

Some Of These

E.S.G.

[Intro]

However you hustle, however you hustle
However you hustle, however you hustle
(however you make your money)
You got a 9 to 5, and a Nike on your grind now
(however you make your money)
She go to school by the day, and she stripping in the
night time
(however you make your money)
You's a hustler, who be hustling on the corner
(however you make your money)
Texas Florida Georgia, Louisiana California

[E.S.G.]

Some of these hustlers, move bricks for chips
From weed to water whip, egg soles even dip
Some of these women, be taking a chance
Leaving they kids home alone, while she go out and
dance
Some of these snitches, be giving up game
Get caught with a ounce of cocaine, give the folks your
whole name
And some of these killers, jack for bread
That's why most of those killers, end up dead
And some of these police, will search your ride
Be the main mo'fucker, selling dope on the side
And some of these chicks, be licking for free
And wonder why she can't afford, to provide the kids a
TV
Now some of these haters, be talking down on ya
In a old Caprice, with a fake Impala sign on it
And some of these haters, hate to see you looking good
Smelling like Fujiama, never stunt brick wood come on

[Hook: Ms. Marylin]

Some of these playas, are doing they own thang
Some of these playas, are really hustling
Some of these women, are doin they own thang
Some of these women, are really struggling
Some of these playas, are doing they own thang
Some of these playas, ain't doing nothing
Some of these haters, ain't doing a damn thang
And none of y'all punks, is fly like us

[E.S.G.]

See you work by day, then you hustle by night
However you get paid, playboy that's alright
Go to school by the day, she stripping by the night
She gotta pay the bills, so girl it's alright
Lots of women out there, who love to start mess
Some gay ass G's, always keeping up plex
But some of these playas, be pimping these hoes
Like Magic Don Juan, or my partna Rico
Some of these fiends, will beg for cash
Then run behind the building, and take em a blast
But there's a whole lot of haters, who hate our music
See they claim it ain't Hip-Hop, cause they just can't

do it

Some of these gangstas, they live they life nervous
Some of these boppers, get pregnant on purpose
Some of these judges, give brothers the blues
For having a bad record, go peep the tattoos huh

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Some of these kids, don't like to go to school
With three pair of pants, and only one pair of shoes
Now some people die, sell ten for eleven
Now see some gon go to hell, and some gon to heaven
Some of these playas, scream Osa-Lam-A-Lakem
Get out of jail, they eating pork chops and bacon
Some of these playas, they claim y'all dogs
But when your ass on lock, they won't accept your damn
call
Some of these families, got soaked in the mud
Couldn't afford nowhere to live, no insurance during
the flood
Some of these gangstas, be claiming they thug
But be the first to leave you stranded, when you
squabbling at the club
Some of these chickens, be borrowing friends clothes
Got her cousin's shoes on, too small hurt the toes
To all y'all haters, disrespecting the game
This our year to kick ass, nigga fuck taking names

[Hook]

(*singing*)