

# Hustle Blvd

## Burden

It's so cold , on this road, hustle blvd  
The love is the hustle, the love?is?the money

The life?I live I gotta lay low  
-Only?grindin for the peso  
Fuck I want the fame foe?  
-I aim high and then I aim low  
Tired of you other rappers tryna kick the same flow  
Imitation, ain't that how the game go

Say no

And I don't put no new faces up on the payroll  
I don't fuck them, Not a little bit and they know  
-I knock the pussy out the frame that's a KO  
-gettin head in a drop top, main roads  
-blaze dro when the jay rolled  
-enemies out to get me that I pray don't  
I was on the jail yard Cakin for the payphone  
-some fuck boys wishin I would stay gone  
-how you let a pawn kill a king  
-how you catch a little charge and you sing  
-How the hell you carry all the drama that you bring  
Buddy thinkin that he fly almost shot him in the wing, man down  
Show a little love now they got they hands out, Never gave a fuck then, still don't give a fuck  
now

Knock me down imma get up, Never throwin in the towel

Boy you know what I'm about

I done lost money

I done lost packs

I done lost time fuckin with yall ass

I done fell off

I done bounced back

I ain't need y'all help We call talk about that, yea

Bitch I made it out , big ass bank account

Hot that paper route

This won't save the day, this won't take the pain but

When I hear that 808

I can feel myself fade away, I'm mother fuckin desperado in the sunset boy

Got dollars to make, I'm tryna get pain

Heard em all hatin forgot what they say

I need some privacy, I locked the gates  
No more middle manning with 5 in the tank  
Now I want bags like I'm robbin a bank  
Poppin these zanz I been tryna escape  
No S on my chest, so I ride with the K  
But I need a M, how much time do it take  
Claimin they real when they probably fake  
Ain't even realize when tossin the shade

Snakes in the grass, fire the gardener  
I swear to God, never told on my partner  
They going hard, that's why I'm going harder  
All of my pictures blowing marijuana  
I remember long before some cheddar came, lights off roaches crawling on everything  
Out here tryna come up I ain't never hang  
Lot of y'all still there, ain't never change  
I want the money, y'all can keep the fame  
I been scopin y'all out and peepin game  
The past is gone it'll never be the same  
Came home from prison life was rearranged

Never had no guidance  
Only seen violence  
Fire beside me, when I close my eyelids  
Feel like they stalkin but they better not try it  
Catching me lackin little buddy, you Wilin  
-What the fuck happened when homie was rappin and broke bruh  
Somebody grabbin that smoke DUHH  
Somebody sour  
I got that money power  
I do not fuck with no powder  
I don't get paid by the hour  
Designer name of my trousers  
-and who the fuck weed you think louder?

Yea  
We ain't come in here to lose  
Bitches always choose  
Get it, on the move  
Snitchin on the crew  
Put him on the news  
What you down to do  
In the livin room  
Kill him kill the wound

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I roll up, I pour up, I know what, I know what

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