Hustler's Story

Notorious B.i.g.

Akon and B. I.G. yeahNiggaz 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 motherfuckerModel 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 jeansDonna 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 manDark 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 itEternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine
Lookin' for this hour glass of time
Tryna find my purpose on this grand designIs 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 storyPicture 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 unshamelesslyThe 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 priceI 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 driveI 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 yearEternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine
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Is there any money out there for me?
You just listen to this hustler's storyAkon, 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 yayWe 'bout our business, ain't no small time thiefs
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 sleepNow, 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 lockNow, 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 allEternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine
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You just listen to this hustler's storyNigga's is quick to chuck rocks and hide hands
Make a break for it, get away from it
That was the plan butThe 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 downI 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' dimesDuckin' 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 fireEternal sunshine in this elevated world of mine
Lookin' for this hour glass of time
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