

## Episodes Of A Hustla

Noyd, Big

I'm the type of gentleman finessin timbalands  
Flippin like three grand, cop a hundred grams goin hand and hand  
Hennessee guzzlin, just motherfuckin hustlin  
On the streets watchin police in the gray caprice  
Six why trey gate, time to motivate  
Those are the deeds life will squeeze  
If you flip you gettin hit with the four pound  
Pull out your gat take out more rounds  
3 against 1, that's how we go down  
I can't get knocked, they tryin to get the drop, damn shit is hot  
I'm watchin what they doin 'cause they cruisin up the next block  
I'm hot with this chrome piece, but I don't need the position  
where I'm spittin at the motherfuckin police  
I couldnt get caught, had to leave New York, couldnt use my passport  
Bitches hangin up in the airport  
So yo bro, got to take the jetta  
Whateva, I'm on the flow gotta get these ginos,  
got a hundred grams of Coke bout to blow,  
feel my cold pistol fully start spittin,  
I'm hittin and won't miss you  
I'm official, Queensbridge murderera, life gambalin especially  
professionally gat handlin  
Call me V 'cause I'mm vexed like a veteran  
and better than whoever want to Front let em step up in  
Hook: Big Noyd  
Introducun, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thug motherfuckers  
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Introducun, exclusive  
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thugs  
Sittin back, the blunt steamin, sippin heines and dreamin  
Pushin keys in four wheelers, flippin millions to billions  
My style is extraordinary foul when it come to grams  
I'm usin plans takin out the whole fam  
You best to believe the trigga squeeze, makin niggas bleed  
Cross sea delivery, pushin keys out of factories  
Baby you sound good, blowin up in the hood, its logical  
Matter fact its possible, I got my work bubblin, me and my niggas jugglin  
Cracks and strugglin while we hustlin but with no question  
We gonna survive to the fittest 'cause we in this, style corrupt what the fu  
ck  
Life style like a menace, child livin for rounds for Queensbridge era  
I be bringin terror, the natural born hustla so yea whateva  
Hook  
A nigga try to bag me, he grabbed me, a nigga almost had me  
I pulled out the banga and blew his ass badly, I'm nasty  
Crazy mentality, start a catastrophe livin life tragedy  
You know you gettin jumped punk  
There ain't no time for more than one  
Tellin em son  
(They front, Smoke his ass like a Philly blunt)  
Reach for my spine, pull out my nine, cock it one time  
Make him lay down, don't move around 'cause your ass mine  
Gave a crook look got him shook, he on the floor flinchin

Now we bitchin and he snitchin, listen  
I pistol whipped him, but to know the main fact  
is that i pushed his wig back then took off in the black AC'  
Hook  
motherfucker, word up