

Tales Of A Hustler Pt.2

Beanie Sigel

Court casin', third felony facin'
No probation, my heart racin' like a blunt lacin'
Hennessey and malt liquor chasin'
My gem star scarrin' niggaz faces
For a pound of trey eight and
I throw bullets like Dallas Troy Aikman
The callous on my index stay achin'
Niggaz stay hatin', got me late night pacin'
I'm tight boot lacin', mask on like I'm Jason
Shoot up shit like Larry Davis
You play the pulpit like Pastor Mason
Turn cheek like Martin Luther
I'm like Oswald sharp-shootin'
Got my eyes on my mark in the dark shootin'
Beam illuminate the target movin'
Get your organs ruined, move out like SWAT move in
Got them niggaz on the back-block rootin'
For the bad guy, playground legend like Sadait
P. Kirkland, my MP state workin', shootin' arm stay jerkin'
My Nextel stay chripin', can't answer 'cause the feds lurkin'
Its like we catchin' cancer on purpose
Back to back chain smoking, nicotine fein'in'
Conversation with demons when I'm dreamin', manic depressive
Like the man upstairs tryin' to pass me a lesson, but I can't catch it
The game under break the pressure, they miss my presence
We still not promised tomorrow, takin' the bitter with the sweet
Up in these cold ass streets, we got lifestyles through our scars
We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler
We still not promised tomorrow, takin' the bitter with the sweet
Up in these cold ass streets, we got lifestyles through our scars
We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler
I'm feelin' like deaths in the air
Got me back to back buckin' my squares
But I ain't bitchin', I ain't scared
I ain't budgin', in fact the thrill alone turns me on
Got me smiling, laughin', clutchin'
My toast and confrontin' mother fuckers
Cockroaches will not catch me laughin'
Skinny and slim fram y'all get it the same

Cool niggaz that'll spin out they waves
Grimey niggaz that'll spin to they graves
Justifyin' my foul ways, I got kids to raise
But motherfuckers rather see me sprayed, than to see me pair fucker
Or see me on the front page like Sig
Or stay rolled DC with B. Sig
You bitch niggaz stay PC when y'all see me
Until the day that they fit me in the grave
And the city wreak of me, we got the city under siege
S P or R O C
Poverty is a movie starrin' me
Ride with no play the passenger seat
So y'all can see how my life so real
So y'all can see how my life so ill
We still not promised tomorrow, takin' the bitter with the sweet
Up in these cold ass streets, we got lifestyles through our scars
We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler
We still not promised tomorrow, takin' the bitter with the sweet
Up in these cold ass streets, we got lifestyles through our scars
We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler
Tales of a hustler that's me in the flesh
Got a Jag and a Caddy sellin' dimes of the step
Niggaz wanna take my block I had to earn my respect
So, I put his cerebellum on his grandma's steps
You know Oschino he'll probably kill
Got the soul of Huey Newton nigga Bobby Seale
Nigga prolly take the stand he'll prolly squeal
But I got four lawyers, I ain't takin' the deal nigga
We could strap without scrap or put the semi in it
Gun fully loaded like the Chrysler with the Henny in it
I keep it ghetto like a 40 with the Henny in it
Went to school broke loafers on no pennies in it
Stood the coldest winter with the bummost coat
Need food need shoes sold dummies of soap
Got tired of being broke man life was a bitch
They bring you flowers when you head but no soup while you sick
So I switched my whole picture get involved with the bricks
Not the ones made of semen but the ones who sniffs
Tales of hustler, niggaz come for your jugular
If you sell one bag to they mother fuckin' customers
State P we got the city on smash
Got every boulevard every street every ave
Got sneakers got clothes nigga you do the math
Push to hustle but the point is just to stack that cash
Tales of a hustler

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