

I'mma Die a Hustla

Blac Haze

For real, Yeah

[Chorus]

How ya gonna die?

When ya die, nigga

I'mma die a hustla

I'mma die makin money

How ya gonna die

When ya die, nigga

I'mma die a hustla

For real, Yeah

How ya gonna die

When ya die, nigga

I'mma die a hustla

(repeat)

I'm smokin weed and shit

My baby mama keep sayin she don't need this shit

She said I ain't doin nothin for my Shorty

I'm like "Whatever"

As I'm sippin on the forty

Uhh, Yeah

I got my mind on the come up

Cause I'm a G

36 ounces to a key

I need to be,

On the road with my niggaz from the hood

Screamin "It's all good, It's all good, It's all good"

I often wonder should I stay in the game

Cause I got too many enemies takin aim

I learned that niggaz that beef

Be tryin to kill niggaz

So if you see me hangin

I'm hangin with real niggaz

And I'll be bustin at bitches and shit

Tryin to get the ? out

Swervin at my ride bout to wreck out

Damn

I can't complain cause that's the life I chose

Nigga I'ma be a hustler til my casket close
And everybody's tellin me "You movin too fast"
The street life don't last
Look at your homie's that past
And even though deep inside
I know they talkin true shit
I still wanna do shit
Nigga I'mma die a hustla

[Chorus]

Ain't got no time for fuckin with hoes
They gotta wait
Cause a nigga gotta get his money straight
Cause niggaz be actin shady
When it come to green
Don't be fuckin with my money
If you come then come clean
You fools better wise up
I'm like ?
Cause I'ma to the nigga
Ask questions later
If I'ma die nigga
I'm not dyin alone
I'll be until my bullets gone
And only real niggaz, can feel my pain
I once thought I was crazy
But now I know I'm insane
Smokin out
I'm the king of the base point
Me and my niggaz rollin up a fat laced joint
Tryin to survive
I need paper to fold
Every other day I'm violatin parole
Am I going back to jail?
I'll be damned if I will
I ain't shootin to stop a nigga
I'm shootin to kill
I lived my whole entire life in the fast lane
That's why I'm burned out
Never thought the streets would have a niggaz soul turned out
I'ma get me, no matter how I get it
And tell the police that Blac Haze did it
I'mma die a hustla

(For real, yeah)

[Chorus]

Could it be the street life?
Or am I really losin my mind?
I get the trippin nigga with my nine
When I low my shit you better stand clear
And call the coroner cause there's a dead man here
See, I be watchin the niggaz who wanna be large
Or maybe bigger
I catch a hot one and get to pullin on the trigger
That's why I'm packin five
When I'm packin key's
So many homies, that turned into my enemies
So don't be fakin this shit
Like if you gonna blast
Cause when I turn out the lights
You all outta gas
They got me caught up in the drama of the inner city
Who can a nigga trust?
Everybody's actin shitty
I don't know where to turn
So I'ma chill back
And I'ma tighten my grip when I feel slacked
I don't want no small change
I want a big caper
I'm runnin with the big boys
Makin big papers
Cause when I roll I'll be rollin with a dirty clip
Dirty guns and dirty bullets make you dirty quick
And we be layin playa haters down
Like the law
You said you want it
We serve it raw
Nigga I'mma die a hustla

(for real, yeah)

[Chorus]

Oooooo tell me do you know, do you know, do you know

Lyrics submitted by Owen.

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