The Prelude

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You know, you've got this fantasy in your head about
Gettin' outta the life and settin' the corporate world on its ear
What the fuck you gonna do except hustle?
Besides pimpin', you really ain't got the stomach for that
The game's fucked up
Nigga's beats is bangin', nigga, your hooks did it
Your lyrics did and your gangster look did it
So I would write it if y'all could get it
Bein' intricate'll get you wood
Critic on the Internet, they like, ?You should spit it?
I'm like, "You should buy it, nigga, that's good business"
Forget this rap shit, I need a new hustle
A little bit of everything, the new improved Russell
I say that reluctantly 'cause I do struggle
As you see, I can't leave, so I do love you
But I'm just a hustler disguised as a rapper
In fact you can't fit this hustle inside of a wrapper
Back when crack was what these pills are, I was a real star
Complete with real cars, no video ones
You can come and set up a camera, let the video run
And my real life, complete with real ice
VVS boulders, oh, they're visibly set
Head and shoulders, my invisible neck
You see Hova wasn't digital yet
Befo' Steve Jobs made the iPod
Was gettin' head jobs, we call that intimate
Back when rappers wouldn't dare play lyrical roulette
With a automatic weapon, I was reppin' with a tec
Fresh like Mannie be, chain like anti-freeze
Shoe box full of cash, dealer man, hand me ki's
Pantries full of Arm & Hammer
Don't take Nancy Drew to see what it do? I'm a damn G
Just sent a million dollars through a handsfree
That's big money talk, can you answer me?
Before the answer was a 3
I was down in Georgetown with a Hoya chick, lawyer chick
Sure he's rich now 'cause he saw the shit, all this shit
That's why they call him Hov 'cause he came before all this shit
Bought a 6, quarter seven, skipped on them quarter eights

Bought a 9 for non-stop glock work all the time
Guess who's back?
Since this is a new era, got a fresh new hat
Ten year veteran, I've been set
I've been through with this bullshit game but I never can
I used to think rappin' at 38 was ill
But last year alone I grossed 38 mill'
I know I ain't quite 38 but still
The flow so special, got a 38 feel
The real is back

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