

Hustlin' Daze (Feat Donell Jon

Guru

{*Premier scratching: "If you ain't real about it, don't talk"*}

[Guru]

It's ninety degrees on the corner, in the summer heat
Dreamin of beach houses, mad ladies and Hummer jeeps
Got another beep now it's time to watch a brother creep
and pull another scam, not yet the man but the brother's deep
Ain't tryin to stay in this life for too long
You tellin me that I'm bound to lose, but you wrong
I'm too strong, plus me and my team's got a true bond
I'll stay in these streets, you stay in the house where you belong
Yo who's wrong, you never had to live in my shoes
And my view's, that every second is vital
The way I see nigga's the way I G it
A raw ghetto entrepreneur, yeah I be it
Not as glamorous, as the gangster flicks
I'll show you some gangster chicks that hold me down we get rich
And get this, bet this, I'm after payola
The loot, the paper, til my hustlin days are over[Chorus: Donell Jones]
I'm a hustler, a hustler hmm
Gotta get the dough to win
And I'm a baller yeah, baller
Shot call-errr
I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel
For niggaz that want to be actin ill
All the player haters stay, off my nuts
while I'm/we handlin business[Guru]
Illegal business, I need to invest in somethin legit
This money's comin too quick, I copped a house and two whips
Who switched it, not me, I'm keepin it real
Keepin the steel while the envious watch hungry, I'm eatin my meal
Late nights, there ain't no time for stage frights
This ain't fiction, it's my mission to get paid alright?
No need to speak about greed, long as I'm feedin my seed
then I'm completin the deed, so I'm keepin this cheese
High-priced lawyers, I'm too nice for ya
Never touchin the work no more, too precise for ya
Controllin the town, holdin it down
I'm the Master Allah Now, I'm showin you style
I go in your file, and make you hard to locate

Delete all your data don't disregard your fate
I'll off you then I'm off with a honey like suave bola
Shit I'm livin this life, til my hustlin days are over[Chorus]
[Guru]

Bouncin in and out of town, hope I don't step out of bounds
Chicks love to crowd around cause of my rep, how that sound?
Enemies are growin in numbers, hopin to catch me slumber
I wonder; how many are hopin to take me under?
NARC's and Feds, throwin darts at my head
Some new cats tryin to make me part with my bread
Now I'm in a zone worse than Nino in Sugar Hill
Now I'm all alone, the piper wants me to foot the bill
Now I'm facin the judge, my name on a folder
In jail for life, my hustlin days are over

Songwriters

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