

# Hustler

Scarface

Uno is for the money, deuce is for the show  
Trey is for the video, what the fuck is fo'?  
Fo' is for the hoes, and 5 to stay alive  
That shoulda been number 1, cause I don't want to die  
Add 6 when I begin to flip the big Benz  
With the candy-coated paint, plus the 20" rims  
And what they hittin' fo', I roll 7 out the do'  
Took his bankroll, plus his diamond and his gold  
8: 'Don't be late' is for my niggas paper-chasin'  
Got Nines for trick niggas in the game player-hatin'  
10's is for my niggas locked down in the pen  
And my niggas dead and gone, until we meet again  
11 is for my poppy up in heaven  
Tell God send me a blessing, cause I'm down here stressin'  
12 is for the records we sell, we're goin' platinum  
There's no turnin' back now, so let's make it happen

All I ever wanted to do in my life was be a hustler  
Some don't get it, but feel me when I spit it  
It's all about the dollar

It goes one for the money, two for the show  
Everybody in the game know how it go  
It's a whole lotta hoes, a whole lotta dough  
Keeps me watchin' on toes out my back window  
Creep slow by the ghetto, we never go without the .44  
For urban travel, watch the scandal  
You petty rivals can't handle  
Hit your block, increase props as we dismantle  
Channel my vengeance through this sentence, I'm relentless  
You bitches want to spend this, then get pimped  
We're never said to beat any listener senseless  
Heavy weighters livin' major, pumpin' this here, no circumference  
Who is this? O.C. The Sinister  
Navigatin', now we're raidin' all over your area  
I'm darin' ya to static with this Rap-A-Lot shit  
The Camorra make hits, tag licks, like movin' bricks  
The lyricist full of canabis, livin' extravagant  
With elegant bitches, plottin' riches  
On quick-to-get-rich niggas full of liquor  
see'll shine one time livin' bigger

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Now everybody in the game know how it goes  
Players like us do shows and pimp hoes  
Oh-oh, it's the Sinister and Lo-Lo comin' through  
Them niggas playa-hatin', what the fuck they want to do?  
I want peace, but if them niggas want beef  
We gon' have to take the heat to the streets  
Kna mean? They tryin' to stop dreams and block creams  
It seems like what? They hate to see us havin' lavish things  
Pictures in magazines, nice cars and diamond rings  
Ah-ah, ah-ah, we can't have no fake niggas on our team  
Now you watch my back, nigga, and I watch yours

One's for the dough, two's for the shows, hoes, and tours

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It's all about the dollar