

Hustler (feat. Hoodlumz)

Scarface

Uno is for the money, deuce is for the show
Trey is for the video, what the fuck is fo'?
Fo' is for the hoes, and 5 to stay alive
That shoulda been number 1, cause I don't want to die
Add 6 when I begin to flip the big Benz
With the candy-coated paint, plus the 20" rims
And what they hittin' fo', I roll 7 out the do'
Took his bankroll, plus his diamond and his gold
8: 'Don't be late' is for my niggas paper-chasin'
Got Nines for trick niggas in the game player-hatin'
10's is for my niggas locked down in the pen
And my niggas dead and gone, until we meet again
11 is for my poppy up in heaven
Tell God send me a blessing, cause I'm down here stressin'
12 is for the records we sell, we're goin' platinum
There's no turnin' back now, so let's make it happen[Chorus]
All I ever wanted to do in my life was be a hustler
Some don't get it, but feel me when I spit it
It's all about the dollarIt goes one for the money, two for the show
Everybody in the game know how it go
It's a whole lotta hoes, a whole lotta dough
Keeps me watchin' on toes out my back window
Creep slow by the ghetto, we never go without the .44
For urban travel, watch the scandal
You petty rivals can't handle
Hit your block, increase props as we dismantle
Channel my vengeance through this sentence, I'm relentless
You bitches want to spend this, then get pimped
We're never said to beat any listener senseless
Heavy weighters livin' major, pumpin' this here, no circumference
Who is this? O.C. The Sinister
Navigatin', now we're raidin' all over your area
I'm darin' ya to static with this Rap-A-Lot shit
The Camorra make hits, tag licks, like movin' bricks
The lyricist full of canabis, livin' extravagant
With elegant bitches, plottin' riches
On quick-to-get-rich niggas full of liquor
see'll shine one time livin' bigger[Chorus]Now everybody in the game know how it goes
Players like us do shows and pimp hoes

Oh-oh, it's the Sinister and Lo-Lo comin' through
Them niggas playa-hatin', what the fuck they want to do?
I want peace, but if them niggas want beef
We gon' have to take the heat to the streets
Kna mean? They tryin' to stop dreams and block creams
It seems like what? They hate to see us havin' lavish things
Pictures in magazines, nice cars and diamond rings
Ah-ah, ah-ah, we can't have no fake niggas on our team
Now you watch my back, nigga, and I watch yours
One's for the dough, two's for the shows, hoes, and tours[Chorus]

Songwriters

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