Hustler

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[verse 1: lo-lo]Uno is for the money, deuce is for the show
Trey is for the video, what the fuck is fo'?
Fo' is for the hoes, and 5 to stay alive
That shoulda been number 1, cause I don't wanna die
Add 6 when I begin to flip the big benz
With the candy-coated paint, plus the 20" rims
And what they hittin fo', I roll 7 out the do'
Took his bankroll, plus his diamond and his gold
8: 'don't be late' is for my niggas paper-chasin
Got nines for trick niggas in the game player-hatin
10's is for my niggas locked down in the pen
And my niggas dead and gone, until we meet again
11 is for my poppy up in heaven
Tell God send me a blessing, cause I'm down here stressin
12 is for the records we sell, we're goin platinum
There's no turnin back now, so let's make it happen
[chorus:]All I ever wanted to do in my life was be a hustler
Some don't get it, but feel me when I spit it
It's all about the dollar
[verse 2: o.c. the sinister]It goes one for the money, two for the show
Everybody in the game know how it go
It's a whole lotta hoes, a whole lotta dough
Keeps me watchin on toes out my back window
Creep slow by the ghetto, we never go without the .44
For urban travel, watch the scandal
You petty rivals can't handle

Hit your block, increase props as we dismantle
Channel my vengeance through this sentence, I'm relentless
You bitches wanna spend this, then get pimped
We're never said to beat any listener senseless
Heavyweighters livin major, pumpin this here, no circumference
Who is this? o.c. the sinister
Navigatin, now we're raidin all over your area
I'm darin ya to static with this rap-a-lot shit
The camorra make hits, tag licks, like movin bricks
The lyricist full of canabis, livin extravagant
With elegant bitches, plottin riches
On quick-to-get-rich niggas full of liquor

C'll shine one time livin bigger
[chorus][verse 3: lo-lo & o.c.]Now everybody in the game know how it goes
Players like us do shows and pimp hoes
Oh-oh, it's the sinister and lo-lo comin through
Them niggas playa-hatin, what the fuck they wanna do?
I want peace, but if them niggas want beef
We gon' have to take the heat to the streets
Knawmean? they tryin to stop dreams and block creams
It seems like what? they hate to see us havin lavish things
Pictures in magazines, nice cars and diamond rings
Ah-ah, ah-ah, we can't have no fake niggas on our team
Now you watch my back, nigga, and I watch yours
One's for the dough, two's for the shows, hoes, and tours
[chorus]

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