

## 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?