

Scrapin the pavement with his knuckles, gorilla like with it
Run a background check, bet you they say he livid
He got a voice out there mayne! He don't wear a muzzle
West coast fixture, disrespect him you in trouble
Niggarish nigga, dig that with a shovel
Broccoli in the air, gathered up in a huddle
'Bout to blast off - like a space shuttle
RealHustlersUnite.com, born in the struggle
Cain't be weak, gotta earn your keep
Gotta stay woke while everybody else asleep
Cause they dusty mayne, they dirty mayne, they'll try and sneak
Creep up on you from beind and make yo' melon leak
Watch yo' back, and yo' front
Gotta pack the kind of guns that hunters use to hunt
Braveheart, not a punk
It can go down at any time, be prepared for funk
I was built for this shit, seen cats get peeled in this shit
for either flappin they lips, or warrin over a chick
Either that or they snitch or owe somebody some chips
Used to flea flick and pitch, fucked around and got rich!
So damn focused ferocious, man I don't know if y'all noticed
I'm tryin to bubble like sodas it's funky like halitosis
Stanky gritty no pity, it's a killer in every city
On the ave where it's mannish, posted up with the many

Uhh! Back from a leave of absence
Got the block pregnant, now it's havin contractions
All boys, not girls like the Braxtons
Sellin that white like the Kardashians
On the track like a weave! Loaded as fuck, geeked
Got a pint of that there oil and a zap of broccoli
And I wish a bitch WOULD, try to slide through I'm ready
I'ma send him back in a box and I ain't talkin 'bout a Chevy
I'm totin somethin heavy, that'll fuck a fucker UP!
A cinnamon roll, look like a snake curled up
Ka-ka-ka-ka-ka-ka, goes the hundred round drum
WOOOOOO, the amba-lambs, here they come
Flatlined, folks cryin, "My baby was an angel sir!"
But little did she know that her lil' devil was a finagler
A robber, a thief, a stealer, always into somethin
A peeler, runnin, from the po'-po' and the soil, he had it comi
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BEOTCH BEOTCH!!