

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 murder, life gambalin especially
professionally gat handlin
Call me V 'cause I'm vexed like a veteran
and better than whoever want to Front let em step up in
Hook: Big Noyd
Introducín, exclusive
episodes of a hustla to all you fake thug motherfuckers
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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