

# Hustler's Story

## Notorious B.i.g.

Akon and B. I.G. yeah Niggaz talkin' it but ain't livin' it  
Cristyle pop I'm sippin' it, mob hats and lizard shit  
Gator chunks bitch, rollin' blunts with the willyist of the Willie  
Hitch link cop, M1's and 9-Milli's, stories like a motherfucker  
Model bitch is wonderin' if I'ma fuck with her  
She knows I treat my bitches like gavana  
Dolce and Gabbana drippin', Big Poppa never slippin'  
H-Class diamond, shinin', dinner with wifey whinin', dinin'  
Smokin' cigars and Bogatar with Columbian nigga's  
Named Panama and Enrique and shit, games we play, life endin'  
Bitches bendin' over with ease for a pair of Moschino jeans  
Donna Karan Tank-top I got your bank stock, say  
who's on top?  
Benjamins under the rest of them, advancing from duplex to mansion  
Stashin' keys, hidin' g's over seas, VCR's in my veins  
Game elevates, money I make into stocks and real estate, bitch  
Jet-skiing in the Caribbean, white sand, discussin' plans with my man  
Dark blue land, smoke tint, chrome rims  
And a system that leave my rear views trembling  
Whatchu gonna do when poppa catch ya attitude  
Drop to your knees and show gratitude  
Kiss my ring, it's a frank white thing  
I stay potent, bitches devoted, take my dick and deep throat it  
Eternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine  
Lookin' for this hour glass of time  
Tryna find my purpose on this grand design  
Is there anybody out there living  
4, 5, 6's on the streets they shootin'  
Is there any money out there for me?  
You just listen to this hustler's story  
Picture me, a product of the zone three  
Scareless, don't know what I am supposed to be  
Shit 'cause, money never came to me  
When shit shout, I suffered unshamelessly  
The Lord humble nigga's especially if they act like  
They too big for they draws when they stacks right  
Think I'm bullshittin' a buncha niggas back like  
Right back home hungry, they stacks gone they forget price  
I know a nigga sold his soul for a nickel rock  
I know some hoe's for some dro you can hit the cock  
I know a nigga workin' 9-5 been on it  
Fifteen years ain't got a car to drive  
I know some niggas wanna act hard flicks bitch  
Fake jack boys, can't rob, get killed  
Got kinfolk back yard big whips  
That's got to lift my homeboys this year  
Eternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine  
Lookin' for this hour glass of time  
Tryna find my purpose on this grand design  
Is there anybody out there living  
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Is there any money out there for me?  
You just listen to this hustler's story Akon, while B.I.G. is sittin' up with Enrique  
I'm on the coastline politician' with Jose  
We got the birds flyin' in the Coupe all day  
Tryin' to find a new way to smuggle in pure yay We 'bout our business, ain't no small time thieves  
If you ain't growing the caine then we ain't gonna meet  
See, I am the one to call when things get deep  
And my Africans will put your main man to sleep Now, in Mexico far from the block  
Tryin' to figure out how many glocks to a box  
Now, sellin' arms is what has rocks in my socks  
If you can show me the money, here's the keys to the lock Now, yeah, you know the streets is my territory  
Ain't scared of nothing, let you fear it for me  
Yeah, whether win, lose or draw  
Believe the death is waiting for all Eternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine  
Lookin' for this hour glass of time  
Tryna find my purpose on this grand design Is there anybody out there living  
4, 5, 6's on the streets they shootin'  
Is there any money out there for me?  
You just listen to this hustler's story Nigga's is quick to chuck rocks and hide hands  
Make a break for it, get away from it  
That was the plan but The whole time I've been plotting on this man  
Caught him slipping and sleepin'  
I hit his ass with the cane  
Here's something that you can't understand  
How can one be so cold and snatch a nigga so down I am on some get back shit, there comes a time  
In every mans mind when he's deeper than dollar signs  
I been on the grind, got homies doing time  
Behind niggas actin' like bitches and bitches droppin' dimes Duckin' and dockin', pussy's is red wise  
Niggaz is been telling no, there ain't no way that it slimmed  
But nothin', we gotta ride and and we gotta die  
So you catch up to his ass before I catch up, give him mine  
But that's one thing the real nigga here despise  
I'm a 5K one killer, I've set his ass on fire Eternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine  
Lookin' for this hour glass of time  
Tryna find my purpose on this grand design Is there anybody out there living  
4, 5, 6's on the streets they shootin'  
Is there any money out there for me?  
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