The Prelude

FFX OST

You know, you've got this fantasy in your head about Gettin' outta the life and settin' the corporate world on its ear What the fuck you gonna do except hustle? Besides pimpin', you really ain't got the stomach for that The game's fucked up Nigga's beats is bangin', nigga, your hooks did it Your lyrics did and your gangster look did it So I would write it if y'all could get it Bein' intricate'll get you wood Critic on the Internet, they like, ?You should spit it? I'm like, "You should buy it, nigga, that's good business" Forget this rap shit, I need a new hustle A little bit of everything, the new improved Russell I say that reluctantly 'cause I do struggle As you see, I can't leave, so I do love you But I'm just a hustler disguised as a rapper In fact you can't fit this hustle inside of a wrapper Back when crack was what these pills are, I was a real star Complete with real cars, no video ones You can come and set up a camera, let the video run And my real life, complete with real ice VVS boulders, oh, they're visibly set Head and shoulders, my invisible neck You see Hova wasn't digital yet Befo' Steve Jobs made the iPod Was gettin' head jobs, we call that intimate Back when rappers wouldn't dare play lyrical roulette With a automatic weapon, I was reppin' with a tec Fresh like Mannie be, chain like anti-freeze Shoe box full of cash, dealer man, hand me ki's Pantries full of Arm & Hammer Don't take Nancy Drew to see what it do? I'm a damn G Just sent a million dollars through a handsfree That's big money talk, can you answer me? Before the answer was a 3 I was down in Georgetown with a Hoya chick, lawyer chick Sure he's rich now 'cause he saw the shit, all this shit That's why they call him Hov 'cause he came before all this shit Bought a 6, quarter seven, skipped on them quarter eights

Bought a 9 for non-stop glock work all the time Guess who's back? Since this is a new era, got a fresh new hat Ten year veteran, I've been set I've been through with this bullshit game but I never can I used to think rappin' at 38 was ill But last year alone I grossed 38 mill' I know I ain't quite 38 but still The flow so special, got a 38 feel The real is back

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