

Suicides

Charles Hamilton

Check it out
I get my hustle up
Not a little buttercup
Fresh pair of jeans
Blue vans and a button up
Livin like a zipper
Never get another buck
Using luck as my lover I love her
But I never touch her enough
She said it doesnt fit
So I must a quit
I love to live
But living doesnt love this
So I just do what to adjust to
What to do when Love
N Luck want to fuck you up
What must a thug do
Do I even thug
Or does thug love approve of lust
I'm hood with my thinkin
Five times five I'm good with the lincolns
Town car as a gypsy cab
Or I move around stars with a fifty in cash
Still the Inner City Livin in Me
I feel the Inner City so I'm really real
Now forgive me a bit uh
To the foul line to the key
Come on a do a suicide with me
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
To the half court line
To the next key
Only the real ballers gonna get me
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
Get my 1s n 2s up like a rookie DJ
Lookin at me for the sake of pushin these great beats
Hustle music while I'm flippin the bird
Pick of the third is a better pick from the litter
Than get the worse quick uh
The word nigger came from a bird in the river NIGER
This that egyptian fire
Walk like a talk like a bengal bangle
Mangle the main frame of braids getting tangled
And gettin a few chips n listening to music
And niggas who didn't listen to KRS n blueprint
HMM does that make me stupid
Or does that make the reason hate needs new music for me
Shit is a scene
Just let me call life a bitch now I can get in between
So let me hit in n breeze
Nirvana in the long run
N no drama when this songs done
To the foul line to the key
Come on a do a suicide with me
Work it out
Nigga hustle hustle

Hustle hustle
To the half court line
To the next key
Only the real ballers gonna get me
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
Nigga hustle nigga hustle