

Intro (b.a.r.s. Vs. Da Hustla)

Cassidy

Yea, you just a performer, I was on the corner grindin' the packet,
I'm a ryder, if there's drama, I'm palmin the ratchet
And you could find me in traffic, I'm in the streets,
10 years ago I was movin' like 10 a week,
You just a family man, tryin' settle down,
You on parole, so you scared to hold the metal now,
You moved away from the hood, I'm in the ghetto now,
Yea, I grip pipes, I jus like how the metal sound,
I got the metal now, nigga, I ain't never scared,
How the fuck you run philly and you ain't never there,
And I ain't never feared nuttin' but god,
You went to jail, came home and ain't do nuttin' but hide,
But fuck it, I'm a ride, I mite startin' sparkin' the h,
I send rap cats to god like mase,
And like the car accident, I'll put another scar on your face,
But when the 5 clap, you ain't gone survive that!

Oh, you ruthless? the record I'm a hustla stupid,
Cause jay made more off the record than you did,
And swizz made more off the record than you did,
So you did somethin' for nuthin' you doofus,
I'm to sick for, any nigga with 2 lips,
And 1 tongue in his mouth, I talk to slick,
You only got a few hits and a couple fans,
And I could probably get you bodied for a couple grand,
I caught a murder, attempts I had a couple man,
But I could knuckle man, and knock you out with a couple hands,
Every bar I spit raw like a couple grams,
You the hustla, but I'll show you how to hustle man!

Look, I'm a give this guy an aplause,
But it's alota lies in a lot of his bars,
Cause I'm a hustla, I sold pies of the raw,
Plus, the hustla gon ride if it's war,
But you the type of boy that'll hide if it's war,
You the type'a boy that never come outside if it's war,
So, you a nut to me, you know you can't fuck with me,
And bars you was locked up on protective custody,
You like my son, but I don't want custody!

You a mut to me, I'm a pit, and you a pup to me,
You in the street cause you beat the case luckily!
But you ain't tough as me,
I'll burn you like a dutch-a-tree!

You a snitch, you a rat, you a sing, you'll hold the note,
I sold the coke, or smoke weed till I'm comatose,
I live by the rules, I was schooled by the older folks,
I was showed the ropes by the cats that was holdin' toast,
Lords knows even goons get the holy ghost,
Yea, I believe in Christ but I'll still squeeze a pipe,
And I don't even need to write, or switch the flow,
You niggas know I ain't murda fluke or cysi-ro!
I'm way sicker yo, so who ever supposed to be nice
Get 2 choices, the toast or the knife!
And if you think you a hustler, then you the one smokin' the pipe
Cause you ain't never sold no coke in you life, trust me!
You must be given money away
If you got 20 strips all doin' twenty a day!
'Cause you ain't worth shit, you went gold on your first disc,
And I'm a hustla sold less then your first shit!

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