

Hustler's Ambition

50 Cent

(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!

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.

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)

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
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)
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!
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)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>