

Hustlers

The Game feat. Nas

Yeah

Sup wit' these lame ass niggas, man?

I'm tellin' you

Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit, you kna' mean?

Like y'all built like that

Y'all niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'

Y'all niggas ain't ready for this shit

If a nigga know the Memph I ain't the type to front

I'll put any gun to you what type you want?

Supply any drug for you what high you want?

Bag any chick for you nicer slut

Yeah, I push hot fees my niggas got cheese

You run around frontin' like you niggas got keys

You never flipped burgers your krew, I ain't heard of

Matter of fact, I'll murder ya

I heard you niggas spit shit but it's indirect

Say my name and see where I end this tech

I got a lot of love for this but dawg, I'm real

When it's beef, it's beef when it's rap, it's real

Nuttin' between a lot of frontin' I seen

I done analyzed this game it's nuttin' but schemes

New ways to sell records I aim for it

Put it out if it's hot, not, just ignore it

We them hustlers and that's who y'all know

We get low, get dough flip gold for sho'

We them gangstas that's who we be

We got cheese pop three for R O C

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Yo, yo this is my ghetto I eat, sleep, breathe here

To tell the truth, dawg none of us gon' leave here

We die young, go to jail for murder 1

On a come-up, nigga and that's where I'm from

I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit

I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit

I'ma catch you when you sit put 4 in yo whip

Catch your girl in the club put nut in your bitch

Niggas wanna see the Memph go and lose his cool
Go and use his tool, nigga, use the fool
You could bootleg my shit I want me a chunk
Deuce I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk
What part of that you don't understand, or ain't hear?
Misinterpurate, dawg, I put work in
I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol
Still keep them thangs next to the abdomenol
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Uh, uh, uh yeah before these rhymes
I was bustin' these nines before these raps
I was bustin' my gat before the vocal groups
I spoke with the truth
Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?
Imagine my raps if I wasn't in touch with the street
On the block, deep wit my peeps touchin' the heat
I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps huster wit beats
You niggas is lame you catz can't touch what I reach
And quiet as kept you niggas can't hush what I speech
My story's too deep life real, clear as the streets
See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep
You niggas know me the cat who be tearin' these streets
Ain't nothin' changed but my name when I appeared on these beats

It's Bien Mac

Sigel was the name that they gave me
The streets that is I'm tryin' to teach that, kids
'Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns
Ay yo, the sun don't go down we go 'round
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