

# Rap's A Hustle

Cormega

I'ma pimp, a pen's my hoe  
She don't ever move until I say so  
Her only purpose in life is get me large  
I got my pen workin' 16 bars  
When I'm happy she happy, sad she sad  
She make sure we both have  
She know I got plenty more to replace her  
Bitch better have mine  
I'm not lettin' no pen get out of line  
You did it, I mean, can you dig it  
She committed to me, she please niggas for me  
My shit's so tight she leave a nigga for me  
I met her in a studio, she caught my eye  
With her over kickin' whack ass rhymes  
I needed a pen, so she let me borrow her  
Like my shit ain't ill enough to overpower her  
I see he wasn't treatin' her right  
So I gave her some paper  
And let her do her thing that night  
that's right, I took it from that player  
He to concerned with his money and his pager  
She told me, shit he be kickin' is so weak  
I told him, your hoe chose me I'm goldie  
Be cool, or we can make the heat come out  
Your pen work for me 'till the ink run out (player)

Money talks and bullshit walks  
Rap is a hustle y'all  
Only the strong survive, I was born to rhyme  
Put me on the street I'm goin' for mines  
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Put me on the street nigga

My rap is uncut raw, out the door  
Type shit to have fiends lookin' for more  
Your rap is lactose; you cooled off, the glass broke  
Customers complainin' never comin' back yo  
My rap flow is pure all white, in the hood all night  
You made your first sale when I sold out  
My shit numbs your whole mouth, yours leaves a foul taste  
My rhymes a felony yours never seen a trial date  
You need a legal aid, my pen got the DA's paid  
My flows sleepin' in a cave  
No day's I got the streets in this mad  
You need a mask to repair the ? here  
You see the glass once I flip this track  
You should see my stash, I got rhymes for days  
Fuck a right front page, I stay deliverin, ain't no middle men  
I never short my man or cross my fans  
Or switch my supply when money cross my hand  
It's funny, I'm here, I'm like the crew I used to roll wit'  
You might as well work for me, I got the clientele  
y'all put to much cred in that stuff you tred to sell  
that's the reason your empire fell like Goliath  
I'm supplyin' the ghetto to satisfy you

Marks, NARC's, is analyzin' why this kid  
Crossed the bridge and came through with platinum shinin'  
Bringin' heat to the street like I had the iron

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