Hustlers

The Stuyvesants

Yeah
Sup wit' these lame ass niggas, man?
I'm tellin' you
Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit, you kna' mean?
Like y'all built like that
Y'all niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'
Y'all niggas ain't ready for this shit
If a nigga know the Memph I ain't the type to front
I'll put any gun to you what type you want?
Supply any drug for you what high you want?
Bag any chick for you nicer slut
Yeah, I push hot fees my niggas got cheese
You run around frontin' like you niggas got keys
You never flipped burgers your krew, I ain't heard of
Matter of fact, I'll murder ya
I heard you niggas spit shit but it's indirect
Say my name and see where I end this tech
I got a lot of love for this but dawg, I'm real
When it's beef, it's beef when it's rap, it's real
Nuttin' between a lot of frontin' I seen
I done analyzed this game it's nuttin' but schemes
New ways to sell records I aim for it
Put it out if it's hot, not, just ignore it
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know
We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'
We them gangstas that's who we be
We got cheese pop three for R O C
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know
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Yo, yo this is my ghetto I eat, sleep, breathe here
To tell the truth, dawg none of us gon' leave here
We die young, go to jail for murder 1
On a come-up, nigga and that's where I'm from
I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit
I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit
I'ma catch you when you sit put 4 in yo whip
Catch your girl in the club put nut in your bitch

Niggas wanna see the Memph go and lose his cool
Go and use his tool, nigga, use the fool
You could bootleg my shit I want me a chunk
Deuce I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk
What part of that you don't understand, or ain't hear?
Misinterpurate, dawg, I put work in
I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol
Still keep them thangs next to the abdomenol
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Uh, uh, uh yeah before these rhymes
I was bustin' these nines before these raps
I was bustin' my gat before the vocal groups
I spoke with the truth
Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?
Imagine my raps if I wasn't in touch with the street
On the block, deep wit my peeps touchin' the heat
I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps huster wit beats
You niggas is lame you catz can't touch what I reach
And quiet as kept you niggas can't hush what I speech
My story's too deep life real, clear as the streets
See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep
You niggas know me the cat who be tearin' these streets
Ain't nothin' changed but my name when I appeared on these beats
It's Bien Mac
Sigel was the name that they gave me
The streets that is I'm tryin' to teach that, kids
'Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns
Ay yo, the sun don't go down we go 'round
We them hustlers and that's who y'all know
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