

We Are The Hustlaz

The Game

Yeah...

Yeah man we them niggaz everybody talkin 'bout
Hey yo, yo

Whether it's, chips or whips or bricks of 'caine
I still shine at the end when y'all forced to rain
Changed the game, three shots parade ya Range
Hit the passenger, driver, old man on a cane
I'm a shell in the chamber, waitin to pop
Like Stoudamire on the court I'm used to movin the rock
Cruise in the drop, 740, snub in the box
My attitude shifty, never callin the cops
A Green Bay jersey, out on Bennett puffin hershey
D's on the route tryin to catch a nigga dirty
Respect the flow, better yet respect the dough
He get respect like rich and po'
Fuck a 9 to 5, I'd rather wake up and spit bars
And your wife, known to make my dick hard
Cartier lenses, 22's on my Benz's
When shit break out, y'all hit the fences

We stay bent, laid back behind tint, puffin sticks, spliff up
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about
Big belt, flossy shades, paint on glaze, nigga
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about
Unidentifiable straps makin heat clap sicker
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about
We about reliable scratch and gettin this math quicker
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about

Shit I might as well be duels, cause they call me the Flowmaster
I keep ridin tracks like a natural disaster
You know I'm 'bout macra I'll clap ya, a pirate like Far from a Hollywood ac
tor
A factor, focused on paper and cars
I move like crowds, stay minglin with the stars
I'm in the 6500 Benz truck with some broads
Dimes in every state I strike through be on me so hard
You know them Bentley bound, down, wild Hummer chicks
That wanna take the car, cover up your tight summer shit
The game's heavy, man that's way off the charts
Heavier than killer whales at animal theme parks
You niggaz is SweeTarts, my family is street sharks
We keep the ER busy tryin to revive the treat marks
Shit, we merk niggaz like Eddie, get ready
We got heat that set car alarms off like M-80's

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The Game on some regular rhymin, fuck all this new shit

When they gon' let real niggaz get on that cruise ship
Black Sox and Dallas Squad got, chains and cars
Get, brains from stars after those awards
Miyagi's or doubles, don't think I won't buy out the bar
That's little shit, Mercedes dealership, buy out the cars
Sticker in the window, let 'em know that it's ours
Sittin on shit you ain't never seen like we got it from Mars
Game like Laker Will, snatch a bitch off your arm
She see Game covered in ice like I lived through a snowstorm
Plus I blow digits like my first name was
Pay off security at clubs, get our guns admitted
Outside the club in the parkin lot, four dot six
Not know it's stocked? Nigga it's the one we keep the bricks in
Hard black on black leather's what we keep the chicks in
And bitches stay sniffin like smellin dubs is a sixth sense

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