

E.S.G., Dirty Hustle

[Hook]

Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to ride
This one for those that died, and survived thru the struggle
It don't matter your damn color, whole world's a dirty hustle
Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to ride
This one for those that died, and survived thru the struggle
This for my sisters and brothers, this world a dirty hustle

[E.S.G.]

Now I don't care where you at, you find a Martin Luther King
Just like every hood and ghetto, got a damn dope fiend
Rich kids crack jokes, on those who reside in the projects
But be in them same projects, tryin to buy some weed or some X
But it ain't no disrespect, cause I just spit how I'm living
Ask Andrea Yates, how can she drown five children
If you feelin like I'm feeling, put ya hands in this direction
Or black or hispanic, but they got the lethal injection
Get caught up on the grind, sending a dime trying to shine
Third crime get 99, child molester get less time
Mr. President are you blind, you see what bill I was doing
Oh I get it, y'all trying to see who Jesse Jackson screwing
This one for my Aaliyah's, Notorious Bigs and the Marvin Gayes
The 2Pac's and Bob Marley's, we lost along the way
I pray for Cascious Clay, should I say Muhammad Ali
They find a cure for his disease, as well as HIV you feel me

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

The reason I say the world a hustle, er'body tryin to get rich
The radio and T.V., better believe it's politics
Better get all you can get, them contracts no joke
Can't ask Sammy Davis Jr., bout dying flat broke
Don't take a rope to hang yourself, this game can be deadly
Ask South Park Mexican, Michael Jackson or R. Kelly
Say Big Pun was too heavy, complications with his heart
Feel sorry for his family, his career was at a start
Same thang for Fat Pat, Big Steve and my partna Screw
They say an overdose on coedine, but his family know the truth
The weight of the world on ya shoulder, send to be a man
Lil' Curtis hung himself, Big George died in a van
Three years ago, I would of been in that same van
This ain't no tales from the hood, they true stories man
They send military men, to another land with a gun in his hand
To fight on the front-line, in a war I don't understand man

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now police pull me over, found a glock and a extra clip
Ask me who I rap with, do I know who shot Lil' Flip
I'm like no dog, turn my head I'm a grown man
Gotta watch my back from Arafat, and the jackas in my own land
The other day, the Klu Klux Klan had a rally
They gang is bigger than, the Crips and Bloods if ya ask me
The whole world is a hustle, home of the brave and free
With Penitentiary workers, modern day slavery
What kind of choices they gave me, play ball or stay in school
Convicted felons can't get jobs, who the hell made them rules
What about Basketball Bobby, won't make it to the pros
He averaged 24, but his SAT's were low
Imagine hearing a gun blow, seeing blood all over the bead

See Al had AIDS, so he shot himself in the head
Know sometimes we get scared, looking ahead pass the trouble
The world a dirty hustle, Lord help us through the struggle

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Ha mayn, Big Mello
Man, all my fallen G's