

Hussle & Motivate

Nipsey Hussle

Pull up in motorcades, I got a show today

It's all I'm tryna do, hustle and motivate

Choppers a throwaway, hustle the Hova way

That's why they follow me, huh? They think I know the way

Cause I took control of things, ballin' the solo way

And if you pattern my trend, I make you my protege

Slauson Ave. soldier raised, niggas don't know them days

Take you in back of the buildings, make you expose your rage

Take you across the tracks, make you explode a face

Now you official now, but you got a soul to save

I just been cookin' that new, I'm bout to drop in a few

Think if I call it the great, the people gon' call it the truth

Ain't really trip on the credit, I just paid all of my dues

I just respected the game, now my name all in the news

Trippin' on all of my moves, quote me on this, got a lot more to prove

'Member I came in this bitch, fresh out the county with nothin' to lose

Don't do this for nothin', no, from the ground up, yeah

But I don't do this shit for nothin', no, not at all, not at all, yeah

My momma need rent money, rent, yeah she do, aw yeah

So I don't do this shit for nothin', no, not at all, all

I told her I got it, yeah

So I don't do this shit for nothin', not at all

From the ground up

Hustle and motivate

Back in this bitch like I never left

Stand for some shit that you never rep

Passing through stages in life

Through the ups and the downs like it's all just another test

Live by the rules like a fuckin' ref

I got respect in a hundred sets

Too many chains, need another chest

Playin' no games if it wasn't chess

Cut from that cloth that you couldn't stretch

Cut from that circle you couldn't test

Heavily pressured and under (stress)

Even though niggas ain't show up, it was a mess

Honest attempt play them to the left

Judge a young nigga by they address

Left us no option, what they expect?

Only thing we knew for sure was to bang the set

Fuck livin' basic, I'm takin' risks

Fuck what they sayin', I'm sayin' this

Don't waste your time, it don't make you rich

It don't mean nothin' so fuck 'em, let's make a grip

Double up, triple up, make assist

Ballin' so hard, you could play your bitch

Lead to the lake, if they wanna fish

Make sure them niggas around you stick to the script

This should be written in stone

You should come visit my zone

Don't take my word, double check all of my flows

Ask 'em how Hustle got on, but fuck what you heard

This for who walked down that road

Sold everything, but they soul

Straight off the curb, real niggas rich as you nerds

Addressed to whom it may concern

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>