

# Kottonmouth Kings, Hustle

Put your money where your mouth is D-Loc ain't playing  
I know cats like you that are broke just claiming  
Ain't saying nothing just flapping your lips  
Just running your mouth because you can talk some shit  
Ain't got nothing to show for busting cool ass raps  
But that's cool with me dog where your money at  
I'm talking about the hustle even if your fresh see you're wack  
I get paid homey rubber band man stacks

Give me a five and I'll make it a twenty  
Give me a fifty and I'll turn into a couple a hunnies  
Give me ten g's and I'll show you what I can do  
Johnny Richter's on the hustle and we grabbing loot  
I used to slang and serve sacks on a day to day basis  
Now I serve and slang raps fill my beats with bass  
It's a game it's a hustle we all paper chasing  
On the road for two months coming home with bacon

You can't stop our hustle  
You can't stop this  
You can't stop our hustle  
Don't even try kid  
You can't stop our hustle  
We world wide now  
You can't stop our hustle  
Koast II Koast blaow  
You can't stop our hustle  
The game's all the same  
You can't stop our hustle  
Just trying to make some change  
You can't stop our hustle  
It's time to build the stacks  
You can't stop our hustle  
So where the hustlers at

Everybody knows I got cops on the payroll  
So just lay low until I say so  
When that whistle blow we'll all be splitting dough  
Nobody act dumb until the orders come  
There will be enough cheese to spread for everyone  
Making legal money and the feds hate it  
Real underdogs most underrated  
We got the underground locked branded and spaded

Watch me get my boogie on and flex this muscle  
Ten years later D-Loc still on the hustle  
I'm a get my grind on dig them out with a shovel  
Keep stacking my chips then watch my ends bubble  
Let the double double stack them up to the ceiling  
When this shit's all done with I'll be worth a million  
Watch me shine just let me smoke this bud  
Let me drink this cocktail I feel like getting' fucked up

[CHORUS]

I'm gonna hustle until the wheels fall off  
Keep on going out for mine never punching a clock  
'Cause the hustle don't stop the game waits for nobody  
Just trying to make some cash like my last name was Gotti  
Stay on the grind like Independent trucks  
Fifty fifty five-o let me know what's up  
And you can still catch me on the streets of P-Town  
I can still add sacks all the way to a pound

Don't matter none what you say or what you do  
Throw salt in the game but it's coming right back at you  
Snitches and bitches dirty rats and double crossers  
Fuck off we the underground bosses  
Fuck off like Shaggy 2 Dope said  
These are family ties we all breaking bread  
Legendary  
You eat crumbs from the table  
Wipe your mouth you're dropped from the label

[CHORUS]