

# 50 Cent, Hustlers 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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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 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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So I hustle (hustle)  
Nigga you get in my way while I'm tryin get mine  
And I'll buck you (buck you)  
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