

# We Hustle

Big Tymers

Listen,  
It's a fresh package I got - why not move it  
Keepin' it in the house 'll have the Feds locked to it  
Business as usual is goin' on in the slums  
We want the whole cake, nigga - we don't want no crumbs  
Stupid shit - we avoid it  
Dope - we exploit it  
Had our shit tight bitches done destroyed it  
Now niggas gettin' out lookin' for employers  
Made a deal with the D.A. and the lawyer  
Swearin' he would never tell - put it on his daughter  
Sayin' he was outta town - nigga crossed the border  
Should've bust his head, but I don't need the heat  
I'll send another nigga out to handle beef for me  
It's a test 'cause I've been given him a ki a week  
Let me see what they gon' do up on the streets for me  
And if he hand me his business, I'ma make sure he's straight  
The only nigga out the project Magnolia with weight

Nigga, we hustle hustle everyday, all day  
Get our grind on in the project hallway  
Nigga try to hit a hustle, they get burnt with a K  
Hot Boys and Big Tymers - they surely don't play

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Started out with a seven-gram quarter, flipped to half-a-ounce  
Tryin' to keep clothes on my daughter and food in her mouth  
It don't stop from sun-up to sun-down - I'm on the grind  
In two weeks I was workin' a 16-25  
Tryin' to get it - only thing in my vision is ballin'  
Jumpin' out a 500-S class on brodders  
So you only had a nickel like me hustlin' hard  
'Fore I knew I was workin' four ounces and two quarters  
Not a taker I'm scarred from (? ?)  
Swore he was gon' front just bringin' his shit  
Now I got a quarter ki - broke it down to six and two quarters  
It's cooked already - I got these niggas runnin' like water  
Slowly, I'm comin' up - scorin' a ounce since fronted nine  
Had this nigga - only said what they workin', the block is mine  
Got hustlin' skills in my blood - come from my pa  
That's how I know the game 'cause at a young age I was taught

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Brother, you my hustler, and K.C. my killer  
Michael, (?), Curl, y'all lay back and peep these niggas  
Dubbed all and wide open (whatever) whatever, my nigga  
Big (?) grab the glock out to shoot, my nigga  
Then if it go down, I know you're ridin', nigga  
But it's cool - I lost some hot boys, my nigga

But I'm a fool untamed by the children in this game  
Tre, go grab them things, we gon' get paid, man  
Joe Casey know a nigga wan' buy some things  
I start in the hood, I keep it real with my goods  
Lac, hurry up back, I know a nigga wan' buy some crack  
Smack a whole brick on that bitch when it come back  
Stone, you play the cuts and watch my back  
Magnolia Shorty, take these stacks and meet me at the shack  
I'm 'bout to go to a car lot on veterans, black  
And buy that new black-on-black 2G Cadillac

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Remember when shit was a easy task  
Back in the days that passed  
When bitches use to cut class  
Just to let a dumb nigga hit that ass  
Now everything fucked up  
Sure virgin pussy gon' cost you a-hundred bucks  
Nigga, that use to be the man shit outta luck  
Young niggas walkin' 'round with that duck  
Some say, "Play with your nose."  
Some say, "Fuck them hoes."  
Some say, "You're fat. Work out and get a six-pack."  
I say, "Fuck all that, I'd rather have six facts."  
Young niggas done drove me to pack a heater  
Fuck drawin' up the meat beaters  
They tryin' to defeat us  
Move us out and delete us  
Erase us niggas from the face of the earth  
Put your dick in the dirt  
No how, no way, daddy, it won't work  
I refuse to be a statistic  
DNA ballistic  
With a closed casket  
'Cause some young nigga blasted my brains on the side  
Lil' daddy, I'ma swing wide and let everything out here feel me  
You ain't gon' do it - old age gon' kill me