

# Hustlers

## Purple City

Yeah  
Sup wit' these lame ass niggas, man?  
I'm tellin' you  
Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit, you kna' mean?  
Like y'all built like that  
Y'all niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'  
Y'all niggas ain't ready for this shit  
If a nigga know the Memph I ain't the type to front  
I'll put any gun to you what type you want?  
Supply any drug for you what high you want?  
Bag any chick for you nicer slut  
Yeah, I push hot fees my niggas got cheese  
You run around frontin' like you niggas got keys  
You never flipped burgers your krew, I ain't heard of  
Matter of fact, I'll murder ya  
I heard you niggas spit shit but it's indirect  
Say my name and see where I end this tech  
I got a lot of love for this but dawg, I'm real  
When it's beef, it's beef when it's rap, it's real  
Nuttin' between a lot of frontin' I seen  
I done analyzed this game it's nuttin' but schemes  
New ways to sell records I aim for it  
Put it out if it's hot, not, just ignore it  
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know  
We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas that's who we be  
We got cheese pop three for R O C  
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know  
We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas that's who we be  
We got cheese pop three for R O C  
Yo, yo this is my ghetto I eat, sleep, breathe here  
To tell the truth, dawg none of us gon' leave here  
We die young, go to jail for murder 1  
On a come-up, nigga and that's where I'm from  
I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit  
I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit  
I'ma catch you when you sit put 4 in yo whip  
Catch your girl in the club put nut in your bitch

Niggas wanna see the Memph go and lose his cool  
Go and use his tool, nigga, use the fool  
You could bootleg my shit I want me a chunk  
Deuce I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk  
What part of that you don't understand, or ain't hear?  
Misinterpurate, dawg, I put work in  
I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol  
Still keep them thangs next to the abdomenol  
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know  
We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas that's who we be  
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Uh, uh, uh yeah before these rhymes  
I was bustin' these nines before these raps  
I was bustin' my gat before the vocal groups  
I spoke with the truth  
Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?  
Imagine my raps if I wasn't in touch with the street  
On the block, deep wit my peeps touchin' the heat  
I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps huster wit beats  
You niggas is lame you catz can't touch what I reach  
And quiet as kept you niggas can't hush what I speech  
My story's too deep life real, clear as the streets  
See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep  
You niggas know me the cat who be tearin' these streets  
Ain't nothin' changed but my name when I appeared on these beats  
It's Bien Mac

Sigel was the name that they gave me  
The streets that is I'm tryin' to teach that, kids  
'Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns  
Ay yo, the sun don't go down we go 'round  
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know  
We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas that's who we be  
We got cheese pop three for R O C  
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