

Hell 4 a Hustler

2pac

Get on yo' knees nigga
Get on yo' knees and pray

Huh, increase the doses, busting whoever closest
Thug living, hell or prison, never losing my focus
I'm making money moves mandatory
In a discussion my past records tell a story
Picture niggas we rushing and still busting
Til the cops come running, duck in abandoned buildings
Ditching my gun, homeboy the motherfucking villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list
So I laugh til I cry, when the law come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga miss me, why plant seeds
In a dirty bitch, waiting to trick me, not the life for me
Living carefree, til I'm buried, and if they dare me
I'm busting on niggas until they scurry, I'm clearly
A man of military means in my artillery
Watching over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Selling dope to all the fiends, at times I want to cry
And still, we try to change the past, in vain
Never knowing if this game'll last, feeling ashamed
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I selling my soul?
Got tired of small time livin, niggas telling me no
I got mine! Fuck them other suckers! That's the mentality
Jealous-ass bustaz, make it hell for us

Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let em play me for a buster, make it hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let em play me for a buster, make it hell for a hustler

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, being broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay struggling and juggling with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? ?, lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears, and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slipping, you soft niggas is outta here
In case you forgot, we on the same shit that got us here

Yo, to every step I take, every foul I make
Every jail I break, every mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block ducking charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missing dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell no, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words

For all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dying luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slanging cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let em play me for a buster, make it hell for a hustler

No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef til I burn
Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-social
Niggas shaking like they caught the holy ghost when I approach em
Try to politic, before I smoke em, like Sun Zu
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they coming for my dogs in the morning
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Getting blown out
High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify
Strikes, walking close to my third, I live a trouble life
And if you dream be a part of my team
From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo' eyes on the prize, nigga watch for busters
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let em play me for a buster, make it hell for a hustler

This is how we ride
Not knowing if we'll live or die
Catch me rolling with my motherfucking guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild til they all die
This is how we ride
Not knowing if we'll live or die
Catch me rolling with my motherfucking guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild
Until they all die, Outlaw
Yes (change my ways) yes
The Black Jesus guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary
Only God can save us
Nothing but boss players
Outlawz and thugs