

Beanie Sigel, Tales Of A Hustler, Part 2

(feat. Oschino & Sparks)

(Beanie Sigel)

Court casin..
Third felony facin
No probation
My heart racin like a blunt lacin
Hennessy and malt liquor chasin
My gemstar 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 feinin
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

(Chorus 2X: Sparks)

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...

(Sparks)

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
Cock-a-roaches 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 wreck 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
(I came to chill..)

(Chorus)

(Oschino)

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 probly kill
Got the soul of Huey Newton nigga Bobby Seale
Nigga proly take the stand he'll proly 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 hemmy 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 bummiest coat
Need food need shoes sold dummies of soap
Got tired of bein broke man life was a bitch
They bring you flowers when you dead 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....