

Tales Of A Hustler

Beanie Sigel

Yeah Sparks in here, The Truth in here
Yeah
Yeah - Witness - Tales of a Hustler
Im going to ride nigga
Ya Know - This just the life we live uh, this just the life we lead
Yeah Yeah Gangsta
Tales tales
Gangsta! Yeah
Sugar coat

Omillio Sparks the young gun
My life as an adolescent said I'll go through something
Other guys try to stand in my way like brick walls
So I kept guns in my palm like Mesiah scripts in Psalms
I should fear no man but God
So lord knows we could get it on
Guns baptized guys testing my pride
Clearing my conscience in the liquor store
With a fifth of Thunderbird but I be guzzling hard
Playing the corners with a washed up old-head
Chant tunes by the Whispers
Same corner where I banged at with niggaz
Cops drive by and grin on us
If they grabbed then
one of them nosey neighbors done snitched on us (Again?)
Hey this game juicy got me puffing looseys
Every two days interigated by the police
See, this life I live cost more than your Roley's money
It cost my homie Nook his whole life, ya heard me?
When he was here it was easy to love him like a brother
Now thats he's gone I find it difficult to talk to his mother
I mean - What do you say to a woman
That's just lost her only son to the game and the gun, except mami
"I'ma ride for him"
The look that she gave me "Like Sparks you got some nerve
Cause most of these niggas dont keep their words
Now I'm under pressure
And I cant even break that type of promise
and y'all niggas paint that picture
Risking your freedom
On the strength of memories of him
The time he made you laugh
The time he bust his gat when them other niggas ran
How real is that?
Omillio Sparks niggas holla back

TALES - OF - A - HUSTLER

In this life you not promised tommorow
So take the bitter with the sweet and maintain
In these vicious streets
Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money
Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie
TALES OF A HUSTLER

I'm back to the block with it
Wait let me clear that up

I'm back to the blocks that you get when your block get it
Get hard with that hot water when the pot hit it
Get large with a little water when you pop wip it
I send hope to late scramblers
Sling coke to you late you scramblers
Go broke sling soap to you late night scramblers
No joke, I'm a crook, catch hooks broke, late night gamblers
Look - you loose limbs when fuck with him
That be I strapped and high
FBI all on back want to trap the guy
Got niggas in all black want to snatch my pies
Never that too many gats
Too many guns
Too many vest
Tough guys not to many left
Where they at?
Dead or locked behind bars in jail
I know I aint too far from hell
I'll spit the devil these bars in hell
Dog I been through it son
Look at my scars and tell
Catch Mac in a Chevy truck slightly tented
No excuses on who might be in it
You know passenger twisting backwoods
Slightly spinning
Crack the window the indo slightly scented
Splash of haze and hash lightly blented
Put the pressure on niggas who might be timid
Like, you got like a minute
To put the cash in this bag or ya ass just might be in it
In small piece, I'll snatch your family up
Start from tall nephews to your small nieces
Bitches