

# International Hustler

## Connie Price & The Keystones

Now I go from overseas, back to the block  
Freeway, motherfucker, from the the, the Roc  
Any day you wanna see my get shot of your strip  
Everybody wanna be me, get paid off the block flip  
Scripts move and paid off the rappin'  
I'm makin' some things happen  
You make an attempt to see me then it's clip boom  
I'm makin' some things matchin'  
I'm froze, stuffy nose, we bounce wit machinery, ahh  
Choo, Free sneeze on you faggots  
Here the clip drop, reload the semi-automatic  
Get popped, then we seize keys like traffic  
Box whip, locksmith, move keys through traffic  
I'm like Boston, George and Blow  
Philadelphia Freeway keep yay from blocks of soap  
And y'all local, we international  
Grip rounds every time I hit towns  
And I hope y'all hear me in London and France  
I tote wax down there when I ain't luggin' the cannon  
And in Mecca I'm bowin', in Hawaii I'm landin'  
On an island, smokin' and thinkin'  
I hug blocks in the United States  
I cop cribs in Africa, y'all can't relate  
I kick box in Bancok, shark in Japan  
Play my part, switch vans every time I hitman  
And I, pull dimes every time I hit man  
Since I'ma little ludicrous international post dude  
And I, post up where you can't get man  
Make hits with Jigga man, gotta respect dude  
Much respect due, disrespect? You tek food  
Feed you to the bullets in front of your steps  
Pull it in front of your pets  
Brains in their bowl, you pet food  
Meanwhile I'm tryin' to make MJ moves  
Which one? either I fool  
Jordan or Jackson but until I get the fortune I'm snappin'  
Snatchin', I'll show you how the meat eyes do  
Give up weight, when you show 'em what them heaters do  
Nigga wait, don't be that rude

You can take weight from anybody

If he think that he that dude

Roc-A-Fella nigga, we that crew

Shake niggas, And 1mixtape niggas, we got moves

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And the flows sick damn, man

It's a man's world nigga, sit down you girl, niggas

That's why I bring pounds around you girl, niggas

'Case I gotta cock it back and clap on motherfucka, what?

Don't need a pound to sound you girl, niggas

But the pound's loud sound'll drown you mothafucka's ears

Yeah, it's Freeway young scarpper

Say my name wrong, I'll lodge a bullet in your nappy hair

Yeah, it's the flow of the decade

Studio, backwoods, 'dro and the Pepsi do it the best way

I was thirteen, cockin' the tek back, look how the tek spray

Now I dribble down, V-A motherfucka

For schizlle you'll see Free my nozzle

Oh, yeah, don't forget the Way motherfucka

Any stupid motherfucka in my way gettin' crippled

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