

Keep On Hustlin (Feat. Jeezy, Bun B & Nate Dogg)

Warren G

Keep on hustlin'
Can't stop gotta claim what's mine
If I lose my grip on the game
No more bud, no more cash, no more dames
Keep on hustlin'
Can't stop gotta claim what's mine
If I lose my grip on the game
No more bud, no more cash, no more dames
(No, no more hoes)
I'm realizing my struggle for what it is and taken
And what belong to me and my responsibility
Keep my enemies close cause they the ones that get me
In a minute they'll be trying to pump a gauge in me
Leave the other "G" committee
Funkadelic better tell it to the fellas I ain't the one to be played with
If you think you gone be testing you sure in for a lesson
That's forever session I'm blessing to be the don
By the time you get the message outta this one I'll be dipping
Dipping the streets of LBC
Its been a long time stepping up to the plate now
I'm new and improved plus I drive a new bent now
My family straight, plus my homies in the game now
Living it straight, Long Beach the pen state
Bounce, rock, roller-skate
(Them niggas know they can't fuck with Warren G and Nate)
Keep on hustlin'
Can't stop gotta claim what's mine
If I lose my grip on the game
No more bud, no more cash, no more dames
(No, no more hoes)(Yeah, let's go)
Rest in peace Nate Dogg, I'll meet you at the gate (yeah)
Pac was alive, life still'll be great (yeah)
District attorney, go ahead and free Lil Boosie (Boosie)
B.I.G was alive, everybody need some juicy (right)
Tell me the difference between Suge and Puff
While you at it, tell me the difference between weed and dust
My hustle don't stop it's around the clock
My paranoid don't stop, hands around the Glock (that's right)
Some of the shit I say man a nigga might kill me (kill me)

It's all good long as you motherfuckers feel me
What the fuck is going on niggas acting like I owe them (owe em')
Think I can't do it by myself, but I'ma show em' (yeah)
Went from Air Force 1's to white Dolce Gabbanas
Nigga ain't shit changed, I'm still keeping them llamas
Yeah I use to cop them white ass bricks when they was high (high)
GS400 Lexus when they was fly (yeah)
It don't stop nigga (it don't stop nigga)Keep on hustlin'
Can't stop gotta claim what's mine
If I lose my grip on the game
No more bud, no more cash, no more dames
(No, no more hoes)Welcome to the ghetto (to the ghetto) just like my home boy Chico
Where everyday the block is on lock like Steve Biko
Everyday brothers getting hit up with the R.I.C.O
I see CE from PAT to CPT
You know they can't stand to see me "G"
Getting my hustle on in these streets
Meeting my ends meet (meet)
So they hate on me behind my back
Hoping that one time flash lights behind my lac
They say its no pain no gain (gain) well guess what then (then)
I hurting bad as hell but it ain't for nothing ('thin)
Once I climb up out of this whole I been stuck in
The doors they kept me out they gone let me the fuck in (in)
I didn't come this far for me to quit now (now)
So I'ma make sure I get all I can get now (now)
Cause tomorrow might be my last
That's why I'm stacking everything I can before I pass
I gotta...Keep on hustlin'
Can't stop gotta claim what's mine
If I lose my grip on the game
No more bud, no more cash, no more dames
(No, no more hoes)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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