

## Forced To Do Dirt

Ice-T

Ice-T back in that ass  
Return of the real  
Muthafuckas fakin and frontin like they don't know what time it is  
Niggas on the streets ain't really got a muthafuckin choice  
Muthafucka

(So niggas is forced to do dirt)

Born hustler

I only run with real niggas who wear gold and jewels  
Diamond rings, strapped with tools  
I take no shorts cause I been in it for the long one, the strong one  
Gotta tell the truth, yo, half my niggas is on the run  
Street giant defiant to the laws  
That the white man made, nigga  
That's why we play, nigga  
A/k/a the street hustler from the Westside  
Too damn fly, too much finesse for the hoo ride  
I rather take a mark off smooth  
Cause the skillll of a hustler is to stick and move  
And make you say: "Damn, what's his name?  
Got to give a nigga props cause the kid got game"  
Mad game, fool, I base my hustle not on strength  
But think, you say 'the liqor store', I say 'brinks'  
Cause my mind's on the massive roll of the dice  
The magnitude of my game's insane, precise

So now you're mad cause I got money and you don't  
The hustlers win, the busters won't  
What can I say, you can't come out and play  
With the real ones, dig this  
You'll get broke with the quickness  
I don't gamble, I cheat when it's on  
Two g's on the table, two in my palm  
And if I spill up, I pull the nickel .25 strap  
Then the place gets flat and then I'm out the back  
With my niggas and them 4's on thangs  
And if I really wanna floss I flex my Bentley wings  
Damn, over your head, got a problem  
Keepin lyrics down to earth so normal niggas can solve em  
But the game's extreme so quit your high beams  
And increase the light, now can you see me, you might  
If you ever been to jail or shot, sold rocks  
I'm talkin 'bout weight down like movin ki's and pounds  
But every nigga in the hood ain't fly  
Light-skinned or dark, they're 90% marks  
Straight vics and they got money to give  
Then without em tell, me how the hell a hustler lives..

I got no love for a lame  
I use my strategy from crack to rap, no shame  
And now instead of cooking some ki's  
I'm flippin million dollar [?] call em wack MC's  
But suckers got it twisted, they missed it  
Wastin they life when yo, they mentally gifted  
The streets ain't the only fuckin hustle in town

You gotta get in where you fit in, gotta stay way down  
But a buster is a buster for life  
He makes excuses why his ass ain't pay  
That shit's played  
Cash rules everything around me, kid  
I hit a 50'000 lick and never did no bid  
Cause I'm bent on a come-up and my shit stays tight  
How many fake gangsta rappers will I hear tonight?  
It don't matter cause the real don't care  
You know I'ma gonna get mine, so I'ma let em get theirs  
But I know in the heart what's true  
So if you listen very closely, maybe you will too  
My mind's blown off Armani suits  
Pavet medaillons, (Name) boots  
Cristal and steak, shrimp big as your hand  
I bought a silk robe and it's from Siam  
This jam's for the hoods and thugs  
Pimps and hoes, the slingers of drugs  
Hustlers and thieves, cons and crooks  
Bookers and sharks, muthafuck the marks  
Nigga