

# Bonafide Hustler

## Young Buck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, I'm a special kind of nigga with mines, you know?

I grind, I gets my paper, you know what I mean? Ha ha ha, oh yeah I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line,  
I'll cut ya

Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya

If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind

With my nine, I'm a bonafide hustler They say heaven's for church goers and hell's for the heathens

So I'ma just ball the fuck out while I'm breathin'

Eighth after eighth, what'chu know about that fast flip?

Crack spots, smoky fiends suckin' on that glass dick

Now Sham stay askin' for a dime for 9

I'll tell you what, I'll hook you up just one last time

Customs is comin' son is pumpin' watch the packs dissolve

Singles, C-notes to food stamps, we stackin it all That's that joint what's his name son? I don't remember  
That Haitian nigga with the guitar that sing "Gone 'Til November"

I do a buck-forty in the rain, hydroplanin'

Lamborghini Diablo, candy painted

Got that hydro burnin', got the burner in the stash

Hit the hazards, hit the AC, then it come out the dash

If fag-o in the club sonnin', niggaz start dumbin'

Start shootin' and I ain't strapped, fuck it I'm runnin' I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya

Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya

If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind

With my nine

I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya

Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya

If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind

With my nine, I'm a bonafide hustler I been out here for too long, I deserve to get a bird

The fiends know my name now from standin' on this curb

I got blood on my shirt, and a handful of crack

A bunch of lil' niggaz with dime sacks in they backpacks

Come and get it we got it, take a trip to the projects

You see the police, but we gon' sell our dope regardless

You niggaz know me, from fillin' up your heron needles  
I'm connected with them people who don't speak no englishWe ain't scared of the roll, we just get it and go  
You see them Tennessee tags nigga you already know  
I don't trust no hoes, that's how T got popped  
He showed a bitch where his stash was, she told it to the cops  
Me and Priest had the streets on lock  
He'd break down the blocks, I'd open up shop around the clock  
And I ain't gon' stop, so soon as you come home from the pen  
We at it again, we gettin' 'em for ten my niggaI'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya  
Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya  
If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind  
With my nine  
I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya  
Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya  
If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind  
With my nine, I'm a bonafide hustlerYou know I'm a hustler ey  
Now I'm headed down South and that's my word  
I'm on the Greyhound bout to move these birds  
And if these niggaz don't let me sling  
I'm out there robbin' everything  
Got a brand new mac, and a P-89  
Ya's a hustler, man I stay on the grind  
9 grams of heroin, a 100 grams of coke  
12 o's of mushrooms, 2 pounds of smoke3 gal's of dust juice and a tank of LSD  
And a thousand pills of every kind of ecstasy  
Hash, hashish, I bought a sixty-two  
When I was younger with my crew I had them niggaz sniffin' glue  
It's 40's to the gram to them truckers and bamas  
And I can chef up a miracle with Arm and Hammer  
I'm a hustler, man I supply the fiends  
I'm a hustler, nigga I'll sell you a dreamI'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya  
Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya  
If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind  
With my nine  
I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya  
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