

Hustlin'

Master P

Down South huster slangin' on dat corner stackin' dividends
Fuckin' over fiends cause my ghat is my only friend
And won't hesitate to use my sawed off
I'll knock on ya door and shoot ya motherfuckin' head off
See murder a real fuckin' natural born killah for realah my nigga
I'm badder cause my nuts is bigger
Strapped with a tec 9 a mac 10 and 2 glocks
Dumpin' niggas in ditches cause I'm a thug like 2Pac
I'm kickin' it in Cali but I was born in dat N.O.
Murder is daily everybody packin' heat bro
Punk bitches can't survive when ya scary
Everyday young niggas gettin shipped to the mortuary
Night time falls the motherfuckin' streets ain't safe
At the fuckin' club the jackers run the place
But I gotta do what I gotta do like Manson
I'm crazy for takin these penitentiary chances
'Cause once the money start commins it's like you just can't stop it
A nigga ain't' shit without his pockets
So watch yo back when a nigga like see doin' bad
I'll do a solo jack and dey a never find yo ass
Ra ta tat tat tat tat is the sound of my hollow
They find ya fuckin corpse stinkin in the ghetto tomorrow
So act like a bitch and you'll get treated like a busta
Dat's how it is with dis down south hustler

[Chorus]

Hustlin' 'cause I gots nowhere to go,
Hustlin' slangin heroin and yayo,
Hustlin' gots to make myself some mail,
Hustlin' gots to stack my dividends

Deep down south I used to try to stack my fuckin' ends
Hangin' on the set tryin' to stack some fuckin' dividends
Till a nigga hooked me up with dat nigga Master P
Flew me 2 tickets now I'm chillin' down in Cali
Don't' have no money like Snoop Dog or Dr. Dre
But I'm glad so say I think dat I'm on my way
Dey say dis click has No motherfuckin' Limits
Fuck with a nigga have yo guts hangin out like spinach
Deep down south a nigga strugglin' tryin to survive
If you down with me yes I'm down for a hoo ride
Never down with bloods or no motherfuckin' crips
But if you set trip I'll be down to bust yo lip
Skip down the yellow brick road to the N.O.
Deep down south motherfuckin' yeah you know how it goes
Now I'm a down south hustler quick to make a buck don't give a fuck
Leavin niggas stuck on the real nigga I ain't stuttin'
Ain't hard to see where I'm commin' from
'Cause if you from the streets you got to get the job done
Commin' up in dem streets ain't no easy task
Only a nigga with nuts nigga with guts got to get past
Nigga need skills just to play up in dis game
For the fortune and fame nigga tryin to make a name
So peace to the real niggas and fuck all dem bustas
And dis goes out to them motherfuckin' niggas dats down south hustlin'

[Chorus]

Tryin' to make dem ends strugglin' on the grind
Got to feed the family chased by the one- time
But dem laws couldn't mace me
It take a hundred million motherfuckin' po po's to chase P
Where should I go where should I go
I know dis eight rap fuckin I hid the dope in the liquor store
Changed my t-shirt fled out the back door
Two hours later back in the hood slangin' dope
'Cause its an everyday thang where I hang at
3rd Ward Calliope projects I thought I name dat
Where dem hustlers dwell I mean dem killahs roll
Don't' give a fuck about you or ya life bro
And the game get deep down south
Cause every nigga roll through the hood with gold in dey mouth
Killahs, dope dealers all dem niggas on the set you know for realah
Gettin' paid transport narcotics from New Orleans to the bay
Yo G man it's everyday
Drop top cutlass, caddys with rags, impalas
Delta 88 gold thangs and zags
But we don't' flip flop
We like to pop motherfuckers dat talk shit on the block
From New Orleans (background Florida) to Texas (Atlanta)
Fuck all ya'll bustas cause Master P about it a down south hustler

[Chorus]

Hustlin' because I gots nowhere to go
Hustlin' I gots to support me and my hoe
Hustlin' check out dis down south damn flow
Hustlin' commin straight from the N.O.