

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