

You Gotta Have Heart

Westside Connection

Aah, yirr
Yearh, man
Wooh, yo
This rules everything man

I don't hurt ya
It will only make you stronger
In this game you gotta have heart
This hustle will break you down
Pull you apart

Homie, the same thing make you laugh, make you cry
And in the fastlane the strong survive and the weak die
That's the way the ball bounce and I often wonder why
But I nease it all
And not just a piece o' the pie
I used to hope and wish for everything I couldn't buy
was a young ghetto-boy that grew up in the eye
So I bowed to be a hustler and reach for the sky
And not only I'ma ballin'
Right now is mo' ta'

It's like a jungle sometime
You gotta hustle sometime
You gotta use your mind, mouth and your muscle sometime
You gotta grind
Stop looking for a savior
Use what the fuck I gave your (flavor)
I'm in the gutter-lane
With the gutter-mouth tryin' to get out the gutter
For my life's gutter-out
If I was right and called my mamma a bitch
It wouldn'ta took me this to to get this rich (I know)

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I was raised
The young nigga was scwabble
In the city o' looks
No hope or rolemodels
The black sheep of the family destined to fell
Predicted to spend my whole life in a jail-cell
Fucked up and not believe in the hype
I know I would be more then a feelin
I zoomed up and see the light
Nigga, got my mind right
Nigga, got my grind tight
Now a nigga is gettin' paid to skip

Skip to the lime-light

See, we all got problems
But some need a dress
And so at night I hit my knees and begged him for my blessings
And ask him for forgiveness to minimize my stress
Nigga, continue to know how to dodge this Smith & Wesson
And with his help I will perform in my best
And it's still hard with all this temptation and testenin'
If I'm wrong
Just accept it as a lesson
As I conquer all my enemies
And mashing with aggression, Lord

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Ain't never been shot like 50 Cent or 2Pac
Cuz' 2 shots is too many
Too hot to go in me
I've rather sit remmy
In the back of this Bentley
And only fuck with niggaz and you bitches that's friendly
Don't forgive what's so femmé
Cup with my penny
I pull out the semi
Put hoe's up in Timmy
Just fuck it - it's Babylon
And nigga might have a bomb
Just like the Taliban
But I'm on neverland

I sit alone I my fo'corner room
Loaded ammo
Cuz' in these streets like there's a gamble
And Run-DMC, times is getting harder
So I'm taking of my gold-fandenellin' to the author
Old nigga say to young killers awaked you
But when you got it
Only few homies stay true
This game it's like russian roulette
We hustle to death
Mash for weather
Make the devil marker for cheddar

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Yo!
WON'T YOU JUST STOPPING FUCKING WIT US?
You know what I'm saying
You take what you got
I take what I got
JUST STOP FUCKING WIT US!
You're motherfuckers got everything and your still complaining
You motherfuckers got everything and you still ain't have it
It's you're world MOTHERFUCKER!
AND YOU'RE AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET IT RIGHT!
BIIIIATCH!!!