

Yea they say it's a recession out here man
It definatley is man
Prices is high
I don't even call these niggaz hustlers
They strustlers
Cause they struggling to hustle, feel me
But man, only the strong survive, feel me
That's why I'm still here nigga
Yea

Them bullets coming like the grim reaper
The hurt like natural birth with anastesia
Every little nigga got sour they scrambling
They car jack ya for your shit out in camdon
New jersey drive,
In desperate times we do desperate things to survive
You can't bring the knife to a gun fight
Scandalous hoe's I'll set you up tryna pipe
He only 13 made the front page
Shot a boy down for his 13 flip greys
And jordan is a billionaire
His momma cryin I woulda got another pair
We don't court in the street with our issues
Fuck 3 years if we caught with our pistols
We lock it down like pitbulls
And if the feds start coming it's a pit fall

It's a recession the street
And it ain't getting better
I'm married to the game
For the worse or the better
They show my oj gloves in nashville, nashville

I rather die young than live long being broke
I rather be feared than be takin for a joke
Car full of guns, pocket full of hope
A mind on a mill, kitchen full of coke
All black everything nothing too colorful
Ski mask and the gloves this is what it's coming to
Damn right for the bucks we coming for you
Knife work carve niggaz up something wonderful
I'm a money making nigga of a gay-z
Niggaz get washed up and catch bullet beds
No tints half a brick in a louie bag
You ain't seein nuttin nigga to we see the cash
The streets hungry, killers coming lookin for you
Either you take or you get somethin taken from you
It's quite simple you eat or you starve
It's my god given right to go hustle and rob