

Electric Wire Hustler Flower

Common

YoElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire!
Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle!
FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerBlood and magic dripping from me
True thugs and addicts I grip an entry
Enter this game with tricks and envy
I forget game to remain an emcee
Rooms in this mind that's still empty, only fulfilled through prophecy
You stoppin me, you see I'm tryin to catch this plane
You must be slow nigga, catch your brain
It's fresh, but it is some stress and pain
Got hoes? Ho nigga respect the game
I talked to cab drivers about the fast lane
And Islam, masters and shakras and beyond
Think about the hustle and somehow I see by
But what led it to the concrete, BS be strong
You was at your hardest when you didn't even try
Live like a bitch, to bitch you gonna dieElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric!
Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerMercury and retrograde, I'm trying to get niggas in the
ghetto paid
While they watch pornos and Escalades, away from floats and the dope in sex parades
Somebody screamin in my mind, I'm tryin to find if it's me
Or voices on the master, they design to be free
Same revolt, can't be found on TV, or radio, its livin in me
Hey lady, that smoke is bothering me
If I put it in your eye, ashes you would cry
All this rap talk is blowing my high
I just came to chill and build with my guy
I try to walk but I stumble off the humble path
This story of a pimp stick that became a staff
You got it, you gotta know where to aim the mag
Art and opinions are made to clashElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire!
Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerOut of body hard to explain, like the pyramids and gods I remain
I know pain, like Kurt Cobain, or ain't I playin hurt the whole game
Dig it to the Earth's brain for worst gain
Focused like young blood on his first chain
I used to write shit to please niggas
Now I write shit to freeze niggas
Whether iced out, or American Pie sliced out
I sit in the room with the lights out

Whether diced out, or with their hair spliced out

I sit alone in the room with the lights out screaminElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle!
FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric!
Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! FlowerElectric! Wire! Hustle! Flower

Songwriters

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