We Hustle

Big Tymers

[Juvenile]Listen,
It's a fresh package I got - why not move it
Keepin' it in the house 'll have the Feds locked to it
Business as usual is goin' on in the slums
We want the whole cake, nigga - we don't want no crums
Stupid shit - we avoid it
Dope - we exploit it
Had our shit tight bitches done destroyed it
Now niggas gettin' out lookin' for employers
Made a deal with the D.A. and the lawyer
Swearin' he would never tell - put it on his daughter
Sayin' he was outta town - nigga crossed the border
Should've bust his head, but I don't need the heat
I'll send another nigga out to handle beef for me
It's a test 'cause I've been given him a ki a week
Let me see what they gon' do up on the streets for me
And if he hand me his business, I'ma make sure he's straight
The only nigga out the project Magnolia with weight
(Hook [Turk])
Nigga, we hustle hustle everyday, all day
Get our grind on in the project hallway
Nigga try to hit a hustle, they get burnt with a K
Hot Boys and Big Tymers - they surely don't play
We hustle hustle everyday, all day
Get our grind on in the project hallway
Nigga try to hit a hustle, they get burnt with a K
Hot Boys and Big Tymers - they surely don't play
[B.G.]Started out with a seven-gram quarter, flipped to half-a-ounce
Tryin' to keep clothes on my daughter and food in her mouth
It don't stop from sun-up to sun-down - I'm on the grind
In two weeks I was workin' a 16-25
Tryin' to get it - only thing in my vision is ballin'
Jumpin' out a 500-S class on brodders
So you only had a nickel like me hustlin' hard
'Fore I knew I was workin' four ounces and two quarters
Not a taker I'm scarred from (? ?)
Swore he was gon' front just bringin' his shit
Now I got a quarter ki - broke it down to six and two quarters
It's cooked already - I got these niggas runnin' like water

Slowly, I'm comin' up - scorin' a ounce since fronted nine
Had this nigga - only said what they workin', the block is mine
Got hustlin' skills in my blood - come from my pa
That's how I know the game 'cause at a young age I was taught
(Hook2x [Turk])
We hustle hustle everyday, all day
Get our grind on in the project hallway
Nigga try to hit a hustle, they get burnt with a K
Hot Boys and Big Tymers - they surely don't play
[Baby]
Brother, you my hustler, and K.C. my killer
Michael, (?), Curl, y'all lay back and peep these niggas
Dubbed all and wide open (whatever) whatever, my nigga
Big (?) grab the glock out to shoot, my nigga
Then if it go down, I know you're ridin', nigga
But it's cool - I lost some hot boys, my nigga
But I'm a fool untamed by the children in this game
Tre, go grab them things, we gon' get paid, man
Joe Casey know a nigga wan' buy some things
I start in the hood, I keep it real with my goods
Lac, hurry up back, I know a nigga wan' buy some crack
Smack a whole brick on that bitch when it come back
Stone, you play the cuts and watch my back
Magnolia Shorty, take these stacks and meet me at the shack
I'm 'bout to go to a car lot on veterans, black
And buy that new black-on-black 2G Cadillac
(Hook [Turk])
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[Mannie Fresh]What
What
What
Remember when shit was a easy task
Back in the days that passed
When bitches use to cut class
Just to let a dumb nigga hit that ass
Now everything fucked up
Sure virgin pussy gon' cost you a-hundred bucks
Nigga, that use to be the man shit outta luck

Young niggas walkin' 'round with that duck
Some say, "Play with your nose."
Some say, "Fuck them hoes."
Some say, "You're fat. Work out and get a six-pack."
I say, "Fuck all that, I'd rather have six facts."
Young niggas done drove me to pack a heater
Fuck drawin' up the meat beaters
They tryin' to defeat us
Move us out and delete us
Erase us niggas from the face of the earth
Put your dick in the dirt
No how, no way, daddy, it won't work
I refuse to be a statistic
DNA ballistic
With a closed casket
'Cause some young nigga blasted my brains on the side
Lil' daddy, I'ma swing wide and let everything out here feel me
You ain't gon' do it - old age gon' kill me

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