

# Hustlers (Ft. The Game & Marsha Ambrosius)

## Nas

Dre, he a Compton-Compton O.G  
Nas, he a QB-QB true G  
Do the history Way before The Firm, like back in the day  
Nas was the first New York nigga rappin' with Dre  
So of course I got a track to bring it back to your face  
The one kid that would've been Aftermath that got away  
But we still get together like every several years  
To sprinkle, a little bit of Heaven for your ears  
Relax sippin' Cliquot in Rio, stupid fuckers  
Low-key, know G's, but it's still Gucci luggage  
I love Cape Cod, and watching fly bitches with grey eyes  
Wrestle in a tub of KY to get my day by  
I like to celebrate, why? - cause I can vision  
Collages and images of my lies with no regret to hate  
So every breath I take, is all about the rules  
It's hard for you to breathe like you at high altitude  
So crack the Patron, it's on heathens, The God's back  
Hard body, Mr. Jones never leaving Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast we riders  
Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast we riders He a Compton-Compton O.G  
(Mix that with a QB-QB true G)  
(What you got's) A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
(West Coast kill the tracks) East Coast gunshots  
He a Compton-Compton O.G  
(Mix that with a QB-QB true G)  
(What you got's) A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
(West Coast kill the tracks) East Coast gunshots 1995, eleven years from the day  
I'm in the record shop with choices to make  
"Illmatic" on the top shelf, "The Chronic" on the left homie  
Wanna cop both but only got a twenty on me  
So fuck it, I stole both, spent the twenty on a dub sack  
Ripped the package off "Illmatic" and bumped that  
For my niggas it was too complex when Nas rhymed  
I was the only Compton nigga with a "New York State of Mind"

Inside the dope house bottlin' up sherm, bangin' The Firm  
Dre was king then so I waited my turn  
Fast forward, now I'm makin 'em burn  
Ended my peers careers, hollered at Nas, a hard lesson was learned"  
So I reconciled my differences like he did with Jigga  
I stopped beefin' with niggas, cause I'm "Ether" to niggas  
Comb the earth 'til there's no one left  
"If I Ruled the World" I summons all you weak rap niggas to deathHe a Compton-Compton O.G  
(Mix that with a QB-QB true G)  
(What you got's) A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
(West Coast kill the tracks) East Coast gunshotsYo, the Jordans sportin'  
Come off the dice game with a fortune walking, you a walking coffin'  
The musket I tucked it, you bluff it I bust it  
You're sideways talking, so I lay often  
I wait patient, to duct tape hatin'  
Fuck ass niggas, get bucked ass niggas  
Pluck ashes - of Cuban cigars, you fooling with Nas  
That's my name and I came with Rugers this time  
And if I'm sane that "Soul Plane" movie's the bomb  
Word to my mom's name tattooed to my arm  
You can't revolve me, embalm me, calm me or harm me  
Rob me or dodge these bullets I'm busting  
See that's malarky you yappin'  
I open up the tripod to put the gatling on, and I start clapping  
Nasty man, from bagging grams and running from cops  
To a mill' on the hand, a mill' on the watch, I'm fucking with DocHustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast we ridin'  
Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast we ridin'

#### Songwriters

NASIR JONES, MICHAEL A. ELIZONDO JR., ANDRE ROMELL YOUNG, JAYCEON TERRELL  
TAYLOR, MARSHA AMBROSIUS, MARVIN PAUL AMBROSIUSPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, RESERVOIR MEDIA  
MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>