just fiendin
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you can't see
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me..

[Chorus]

I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)
Nigga you get in my way while I'm tryin get mine,
And I'll buck you (buck you)
I don't care who you run with, or where you from
Nigga f**k you (f**k you)
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)

[Verse 2]

Yea, I don't know shit about gymnastics I summersault bricks
Black Talons start flyin, when a nigga flip
I cook crack in the microwave, niggaz can't f**k with me
Man my code name, they called me chef boy r 50
Check my logic, smokers don't like seeds in their weed, shit
Send me them seeds I'll grow em what they need
Them ain't chia pet plants in the crib, thats chronic
And I'm sellin 'em for 500 a pop god damn it
I sell anything I'ma hustler, I know how to grind

Step on grapes put in water and tell you it's wine
If you analyze me, what you'll find is the DNA of a crook and
What goes in my mind, its contagious
Hypnotic, it sounds melodic
If rap was the block or spot, I'll be potent product
Now get a load of me, flashy, far from low key
And you can locate me where ever that dope be, gettin money man

[Chorus]

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Nigga you get in my way while I'm tryin get mine
And I'll buck you (buck you)
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Nigga f**k you (f**k you)

I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)

[Verse 3]

It's a hustler's ambition, close your eyes listen, see my vision
Moussberg pumpin, shotgun dumpin' the drama means nothin
It's part of the game, catch me in the coupe switchin lanes
Or in the jewler switchin chains
I upgrade from 30 Bs to clean Vs
Rocks that I copped proceeds from the spot
I got the energy to win, I'm full of adrenaline
Play the curv and get nauseous, watchin the spinner spin
I'ma plan to make it, a prisoner of the state
Now I can invite yo ass out to my estate
Them hollow tips bent me up, but I'm back in shape
Pour Crystal in the blender and make a protein shake
I'm like the East coast number one playboy B
Hugh Hefner will tell you he ain't got shit on me
The feds watch me, Icey, they can't stop me
Racist, pointin at me look at the niggarracci
Hello!

[Chorus]

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