

Nas, Hustlers

(feat. The Game)

[Nas]

Dre, he a Compton-Compton O.G.
Nas, he a QB-QB true G
Do the history

Way before The Firm, like back in the day
Nas was the first New York nigga rappin' with Dre
So of course I got a track to bring it back to your face
The one kid that would've been Aftermath that got away
But we still get together like every several years
to sprinkle, a little bit of Heaven for your ears
Relax sippin' Calico in Rio, stupid fuckers
Low-key, know G's, but it's still Gucci luggage
I love Cape Cod, and watchin' fly bitches with grey eyes
wrestle in a tub of KY to get my day by
I like to celebrate, why? - 'cause I can vision
collages and images of my lies with no regret to hate
So every breath I take, is all about the rules
It's hard for you to breathe like you at high altitude
So crack the Patron, it's on heathens, The God's back
Hard body, Mr. Jones never leavin'

[Chorus #1]

Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders
Make that cake, cop two five fivers
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds
East to West Coast we riders

[Chorus #2: Nas (The Game)]

He a Compton-Compton O.G.
(Mix that with a QB-QB true G)
(What you got's) A concoction of some different ghetto blocks
(West Coast kill the tracks) East Coast gunshots

[The Game]

1995, eleven years from the day
I'm in the record shop with choices to make
"Illmatic" on the top shelf, "The Chronic" on the left homie
Wanna cop both but only got a twenty on me
So fuck it, I stole both, spent the twenty on a dub sack
Ripped the package off "Illmatic" and bumped that
For my niggaz it was too complex when Nas rhymed
I was the only Compton nigga with a "New York State of Mind"
Inside the dope house bottlin' up sherm, bangin' The Firm
Dre was king then so I waited my turn
Fast forward, now I'm makin 'em burn
Ended my peers careers, hollered at Nas, a hard lesson was learned
So I reconciled my differences like he did with Jigga
I stopped beefin' with niggaz, 'cause I'm "Ether" to niggaz
Comb the earth 'til there's no one left
"If I Ruled the World" I summons all you weak rap niggaz to death

[Chorus: Nas (The Game)]

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(Mix that with a QB-QB true G)
(What you got's) A concoction of some different ghetto blocks
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[Nas]

Yo, the Jordans sportin'
Come off the dice game with a fortune walkin', you a walkin' coffin'
The musket I tucked it, you bluff it I bust it

You're sideways talkin', so I lay often
I wait patient, to duct tape hatin'
Fuck ass niggaz, get bucked ass niggaz
Pluck ashes - of Cuban cigars, you foolin' with Nas
That's my name and I came with Rutgers this time
And if I'm sane that "Soul Plane" movie's the bomb
Word to my mom's name tattooed to my arm
You can't revolve me, embalm me, calm me or harm me
Rob me or dodge these bullets I'm bustin'
See that's malarky you yappin'
I open up the tripod to put the gatling on, and I start clappin'
Nasty man, from baggin' grams and runnin' from cops
to a mill' on the hand, a mill' on the watch, I'm fuckin' with Doc

[Chorus #1]

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East to West Coast we ridin'

[Chorus #2: Nas (The Game)]

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