

Best Hustler

Master P

It's the return of a living legend mayne; I done did it once
And you ain't never seen nobody do it again huh?
You gotta love it, cause it's real mayne
This for everybody out there searchin for somethin
Ain't nothin wrong with makin it out
Stay focused, get what you can get man and keep movin
Never look back

How could a nigga shoot enough callings of the clip and kill three
One hit away I'm here for a reason this was meant to be
Most niggaz want titles and they, rap for fame
I'm the Ghetto Bill gangsta, best hustling in the rap game
Homies run they mouth in the hood like Jose Canseco
'fore they steal raw cream that I keep up in my Saints coat
I put the Cali on the map my nigga
And I'll never kiss radio or TV ass, I'll go back to slangin pillars
And most niggaz they'll bust under pressure
Don't matter how much money you got, police'll still sweat ya
When you black and rich and you rollin and you ballin
I got golds in my mouth and I'm reppin New Orleans
They say he, young and he crazy and his brother doin a bid
I had changed my life, I'm tryin to be here for these kids
But, most niggaz'll still point the finger
And take yo' kindness for weakness 'til a motherfucker bang ya

Call all hip hop dot coms, The Source, the Vibe, XXL, Murder Dog
I'm not lookin for stripes or stars my nigga, I gets paper, y'know?
When I do a deal it's not a licensing deal, IT'S ME
I gets my money! Cause I'm a hustler
But anybody think they can get rid of me
Man I ain't goin nowhere 'til I'm done with this - you feel me?
And then I'ma sic my son on y'all, ya heard me?

Real niggaz see through these fakers so it's time to expose 'em
You can't come from the radio or suburb and
try to hold these streets down, seen niggaz get beat down
Scarface and Jake, put this out on the map, I got a piece now
Made over fo' hundred million and change
Still kept it real, never disrespected the game
And y'all niggaz know how I, love Atlanta
But it's mo' to the South what about Florida and Alabama
Mississippi, Louisiana, St. Louis - "Country Grammar"
Tennessee and Texas, Billy Boys rollin Phantoms
Oklahoma, Arkansas, Carolina to Kentucky
Dem Boyz got golds, candy paint on buttons
Even doe Lil Wayne, and Baby like to stunt
They still stayed humble and Cash Money blew up
Three 6 got a chance, Young Buck kept it real
Now we connected this thing from New Orleans to Ca\$hville

And most of these youngsters, they forget where they came from
If it wasn't, labels like Rap-A-Lot, there wouldn't be no, No Limit
And then No Limit opened the doors for the rest of South so
It's like, this whole "Bout it Bout It" thang man was like a movement
But it was real because it ain't like battlin on records man
It's about livin it's about survivin it's about go and get paper ya feel me?

I stole my first car, with a nigga named Herb
If I thank I seen the police I put it to the curb
We was, young and buckwild in the hood havin fun
A van drove by and my boy caught one
My heart poundin, I was chasin the past
I seen Martin Luther King and Jesus Christ by the brass
I'm so glad Josie decide not to have that abortion
and put me in a can or even take me to the ocean
Seen so many crack babies get high and mothers give up
Man I'm a No Limit Soldier, I had to get up
My boy Boz had a lil' change, I had a lil' change
Fuck we put it together den we jumped up in the game
Then Big Momma told me boy you gon' be a star
But I never thought I'd make it from the hood and go so far
My pops told me son you gotta watch them haters
You could survive the game and bounce back but don't fuck with fakers

Maaan, I coulda been did this shit but I'm not on no industry shit my nigga
I had to find me, I had to find who I wanted to be
I did this shit ten years still here, 75 million records nigga
I don't see no nigga out there could top that or try
But if you can my nigga and you do then that's cool too
But I'm not gon' never disrespect when another nigga come up
Or never forget where I came from my nigga
That's what this about, this about teachin mayne
Savin these kids, you know
I ain't battle rappin, I ain't sittin around here tryin to make a gimmick
This me man I ain't tryin to be the best rapper
I'm tryin to be the best hustler, ever came to the rap game, you feel me?
That's my title my nigga if you gotta give me one, I'm 'bout gettin paper
I just throw it up to my boy Myke Diesel for hookin me up with this dope may
ne
We out this bitch mayne, or should I say we back in this motherfucker
You feel me?