

Hell 4 A Hustler

2pac

Get on yo' knees nigga
Get on yo' knees and pray
Huh, increase the doses, bustin' whoever closest
Thug livin', Hell or prison, never losin' my focus
I'm makin' money moves mandatory
In a discussion my past records tell a story
Picture niggaz we rushin' and still bustin'
Till the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list
So I laugh till I cry, when the law come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga miss me, why plant seeds
In a dirty bitch, waitin' to trick me, not the life for me
Livin' carefree, till I'm buried and if they dare me
I'm bustin' on niggaz until they scurry, I'm clearly
A man of military means in my artillery
Watchin' over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past, in vain
Never knowin' if this game'll last, feelin' ashamed
Of cocaine, the product of the Devil, am I sellin' my soul?
Got tired of small time livin', niggaz tellin' me no
I got mine, fuck them other suckers that's the mentality
Jealous-ass bustaz, make it Hell for us
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money

So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? All for lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggaz is outta here
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here
Yo, to every step I take, every foul I make
Every jail I break, every mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke

Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words
For all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
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It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef till I burn
Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-social
Niggaz shakin' like they caught the holy ghost when I approach 'em
Try to politic, before I smoke 'em, like Sun Zu
Niggaz do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the mornin'
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggaz mourn me? Gettin' blowed out
High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify
Strikes, walkin' close to my third, I live a trouble life
And if you dream be a part of my team
From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo' eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustaz
Either Heaven or jail, it's still Hell 4 a hustler
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day

It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild till they all die
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary only God can save us
Nuttin' but boss players Outlawz and thugs

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