

## 6 Inch Heels

Nipsey Hussle

Bounce back off every loss like a real nigga  
Handle business like a man, I'll make a deal with you  
Loyalty for loyalty, I keep it real with you  
You go to war, then I'm gonna kill with you  
Married to the streets, ask me why I'm still with her  
Ask a don this obvious, I'm a field nigga  
Around the corner it's a dozen niggas still tripping  
They'll still kill you if you still tripping  
Look, I put curtains on my rear wind shield  
My bitch bad but my wrist on chill  
My bitch bad, man, that bitch got skills  
She 5'11 rocking 6 inch heels  
She my ?? in this sick ass world  
She probably make a stray bitch toes curl  
She used to being rich nigga, retail  
But money's my only fetish with my rich ass self  
Hussle, I know y'all hating but I wish y'all well  
I'm eating stake, cracking crab leg shells  
I'm getting cake, let the sheriff pain spill  
It's either participate, or your bitch ass fail, nigga

I was looking at the world  
Through rose colored glasses  
I couldn't chase this dream for long, I had to catch it  
I printed ?? I'm out here, looking back, that's how I got here  
'Cause even when I slept in the gutter, I was still at the start

Young niggas fucking bitches, getting dope money  
745, gold chain, rope money  
Was every man for himself when you was broke bumy  
You make it happen, niggas acting like you owe something  
My nigga, I just wanna let you know something  
The clock ticking, you gotta get it and devote something  
The transition and legitimize the flow of it  
It's just a given that these folks coming  
Look, I knew some niggas that was killers and these hoes loved them  
Was getting money till some other killers told on them  
The whole city, and they business they was known for  
A string of bank robberies, was beasting for a whole summer  
It ain't no hall of fame, it's over and they don't love you  
Ain't no arenas hanging jerseys with your old numbers  
You gotta get what you can get and make the most of it  
You beat the odds then you grow from it, look

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Let's get it straight, these niggas fake  
Nothing though, we getting cake  
?? saw dollar signs on my license plate  
Y'all niggas struggling, my life is great  
You freestyling your life, I write my fate  
I play to win 'cause life's a game  
Put your all in this music and your life will change

It's what I told myself, that's what I showed myself  
It's a cold and lonely road, you gotta go for self  
I meditated 'cause I knew I had to know myself  
Said 600 bands, this is what I owe myself  
Worldwide recognition, now my flow is known  
In and out the States, pay me just to show my face  
Bottle after bottle, empty out the case  
Hip hop, empty out the safe

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