

Keep Hustlin'

WC

Ooh-OOOOOHHHHHH!
BEYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTCH! Huh-ha, hah!
Dub Cya, nya!
Uhhhh, hah!
Fonzarelli, what's crackin loc?
Whassupish weebelations?
\$hort Dawg, we all hogs
Ain't nuttin nigga, it's that pimp shit bwoy
We doin our thingamajig up in this BEYOTCH!

Thinkin of a master plan
Cause ain't naytin but crumbs inside my hand
So I, hit the stick, leaves my residence
Thinkin, "How can I get paid for spinnin this gangsta shit?"
A three-strike victim, with a million dollar dream
of swervin 740 Beem's and count G's from money machines
My click trump tight, nigga we roll like dice
For the ten china whites seekin hustler paradise
Where you from, what's your name, motherfucker what you sayin?
Dub C still claimin that Maad Circle gang and
smokin dank and drankin, jaw breakin runnin the pavement
Top rankin CD slanger, ghetto Hall of Famer
International resider worldwider packin heat
Mashin for the cheddar with No Limit's like Master P
Found my glitch in this rap game, now I'm steady bustin
Dub C, hoo-ridin for the chip but still hustlin

Keep hustlin - cause I'm all about mine, yeah yeah
Keep on hustlin... droppin keys funk stackin weed shiftin
Keep hustlin - true players play it all night long
Keep on hustlin... on and on

Check it out; Dub C ?the below? system
got ya ninjas dang near ready to put hands on ?PGA any man?
Bout to bomb on this bitch-ass for turnin off my lights and gas, low on cash
Bad enough I gotta go next door to take a bath, ain't got no water
Plus I heard that the police department homicide division
wanna holla at me about a manslaughter
Triflin ass baby mama, she's a botch bitch think I'm rich
Don't know the outcome, talkin bout "He got bread, he on Dub album"
I play ya like dick and bend a dick's dream how can I focus (hocus pocus)
When I'm famous as "fuck Christmas Eve, eviction notice"
These rap videos gotta soon to be up and coming rappers thinkin cute
knowin that we unrecouped
E-Fonzarelli, P.K.A. Charlie Hustle
Knockin though, knock a hoe without a penny in my pocket
I don't come from much, so in order to do what I gotta do to survive
Tapes and CD's be my nine to five
Check it out, mathematics, paper rappamatics established
Long money, way before I signed for cabbage

Get your marbles main, get your paper... glorify your paper route

Yeah
I'm comin from a fashion show, with a flashy hoe
Smokin indo from the Valle-jo
Like them 3rd Ward niggaz from the Calliope

If you tryin to get high, what you passin foe?
Top notch on my right smellin smoke
But she don't know about the hustlin that I did when I was broke
My best customers, real macks and G's
Dopefiend beats on the backstreets
Me and Freddie B sellin game
Custom made tapes with your name, you can't complain
I always been about the business, I ain't changed
As long as I'm in it, I'm stayin the same
Ghetto star, feelin the pavement
I'm always down to earth, tryin to get paid bitch
Ain't no secret, to what I'm doin
I got the game from Oakland so I came to this conclusion

\$hort Dawg, you know we players main
Get your money nigga

E-40 get yo' paper main, get yo' change
You know \$hort Dawg always get his scratch
Dub C!
Nya! Nya!
You know I'm takin mine nya!
Fssssssh, ahh, uhhhh, erytime up in they tall can face
Glorifyin our paper route, nonstop - you know?
BEYOTCH!