

# Man Down

## Hustle Gang

[Hook:]

They got me on that fuck shit, banging on that fuck shit  
Pulled over for like no reason 'cause the police will get fuck shit  
The weed man on that fuck shit, brother got locked up on that fuck shit  
The whole world on that fuck shit, I'm like fuck this  
I'm a get on that fuck shit, I'm a get on that fuck shit  
I'm a get on that fuck shit  
Fuck around and there's gonna be a man down, man down  
Man down, man down

[Verse 1:]

Man down, I was raised up on the sound  
Case one, no one talkin, no trace on it  
Fuck shit, my young niggas with it  
Pack it, I'm layin it down  
Free soul, imagine what they would do for a couple thou  
And for some extra, add pressure  
Did you even work so hard and play?  
Destruction and all type of murder  
Back spazzin, I'm on my Chicago Bullshit  
Not here no start some mess, now I gotta hear this shit again  
Feds got an involvement but I can't wait to get it  
Been to spendin, I'm by it nigga  
When many rich, don't fly the swisher  
Broke niggas envy, sippin lean because I am the SA ChaChi,  
Something that they can't be  
The weed man get all my money, he reject me  
I know some niggas, young mean, never talk deep  
You gon need a fuck shit  
Try my brother now he R.I.P.  
For screaming free the homies, fuck the police

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[Verse 2:]

All I know, stack my dough  
Worry bout the curl while I slam my blow  
G code nigga, play the game how it go  
I'm a pimp, never see me actin lame bout a ho  
Young niggas in the game, wouldn't train them to go  
The poor kick door, leave brains on the floor  
No bullshit, nigga fuck the fame, get the dough  
Bunch of lean on the plane, cocaine on the boat  
Nigga say you wanna smoke when I'm bringin my O  
Hear it now, don't you know I said bells the door?  
I don't break shit now, let's straighten it now  
I'm a rape this trap and I'm a take this town  
I got a bunch of niggas on that fuck shit  
Some niggas talk in sleep, they get busted

Hold up, I got something fo yo fuck ass  
Put the 3-57 on yo mustache  
And nigga fuck you's aye  
And nigga fuck you dawg  
Better take that fuck shit elsewhere  
Fuck boy hear you talkin bout  
The clique over here then we alright  
With some fresh of that loud right  
Pissin all over ya'll pride  
Hustle Gang, we got mob ties

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[Verse 3:]

Fuck shit, you'll get hit in yo bone marrow  
Ain't no gun shit, you get split with bow and arrows  
I done told you twice I'm goin poltergeist  
You thicker than yo ice, need some more tonight  
I'm a fool, red bottle cool, chillin with a bitch  
Matter fact man I'm bringin out the Porsche tonight  
I got stripes on my back, I'm a goddamn killer  
I'm the thrilla in Manilla, dancing lizard  
Hoping out that motherfucker, sippin on Caesar  
Fuck what you hisser, my rich cost bigger  
Torpedo, gonna blow over yo car  
And you know not to come run up on us  
Shot in the face, two to the waist  
Three to the knees and one for yo boy in the car  
Baby like try it, you takin too long  
Workin on white so you take on me  
I'm workin I'm workin and now I'm gonna fuck shit  
I'm up in the studio spittin these bars  
Tell the fuck niggas to leave me alone  
I'm a put out my pistol and pick up a missile and drop napalm  
Take off they arm  
Then make yo bitch give me head with her tongue

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