

Hustler

Sants

[verse 1: lo-lo]Uno is for the money, deuce is for the show

Trey is for the video, what the fuck is fo'?

Fo' is for the hoes, and 5 to stay alive

That shoulda been number 1, cause I don't wanna die

Add 6 when I begin to flip the big benz

With the candy-coated paint, plus the 20" rims

And what they hittin fo', I roll 7 out the do'

Took his bankroll, plus his diamond and his gold

8: 'don't be late' is for my niggas paper-chasin

Got nines for trick niggas in the game player-hatin

10's is for my niggas locked down in the pen

And my niggas dead and gone, until we meet again

11 is for my poppy up in heaven

Tell God send me a blessing, cause I'm down here stressin

12 is for the records we sell, we're goin platinum

There's no turnin back now, so let's make it happen

[chorus:]All I ever wanted to do in my life was be a hustler

Some don't get it, but feel me when I spit it

It's all about the dollar

[verse 2: o.c. the sinister]It goes one for the money, two for the show

Everybody in the game know how it go

It's a whole lotta hoes, a whole lotta dough

Keeps me watchin on toes out my back window

Creep slow by the ghetto, we never go without the .44

For urban travel, watch the scandal

You petty rivals can't handle

Hit your block, increase props as we dismantle

Channel my vengeance through this sentence, I'm relentless

You bitches wanna spend this, then get pimped

We're never said to beat any listener senseless

Heavyweights livin major, pumpin this here, no circumference

Who is this? o.c. the sinister

Navigatin, now we're raidin all over your area

I'm darin ya to static with this rap-a-lot shit

The camorra make hits, tag licks, like movin bricks

The lyricist full of cannabis, livin extravagant

With elegant bitches, plottin riches

On quick-to-get-rich niggas full of liquor

C'll shine one time livin bigger
[chorus][verse 3: lo-lo & o.c.]Now everybody in the game know how it goes
Players like us do shows and pimp hoes
Oh-oh, it's the sinister and lo-lo comin through
Them niggas playa-hatin, what the fuck they wanna do?
I want peace, but if them niggas want beef
We gon' have to take the heat to the streets
Knawmean? they tryin to stop dreams and block creams
It seems like what? they hate to see us havin lavish things
Pictures in magazines, nice cars and diamond rings
Ah-ah, ah-ah, we can't have no fake niggas on our team
Now you watch my back, nigga, and I watch yours
One's for the dough, two's for the shows, hoes, and tours
[chorus]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>