

# MC Hustler

## Prince Paul

Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
I'm just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'I'm a general, in this hip hop army, yeah  
Highly ranked, thick like a tank  
Well equipped for niggas poppin' shit  
Rapifier, now plug the wire let's get down to itI'm frustrated, uh, filled with anger  
Feel like jumpin' in the wash and just chill on the hanger  
But uh, mama didn't raise no quitters  
So uh, what you want and what you need I deliverJust an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
I'm just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'Mass confusion, boozin', drug using  
Got some winning some losing, is it real or an illusion?  
I guess it's all a test, stress to paranoia  
Slim, go get a lawyer, make him prove nobody saw yaThe clock struck the midnight hour, I hit the [unverified]  
I see my man Infinite pimpin' shit for the team  
The millionaires club, Republicans make it difficult  
Kill or be killed's the result, I'm rollin' upThe [unverified], drinkin' [unverified], talkin' sports  
Herb smoke stimulates my thoughts  
It took me deeper than the reaper's domain  
To make it plain as hell  
I left my spirit to dwellBut let my lyrics rebel  
Documented on record to spark my [unverified] brain cell  
I kick a style like Bruce, rockin' this rotten metropolis  
Drugs, thugs and slugs, the scene it's so monotonousOne day it dawned on me as the time rolls by  
That the same thing that makes you laugh makes you cry  
Sometimes I feel I'm winnin', sinnin'  
Sittin' back in the MP, relax, talkin' 'bout a new beginning  
You see, I'm just an MC, I'm just an MCJust an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
I'm just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'I gotta get over, before I go under  
I gotta get over, before I go under privileged  
Trapped deep beneath the sewage  
I attend the university of making moneyFive makes ten, ten makes twenty  
Good n' plenty, keeps pockets from getting empty  
Blunts get pulled, different day same bull  
Shit, you can't own it, two [unverified] you manufacture itTake away profit now tell me what you get

I got a size eight, a fried chicken dinner plate  
I'm sellin' dreams, you know, rhymes by the weight  
Ten years of hustling, brung home the bacon, man More scramblin' than Moon and Cunningham  
You know, money for the makin', maintainin'  
Hustlin', for the president, causin' campaignin' [unverified]  
I'm just an MC, what I be? Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
I'm just an MC hustlin', hustlin'  
Just an MC hustlin', hustlin'

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>