

Nigga wanna hustle  
Nigga wanna sell dope where we grow up nigga  
Ride with me and learn something nigga  
If not, stay away my playground nigga

Yeah, this shit right here is for real hustle niggas  
Real street niggas, y'all follow me  
Squared niggas, kick back and listen how is shit really go, uh

Cabbage work hoes goes spoke and pistols  
Last in getting away hearin' whistles  
Scopin' down map gestural back full of chips  
A hot ass scraps ski mask and two in the clips

Scoop on 'em motophone let 'em know it's on  
I pack use 'em draws homeboy, nigga we goners  
Beep on 'em Mexican though we won't work  
No Baking Soda slides twenty on 'em for the dirt

Got 'em, strap on 'em my shell with ducktapes  
See nervous while the Greyhouse escpae across Interstate  
Jumpin' up in the friendly scotia down chicken weight  
For the work show up and really do be straight

They pull up bread all the lookin' flawless us a show dog  
Twenty bird and rally car like she a mother law  
Damn, she'll need no duck the law  
Bitch got us switch walkin' with the work like motherfuck the law

That's the shit nigga ball fo', how they dope that they wall fo'?  
Jumpin' on 'em hoes, they floss the hoes  
We carry choppers stole us on homies with calicos  
With the funk kick wishin' y'all holy copy with those

Banged out, thanged out, everybody hangin' out  
Whole crews anybody sayin' we bust used  
Go back blast the gas about to shootin' us  
For cabbage work hoes and hundred fo's

Now in the N and N.Y. talkin' to why dies with the bitch  
And some load ki's me insider  
It's now and never, turn back why should we  
Let's turn this bitch upside down  
(How could we?)

First to be unnoticed, I don't trust that bitch  
She fine but she mixed with rat the lil' snitch  
I don't feel right I know crass bustin' bust pipe  
And the fed I had up on punk ass snitch all night

Where we better do is send that bitch to the [unverified]  
Take the ki's to the rally car and get that bitch the cap  
She go be mad about it 'cause she getting cut out  
But just let it know her job is done  
(Bitch butt out)

Why we here for?

(Nigga we here paper chasin')  
Okay then well, let's made this put reservatoins  
Bust train or even train station  
If you got motophone we can start this operation

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Now I'm the king of rock for my work  
One time shoot the block, I did my sack about the dirt  
Like a dream team both feams tryin' around me like impressed  
Takin' fifth G horse and spork the dope 'port

Like a hell is seen hot for shit, I ain't trippin'  
Got folks in the bushes with the chop, chop so I ain't slippin'  
None of these out of town C's and Beems  
Niggas playin' 'em queens street they never seen the pontrees

Hobbed on the plane, I'm back on stinky greens  
And Inglewood floss and faded the whole scene  
1-0 back Ol' T dope grindin'  
Fresh gear, big wheels, jewels shinnin'

So I hit Shall Sunday, watchin' with low-low's hot  
Me and my N.O. partners on the strippin' new drops  
Bentleys, Warreys, Benzes, Hummers  
With none full of fall for the next twenty Summers

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And there you have it, that's how it go  
From top to bottom, half heart, half money nigga  
Oh, don't get it fucked up  
I still got money for my first trip out of town, haha, you dig