

Bonafide Hustler

Young Buck

Yeah, I'm a special kind of nigga with mines, you know?
I grind, I gets my paper, you know what I mean? Ha ha ha, oh yeah
I'm a bonafide hustler, nigga get out of line, I'll cut ya
Me, I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya
If you, play games with mine, I can match it from behind
With my nine, I'm a bonafide hustler
They say heaven's for church goers and hell's for the heathens
So I'ma just ball the fuck out while I'm breathin'
Eighth after eighth, what'chu know about that fast flip?
Crack spots, smoky fiends suckin' on that glass dick
Now Sham stay askin' for a dime for 9
I'll tell you what, I'll hook you up just one last time
Customs is comin' son is pumpin' watch the packs dissolve
Singles, C-notes to food stamps, we stackin it all
That's that joint what's his name son? I don't remember
That Haitian nigga with the guitar that sing "Gone 'Til November"
I do a buck-forty in the rain, hydroplanin'
Lamborghini Diablo, candy painted
Got that hydro burnin', got the burner in the stash
Hit the hazards, hit the AC, then it come out the dash
If fag-o in the club sonnin', niggaz start dumbin'
Start shootin' and I ain't strapped, fuck it I'm runnin'
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I been out here for too long, I deserve to get a bird
The fiends know my name now from standin' on this curb
I got blood on my shirt, and a handful of crack
A bunch of lil' niggaz with dime sacks in they backpacks
Come and get it we got it, take a trip to the projects
You see the police, but we gon' sell our dope regardless
You niggaz know me, from fillin' up your heron needles
I'm connected with them people who don't speak no english
We ain't scared of the roll, we just get it and go

You see them Tennessee tags nigga you already know
I don't trust no hoes, that's how T got popped
He showed a bitch where his stash was, she told it to the cops
Me and Priest had the streets on lock
He'd break down the blocks, I'd open up shop around the clock
And I ain't gon' stop, so soon as you come home from the pen
We at it again, we gettin' 'em for ten my nigga
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You know I'm a hustler ey
Now I'm headed down South and that's my word
I'm on the Greyhound bout to move these birds
And if these niggaz don't let me sling
I'm out there robbin' everything
Got a brand new mac, and a P-89
Ya's a hustler, man I stay on the grind
9 grams of heroin, a 100 grams of coke
12 o's of mushrooms, 2 pounds of smoke
3 gal's of dust juice and a tank of LSD
And a thousand pills of every kind of ecstasy
Hash, hashish, I bought a sixty-two
When I was younger with my crew I had them niggaz sniffin' glue
It's 40's to the gram to them truckers and bamas
And I can chef up a miracle with Arm and Hammer
I'm a hustler, man I supply the fiends
I'm a hustler, nigga I'll sell you a dream
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