

You Gotta Have Heart

Westside Connection

Aah, yir

Yeah, man

Wooh, yo

This rules everything man What don't hurt ya

Will only make you stronger

In this game you gotta have heart

This hustle will brake you down

Pull you apart Homie, the same thing make you laugh, make you cry

And in the fast lane the strong survive and the weak die

That's the way the ball bounce and I often wonder why

But I needs it all and not just a piece o' the pie

I used to hope and wish for everything I couldn't buy

I was a young ghetto-boy that grew up in the eye

So I bowed to be a hustler and reach for the sky

And not only am I ballin', right now is mo' ta' It's like a jungle sometime, you gotta hustle sometime

You gotta use your mind, mouth and your muscle sometime

You gotta grind, stop looking for a savior

Use what the fuck I gave ya, flavour, I'm in the gutter-lane

With the gutter-mouth tryin' to get out the gutter for my life sputter-out

If I was right and called my mamma a bitch

It wouldn't have took me this to to get this rich, I know What don't hurt ya

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Pull you apart What don't hurt ya

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Pull you apart I was raised, the young nigga was scwabble

In the city o' locs, no hope or rolemodels

The black sheep o' the family destined to fail

Predicted to spend my whole life in a jail-cell

Fucked up and not believin' the hype

I know I would be more than a fella

I zoomed up and see the light

Nigga, got my mind right, nigga, got my grind tight

Now a nigga is gettin' paid to skip skip through the lime-light See, we all got problems but some need addressin'

And so at night I hit my knees and thank him for my blessings

And ask him for forgiveness to minimize my stress

Nigga, continue to know how to dodge this Smith and Wesson
 And with his help I will perform in my best
 And it's still hard with all this temptation and testin'
 And if I'm wrong, I just accept it as a lesson
 As I conquer all my enemies and mashing with aggression, LordWhat don't hurt ya
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 Pull you apartAin't never been shoot like 50 Cent or 2 Pac 'cuz 2 shots is too many
 Too hot to go in me, I'd rather sip Remmy in the back of this Bentley
 And only fuck with niggas and you bitches that's friendly
 Dont forget what's up in me, fuck with my penne
 I pull out the semme, put hoe's up in Timmy
 Just fuck it, it's Babylon and nigga might have a bomb
 Just like the Taliban but I on never planI sit alone, I my fo' corner room loaded ammo
 'Cuz in these streets like there's a gamble
 And Run DMC, times is getting harder
 So I'm taking of my golf hat and kneelin' to the altar
 Old nigga say to young killers awaked you
 But when you got it only few homies stay true
 This game's like Russian Roulette, we hustle to death
 Mash for weather, make the devil marker for chedderWhat don't hurt ya
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 Pull you apartWhat don't hurt ya
 Will only make you stronger
 In this game you gotta have heart
 This hustle will brake you down
 Pull you apartYo, won't you just stopping fucking with us?
 You know what I'm saying, you take what you got
 I take what I got, just stop fucking with us
 You motherfuckers got everything and your still complaining
 You motherfuckers got everything and you still ain't happy
 It's you're world, motherfucker and you're ain't never gonna get it right
 Bitch!