# You Gotta Have Heart

## Westside Connection

Aah, yir
Yeah, man
Wooh, yo
This rules everything manWhat don't hurt ya
Will only make you stronger
In this game you gotta have heart
This hustle will brake you down
Pull you apartHomie, 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 knowWhat don't hurt ya
Will only make you stronger
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Pull you apartI 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-lightSee, 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 agression, LordWhat don't hurt ya
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Will only make you stronger
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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
Will only make you stronger
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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!

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