

Hustlin' Daze

Guru

If you ain't real about it, don't talk
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

It's ninety degrees on the corner in the summer heat
Dreamin' of beach houses, mad ladies and Hummer jeeps
Got another beep now it's time to watch a brother creep
And pull another scam, not yet the man but the brother's deep

Ain't tryin' to stay in this life for too long
You tellin' me that I'm bound to lose but you wrong
I'm too strong, plus me and my team's got a true bond
I'll stay in these streets, you stay in the house where you belong

Yo who's wrong, you never had to live in my shoes
And my view's, that every second is vital
The way I see nigga's the way I G it
A raw ghetto entrepreneur, yeah, I be it

Not as glamorous, as the gangster flicks
I'll show you some gangster chicks that hold me down we get rich
And get this, bet this, I'm after payola
The loot, the paper, till my hustlin' days are over

I'm a hustler, a hustler
Gotta get the dough to win
And I'm a baller yeah, baller
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill
All the player haters stay off my nuts
While I'm handlin' business

Illegal business, I need to invest in somethin' legit
This money's comin' too quick, I copped a house and two whips
Who switched it, not me, I'm keepin' it real
Keepin' the steel while the envious watch hungry, I'm eatin' my meal

Late nights, there ain't no time for stage frights
This ain't fiction, it's my mission to get paid alright?
No need to speak about greed, long as I'm feedin' my seed
Then I'm completin' the deed, so I'm keepin' this cheese

High-priced lawyers, I'm too nice for ya
Never touchin' the work no more, too precise for ya
Controllin' the town, holdin' it down
I'm the Master Allah now, I'm showin' you style

I go in your file, and make you hard to locate
Delete all your data don't disregard your fate
I'll off you then I'm off with a honey like suave bola
Shit I'm livin' this life, till my hustlin' days are over

I'm a hustler, a hustler
Gotta get the dough to win
And I'm a baller yeah, baller
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill
All the player haters stay off my nuts
While I'm handlin' business

Bouncin' in and out of town, hope I don't step out of bounds
Chicks love to crowd around 'cause of my rep, how that sound?
Enemies are growin' in numbers, hopin' to catch me slumber
I wonder how many are hopin' to take me under?

NARC's and Feds, throwin' darts at my head
Some new cats tryin' to make me part with my bread
Now I'm in a zone worse than Nino in Sugar Hill
Now I'm all alone, the piper wants me to foot the bill

Now I'm facin' the judge, my name on a folder
In jail for life, my hustlin' days are over
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

I'm a hustler, a hustler
Gotta get the dough to win
And I'm a baller yeah, baller
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill
All the player haters stay off my nuts
While I'm handlin' business

If you ain't real about it, don't talk
If you ain't real about it, don't talk
If you ain't real about it

Get the paper, get the dough
'Cause I'm hustlin'
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

Gotta get the paper, get the dough
'Cause I'm hustlin'
If you ain't real about it, don't talk
And I'm a hustler

If you ain't real about it
And I'm a baller, yeah
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

I pack plenty of steel
If you ain't real about it
So all the player haters stay off my nuts
While we handlin' business, oh yeah
If you ain't real about it, don't talk
If you ain't real about it

If you're with me, throw your guns in the air
If you ain't real about it, don't talk