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 cant 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 it I 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 gamblers Look, 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 guns Too 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 hell Dog 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 spinning Crack 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 minute To 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, bitches 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

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/

Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie, tales of a hustler