

# Hustlin

C-Murder

"One in a half,two in a half,three in a half,  
(four quarters)I think I might have a thousand grams(one key)"

Hustlin, hustlin  
Tryin' to survive in the ghetto ooh ohh  
Hustlin,hustle  
Tryin' to survive in the ghetto ooh ooh

(Where them fiends at,I'll be right there in the hall way ya heard me)  
Now picture me a street nigga went from weed to guns  
my cousins a dope dealer now it's coke & funds  
now with the money comes bitches & with the feds comes snitches  
I'm just a lil' nigga tryin' to go from rags to riches  
Cause in the ghetto niggas like to flip fo' & a half  
the projects is home but the ghetto's my lab  
Niggas scream third ward nigga we ready to ride  
Niggas say fuck No Limit then we ready to die  
Nigga fo' fives & nines we hold them high  
Lil' niggas whoop whoop hide them pies  
Cause if it don't make dollas then it don't make sense  
An if yo hustle ain't tight nigga you'll end up in the pen

What if these mothafuckin' project bricks could talk  
Would they tell what goes on nigga after dark  
Bullets spark young homies gettin' blasted  
Sixteen in a muthafuckin' casket the games drastic  
Live my life wit my thug soldiers gettin' high  
Mixin' Hennessy & weed bitch it's do or die  
When we ride to yo area  
Tell yo family find where they can bury ya  
My dawgs carry ah AK's & ski masks  
If you got ki's then yo niggas better hind yo ass  
We blast like dope fiends roamin' the block  
No matter how many niggas get popped drugs'll never stop believe dat

(check this out playa)  
Now picture me a TRU nigga thugged out hustlin' hard  
I hope you niggas understand I could never be soft  
Cause mentally I'm capable of over comin' the worst  
I'm havin' flashes picture me in ashes & dirt  
On a T-shirt a memory a thought of the past  
I lost my brother to a muthafuckin' gun blast  
I analyze every nigga watch his moves look in his eyes  
Cause you can never tell  
Predicted dead or in jail nigga  
Now tell me what you see  
Cause life's so hard for a Callio nigga like me ya dig  
Cause I'm gonna hustle til' I'm gone  
Hit the highway & play again it's on in the ghetto

TRU Records, TRU Records huh brah  
On top we never flop ya dig non stop the billboard spot  
Whatshappn' own records representin' the millenium (yaheard)  
For the 2g (yaheard) still I ride what's up Ke'noe nigga  
what's up to all my niggas out there (huh brah)  
The Young Guns,CP3, New 9(New 9) whatshappn' Magic,  
Peaches whatshappn' what's up Krazy nigga

Suge what's up chillin' keep it real nigga