

# The Problem vs. The Hustla

## Cassidy

Ladies and gentleman, I'd like to welcome y'all here tonight  
You all about to witness one of the greatest battles  
To ever go down in hip-hop  
In this corner, I'd like to introduce Cassidy, the Problem  
And in that corner is Cassidy, the HustlaBattlers to the center of the ring  
I want a nice clean battle I don't want you spittin'  
None of that shit you was spittin', last week, last month  
I want it off the top of the head I don't want your man ad-libbing your shit  
I don't want your man ad-libbing your shit  
Touch mics let's go I'm in the zone boy and I got the chrome boy  
I'll have blood gushing out your dome or your homeboy  
I'm a threat see you should of left me alone, boy  
I'm real to the chromosome, you a clone boy Chicks get bone I'm know for getting dome, boy  
Probably got your baby mom number in my phone, boy  
And if I'm hittin' the click, up dick sucks  
Had your bitch in the telly throwin' her 6 up Yea we made her lick nuts then hop on the 6 bus  
After this is over, they gon try say this was fixed up  
They gon' be like he cheated that's why he beated  
I've been in wild battles and won I'm undefeated The punch lines that I put in the streets  
Even made freeway say, put on a beat  
Only the strong prevail I know but a shell  
Make him yell like hoes when I perform hotel Break it up, break it up  
Battlers back to your corner Look kid I told you this shit wasn't gonna be easy  
I need you to get in there hit 'em  
With those punch lines, those metaphors You gotta make sure your flow your delivery  
You gotta make sure all that's on point  
Hurt his feelings, bite his head off Listen to this all that lip will get you and your man bodied  
I'm the man you a bitch in a man's body  
You a disgrace who wrote your shit? Mase?  
Your album wasn't nothing like the shit on the mix tapes First you was hustling bustin' them shells  
Then you went commercial to get a couple of sells  
That's what you got a couple of sells  
And you probably wouldn't of sold loads if wasn't for Kels Well you was crazy man with the punch line flow  
But now you the ladies man where the punch lines go  
Yo it don't get no better  
You was smiling chi-town stepping but ain't get no cheddar If you a star I'm a galaxy nigga  
One verse'll merk all your personalities nigga  
You garbage and ain't nothing trash about me  
I'M the hustler muthafucker ask about me, ask about me pussy Oh shit, break it up, break it up, back to your

corners

This the last round, I want y'all to both spit eight bars a piece  
No more than eight bars Cassidy, the problem I want you to go first  
Then Cassidy the Hustla I want you to go next  
You ready? Get in I got shit on lock, like I'm constipated you will get abominated  
I ain't lyricist of the year but I was nominated  
Where your strip at, you ain't hustling nigga  
That track would have been wack if it wasn't for jigga I'm a ladies man, chicks loving a nigga  
But I'll still put a slug in a nigga brat  
Real funny I went gold but get money on the road  
And I own a hundred percent of my publishing, nigga Okay, okay, okay, that's it, that's it  
Cassidy the hustler you ready?  
It's your turn eight bars, let's go You don't really want the drama nigga  
You'll take more shots in your face then Madonna, nigga  
You get ate I'm like Dahmer, nigga  
You don't battle you make songs for the chicks like Mashonda, nigga The best is me I got stripes like a referee  
And coke comin' in on boats like a refugee  
You should switch flow nigga your shit gold  
When I drop I'ma shit more than your shit sold, nigga That's it, that's it, it's over, it's over, we have a winner  
The new heavyweight freestyle champion of the world  
Cassidy, the Hustla Okay kid, what are you planning to do after this victory  
I mean you know, I'ma keep getting money, keep hustling  
Keep doing what I do and if you bastards doubt me

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