

Try Hustle Me

Bizzy Bone

Don't try to hustle me
Better getcha dolla dolla
Better getcha paper, man
Don't try ta hustle meh
I ain't no dummy, man

Gonna getcha..
Gonna getcha..
Gonna getcha..

My inspiration enlights this vision, smokin this purple
This sticky icky is the medicine that it didn't on commercials
The cyclical nature of niggaz gotten me by this oracle
Documented for planted a wagon
Draggin historical like morbital, suspended in space
Rappin in circles
We ain't winnin but we is as crazy as fuck
Upclose and personal, preminitions of the gloriest
Dated, we'll be victorious, so many different choices
These fake niggaz is poisonous
Damn I need ta kill the noises
Heaven's gonna rolls Royces
But the Posse is just so boisterous
And noises only the poisonous
Hollywood couples swingin' and the people you won't believe
got woman that are weedin with women
And Adam is sleeping with Steve
It's complicated to me
If it's complicated to see and it's complicated to love
Then it's complicated to be, and if it's complicated to be
And they confiscated the key
when coke down in Columbia only costs you a 'G'
cocksuckers..

Outta the Seven Sector conservativecy regime
Where the Panthers they don't have knowledge they needed to fully achieve
The prophet, he is giving me structures for Armaggedon 'cause it's coming
The Seven Signers are beside me, be runnin to the war-drummin
The general was fully commmitted, without a reason they want me to preach th
e love
Are you crazy?
It's killin season, I'm bleedin all over the speaker
My spirit is gettin much stronger
Look, the enemy is gettin much weaker
It's Bizzy the Kid, thats demonic
Revelations and horses, Double-X-Lin' the sources, Battlin the darker forces
They assassinated my leader
And Lil Capo we need to kill in harmony from heaven
Seven automatic weapons

[Chorus]