

Tales of a Hustler

Beanie Sigel

Yeah Sparks in here, The Truth in here, yeah
Yeah, witness, tales of a hustler, I'm going to ride nigga
Ya know, this just the life we live, this just the life we lead
Yeah, yeah, gangsta, tales, tales, gangsta, yeah, sugarcoat Omillio Sparks, the young gun
My life as an adolescent said I'll go through something
Other guys try to stand in my way like brick walls
So I kept guns in my palm like Messiah scripts in Psalms I should fear no man but God
So Lord knows we could get it on
Guns baptized guys testing my pride
Clearing my conscience in the liquor store With a fifth of Thunderbird but I be guzzling hard
Playing the corners with a washed up old-head
Chant tunes by the Whispers
Same corner where I banged at with niggaz Cops drive by and grin on us, if they grabbed then
One of them nosy neighbors done snitched on us
(Again?)
Hey this game juicy, got me puffing looseys
Every two days interrogated by the police See, this life I live cost more than your Roley's money
It cost my homie Nook his whole life, ya heard me?
When he was here it was easy to love him like a brother
Now that's he's gone I find it difficult to talk to his mother I mean, what do you say to a woman that's just lost
her only son
To the game and the gun except "Mami, I'ma ride for him"
The look that she gave me like, "Sparks you got some nerve"
'Cause most of these niggas don't keep their words Now I'm under pressure and I can't even break that type of
promise
And y'all niggas paint that picture risking your freedom
On the strength of memories of him, the time he made you laugh
The time he bust his gat when them other niggas ran
How real is that? Omillio Sparks, niggas holla back Tales of a hustler In this life you not promised tomorrow, so
take the bitter
With the sweet and maintain in these vicious streets
Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money
Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie, tales of a hustler In this life you not promised tomorrow, so take
the bitter
With the sweet and maintain in these vicious streets
Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money
Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie, tales of a hustler I'm back to the block with it, wait let me clear
that up
I'm back to the blocks that you get when your block get it

Get hard with that hot water when the pot hit it
Get large with a little water when you pop wip itI send hope to late scramblers
Sling coke to you late you scramblers
Go broke sling soap to you late night scramblers
No joke, I'm a crook, catch hooks broke, late night gamblersLook, you loose limbs when fuck with him that be
I strapped and high, FBI all on back want to trap the guy
Got niggas in all black want to snatch my pies
Never that too many gats, too many gunsToo many vest, tough guys not to many left
Where they at? Dead or locked behind bars in jail
I know I ain't too far from hell
I'll spit the devil these bars in hellDog I been through it son, look at my scars and tell
Catch Mac in a Chevy truck slightly tented
No excuses on who might be in it
You know passenger twisting backwoods, slightly spinningCrack the window, the indo slightly scented
Splash of haze and hash lightly blented
Put the pressure on niggas who might be timid
Like, you got like a minuteTo put the cash in this bag or ya ass
Just might be in it in small piece
I'll snatch your family up, start from tall nephews
To your small nieces, bitchesIn this life you not promised tomorrow, so take the bitter
With the sweet and maintain in these vicious streets
Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money
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