

Try Hustle Me

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus]Don't try to hustle me

Better getcha dolla dolla

Better getcha paper, man

Don't try ta hustle meh

I ain't no dummy, man

Gonna getcha..

Gonna getcha..

Gonna getcha..

[Verse 1]My inspiration enlights this vision, smokin this purple

This sticky icky is the medicine that it didn't on commercials

The cyclical nature of niggaz gotten me by this oracle

Documented for planted a wagon

Draggin historical like morbital, suspended in space

Rappin in circles

We ain't winnin but we is as crazy as fuck

Upclose and personal, preminitions of the gloriest

Dated, we'll be victorious, so many different choices

These fake niggaz is poisonous

Damn I need ta kill the noises

Heaven's gonna rolls Royces

But the Posse is just so boisterous

And noises only the poisonous

Hollywood couples swingin' and the people you won't believe

got woman that are weedin with women

And Adam is sleeping with Steve

It's complicated to me

If it's complicated to see and it's complicated to love

Then it's complicated to be, and if it's complicated to be

And they confiscated the key

when coke down in Columbia only costs you a 'G'

cocksuckers..

[Chorus][Verse 2]Outta the Seven Sector conservatecy regime

Where the Panthers they don't have knowledge they needed to fully achieve

The prophet, he is giving me structures for Armaggedon 'cause it's coming

The Seven Signers are beside me, be runnin to the war-drummin

The general was fully commmitted, without a reason they want me to preach the love

Are you crazy?

It's killin season, I'm bleedin all over the speaker

My spirit is gettin much stronger
Look, the enemy is gettin much weaker
It's Bizzy the Kid, thats demonic
Revelations and horses, Double-X-Lin' the sources, Battlin the darker forces
They assassinated my leader
And Lil Capo we need to kill in harmony from heaven
Seven automatic weapons
[Chorus]

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