

I'm a Hustler

50 Cent

Rule number one don't go against the grain

Rule number two give respect where respect due

Rule number three if you get knocked, play games and say names

The 45 will tear you out the frameIt's like the rich get richer and the poor don't get fuckin' thing

Don't mean nothin' changed but the things my money bring

My style will leave you aggy like them cats in jail

You peoples got pleany money, actin' like they ain't got bailI feel for you niggas gettin' shot while I'm sayin'
this rhyme

Or niggas in the mess hall gettin' shot on shallow lines

An old timer schooled me don't burn bridges my friend

Imagine the G-Dub close and yo ass gotta swimI watch the fifth melt a nigga melt a nigga of the sidewalk of
New York

Me and shorty saw from afar and had a talk

He said I told 'em if he came around I'd clap him, I gave him my word

Look at his head its still shakin' he had alot of nerveIf it wasn't for the flow

I'd probably have to double back bubble crack

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustlerIf it wasn't for the flow

I'd probably have to double back bubble crack

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustlerYo, when the fed come in the game loyalty is limited

Hardcore niggas start actin' feminine

With the feds you do eighty five percent of your time

Duke you get ten you'll damn near do nineHate a liar more than I hate thief

A thief is only after my salary, a liar is after my reality

The streets I know 'em like my ABC's

Stay away from the D's and stack ya cheese

Try to see three hundred G's 'fore you see three hundred C's

Tree top to feel the breeze co connect for key'sYo bitches sexin' me take me to ecstacy

Once I nut, I don't want 'em next to me

(Ahh, oh shit)

If it's on mother fucker believe I'm gonna ride

I'm the type to swallow my blood 'fore I swallow my pride

Letters on my shirt read DKNY

Got grimy niggas runnin' with me from BKNYIf it wasn't for the flow

I'd probably have to double back bubble crack

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustlerThey say I don't sound like a killer, well, how a killer sound
I bet I grab a foe pound and back that ass down
See many men live baby and many men die
Many men get drunk puff lah and stay highHere's a jewel love you enemies and hate your friends
Your enemies remain the same friends always change
I don't quit that theres more that one way to skin a cat
You can get him in the face dog or down his backAll bullshit aside now it's time to be honest
I fear no man for death is all thats promised
I got niggas standin' in line waitin' to hear me spit
From eighty six to ninety six the game went from sugar to shitThis for you niggas in the background dyin' to
shine
I hate you like fiends who ask for a dime for nine
Don't nothin' change in the game but faces and names
Skate to wait to date and the jakeIf it wasn't for the flow
I'd probably have to double back bubble crack
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

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