

# To Be A Hustler

S.A.S

By any means thye be gettin' the dough  
Listen up, I'm just lettin' you know  
(That's what makes me a hustler)  
Heads to provide, case they supply  
Bakin' dme pies, whatever it takes to survive  
(2x)

You get popped from my neezay  
Run the block liek a relay  
I'm tryna get drops like a DJ  
But in this game, you do not get no lee-way  
That's why I'm on the block shottin' rocks in the PJ's  
For lots of wealth, Glocks on belts  
Look in the mirror my nigga, you should watch yourself  
Yeah, and they gon' find ya  
So you need to keep it moving like the feds behind ya  
Who is you females serving  
You niggaz is bitch-made like a female servant  
I pity the odds, you'll really get robbed  
Cuz even little niggaz is killas like City of God  
Plenty dough, sellin' yay to the customers  
You already know what makes me a hustler  
Take it to the mean blocks where I sold them dimes  
Or you can get ya team rocked like a clothingline  
Whoa

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Yeah I got cake, but I ain't got enough to lose, ya know  
Oh that offend you, well fuck you too  
Two holes in ya face got 'em lookin' like dimples  
I got utencils, ain't talkin' 'bout pencils  
This deuce this clip bullets like jujitsu  
10 clips'll hit ya on ya head like a Hindu  
My shit is paid for, forget a rental  
It's Mister Intercontinental  
Gold medalist, four felonist  
And we can be some gentlemen or get into some killa shit  
I'm a pimpin' nigga wit' hella hoes  
I just take 'em home, fuck 'em, kick 'em out, sell they clothes  
Bitch you better get chedda like Velveeta  
Sweep niggaz up wit' the pound like El Nina  
I'm in the park and flippin' Cuban cigars  
And liquor, yeah I'm a star with more bars than Snickers, nigga

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This is May Caliente, ay, that pretty gangster  
Reportin' live from the streets like TV anchors

You see these bangers, you silly wanker  
I'm downtown blazin' the hazin' wit' city bankers  
And babes, if I was your boyfriend  
You'd have to hold that gun, and smuggle in my toys  
You niggaz ain't seein' these mobsters  
The re-up money's the price of my D&G boxers  
Crack that we sell, packs on the scale  
Only nigga we sayin' "Welcome back" to is Rell  
U.K. shottas going hard with the rep  
We them Eurogang London Boys go hard to detect  
If you see me with Dipset, armed to the neck  
Gal I grip Tecs that'll push ya heart through ya chest  
You a hustler, got a long way to go  
We gettin' blow like felacio  
And I'm a shotta

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