

# 1-900-Hustler

## JAY-Z & Beanie Sigel

1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy  
What's the problem shorty? Yeah whattup man  
I'm the only nigga from Brooklyn out here man  
I'm tryin to lock the spot down, holla at me Alright; hold on - Hova, line one Here's a couple of suggestions of  
how you could finesse it  
You find a dude in town, you send him a short message  
Say, "Hey, I'm new in town, I don't know my way around  
but I got some soft white that's sure to come back brown  
I get that butter all night  
cause most niggaz don't know a brick from a bike  
They keep buyin hard white  
And if you free tomorrow night we can meet and discuss price  
FYI, I never been robbed in my life"  
Or -- you find a chick, shit, you hole up in her crib and  
let her introduce you 'round town like her man  
Shake hands, make friends like it's all innocent  
then -- before they look up you sellin the town cook-up  
Or -- gorilla pimp, come up on that killer shit  
Take a nigga brick, smack him, then you sell it back to them  
Still there Brooklyn?  
Yeah yeah that's gangsta, I think I'ma roll with that one Make out a check for eight hundred dollars  
Jigga Man, holla { \*click\*, \*dial tone\* } 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy  
Whassup Sig? This Chris out the Young Guns dog  
Whattup?  
I'm ready to smash these niggaz in the rap game  
The niggaz takin too long with that advance money and shit  
Yeah  
Talkin 'bout chill, chill don't pay the bills  
Yeah I feel that  
I know you well connected dog  
Let me holla at somebody real  
Aight look, I got the perfect person for you, hold on  
Bleek, line two  
Listen shorty, you wanna roll just give me the word  
I ain't got time for a sentence all that shit is absurd  
You find a strip first, if you don't cook find a bitch first  
If you don't hustle find a nigga who pitch first  
You new in town, no red and blue in town, there's gangs  
Don't get fresh, let 'em know you small change

The strong move quiet, the weak start riots  
We know you got a brick but sell 'em twenties til they tired  
With no credit, you know you sick with that gotta eat fetish  
and other niggaz who gettin it - DEAD IT  
Make 'em an offer that they can't refuse  
He resists, box him in, til he can't be moved  
Here's the rules: chop it, bag it, stash it, stack it  
Get in, get out - that's a O.G.'s classic  
900-Hustler, you pass it around  
Wanna speak to me direct, hit extension trey-pound, I'm out  
{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*} 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your dog  
What seem to be the problem young boy?  
Yo whattup, this Murder Def Kill Homicide Nigga  
(??) I got two freaks  
Yo watch your fuckin mouth man  
Fuck you mean watch my mouth nigga?  
Been on hold for about two hours nigga  
I don't give a fuck how long you been on the line;  
shut the fuck up! Matter of fact, hold on  
{\*click\*, \*classical type music plays\*}  
I know this nigga ain't just put. put me on hold man  
This bullshit-ass elevator music  
Free, pick up line five First things first, watch what you say out your mouth  
when you talkin on the phone to hustlers  
Never play the house, think drought, keep heat in the couch  
when you sittin in the presence of customers  
Never hold out, pull out, throw heat and be out  
if a nigga ever think that he touchin-ya  
Lay low, get cake, whip all over the state  
Stash dough, whip yay with, right amount of bake (hoe!)  
Nigga too close went right around his place (yo!)  
You stoppin dough when we clutchin the gats?  
I know you heard "Friend or Foe," this ain't different from that  
Make sure you got your four-four and he can slip if he like  
Young, Jon Benet daughter missin tonight and yo  
until you up stay away from them dykes and whores  
Three smuts, two straights and a dyke  
can pause one-three rumbles two streaks and a pipe for sure  
And if it's tight, then he might come back for more  
Nine and four, everyday back and forth  
Winter to summer, 1-900-Hustler  
Pass the number til you're stackin balls  
Tell you how to weigh shit wet and package more  
I take cash or write the check out to F-R  
two E's, that'll be two G's

And forget my money I'm comin for all your ki's, nigga  
{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*} 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy dog  
Yo whattup young, you put me on hold earlier man what happened  
Yeah you stupid motherfucker {MDKHN: Watch your mouth man}  
you talkin all reckless on the phone  
Fuck you think this the,  
Get-Indicted-Hotline or somethin motherfucker?  
Yo, my bad man, my bad  
I know I was talkin reckless earlier about them two chickens  
You get it, you know, two chickens? But listen  
What?  
Just tell me how to move this shit man  
I'm pushin hardly half a wing back nigga, holla  
Get a job, holla at Perdue!  
{\*click\*, \*dial tone\*}

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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