

Murs, H-U-S-T-L-E

(Intro)

Everybody out here wanna be hustlers, man
Buit they dont have any idea what I used to do
I used to do anything imaginable
A nigger like me was scared to go to jail
So I'd use my brain and just think up the most outlandish shit
Shit niggers would never do, I used to get dirty
Now these niggaz out here just be out here queer hustling
Man these niggaz got it all backwards
I'm gonna show 'em how I used to do it

(Verse 1)

A lotta people wanna knock what we do on my block
But we do what we do cause we ain't got a lot
And you might get shot if your tounjes not watched
Casue dudes walk around with hand cannons in their crotch
Fucking up the way they walk, stuck to the strip like scotch
Witht he top notch (?) that can cook clean rocks
See times is too hard for us to ever go soft
So the doc got me on prescription strength zoloft
So I can deal with the stress and I won't go off
But I'm on top, won't stop 'til the microphone drop
Rollin' four deep in the Cut like, what?
Hit you up and then roll off, we tryin' to get this dough boss
We don't do diamonds cause my dudues ain't show offs
Tryin' to keep it low so we don't see no cops
Wanna blow up, but I don't wanna go pop
Gotta blow up cause I can't let this dough stop

(Chorus)

H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)

You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker
Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker
So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me homie (x 2)

(Verse 2)

I used to sell insense bottle 10 cents a dozen
Hit the strip and make 'em flip for a dollar a sack
Everyday before juinor high I bought a six pack
And sold 'em for a buck a piece down by the track
And I never sold crack, did aluminum cans
Used to get laughed at by you and your mans
But I never let it get, stay true to my plans
I used it all for the studio (Now you understand)
In the grocerie store parking lot, like can I help you ma'am?
To the car with those bags, used to run that old drag
For a itty bitty tip, maybe a quarter or more
And when I wasn't doing that I was knocking at your door
Like, "May I speak to the head of the household?"
Then give you the speech on how buying this candys keeping me out the
streets
Cheap dirt hustles, no glorious tales, but it did keep my black ass from
going to jail
And I'm a . .

(Chorus)

H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)

You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker
Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker
So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me homie (x 2)

(Verse 3)

I can make a dollar out a dime when I hollar out a rhyme
From the school of hard knocks, so a scholar of the grind

Used to dub tapes myself, claim the quality was fine
but it sounded like shit, lots of hits, hella static
But for three plus two, them shits moved like magic
That's five well spent for true hip-hop addicts
And once they're friends heard it, then they all had to have it
So I took it on the road with little to no baggage
Just some draws and cassettes, droppin' jaws with my sets
Once they saw the live show they had to take a piece home
Now I'm almost famous, used to be least known
But not to big to walk the streets alone
Stand in front of any venue with a box of cd's
And these kids love me I stay DTE
Down To Earth, and down to merch at any given moment
If there's money on the block, then where am I, Cause I'm a . .

(Chorus)

H-U-S-T-L-E (Hustler!)

You'll never find a dime that ain't mine motherfucker

Roll not to be broke and have to stroll like a sucker

So pay me what you owe me, and don't play with me homie (x 2)