

# W.C., Keep Hustlin'

[CT] It's about that time nigga

[WC] For what?

[CT] Redo this motherfucker look I found it nigga

[WC] Ahh hell naw nigga!

[CT] Sheyitt

Now here we go, y'all gotta play this

Due to you bitch-ass niggaz I'ma maze this

rearranged funk and refreak the track

The Godfather of Underground Rap is back

Banged out the game as I ride with the Benji's

Fuck off the hook, nigga I'm off the fuckin hinges

No gimmicks, just a crew of driveby shooters

Coupe de Ville swoopers, looters and Stax loopers

I started off way back sick with a mentality

Wicked got down kickin it with the Syndicate

Just a lil' nigga seein ways to get paid

Levi corduroy saggin with french braids

No overnight success, no tinted windows

No limos, just a hungry nigga doin demos

The year eighty-eight, the group was Low Pro

When niggaz used to swerve on Lincoln's and Vogues

Loc these niggaz ain't knowin about payin no dues, the shit I done been through

Gone through, put through, was bruised too so it's time to school these foes

Looka there, as I walk the rugged road of the path

I gets flashbacks, and thrash mash, enemies in my path

Hustler turn your page to nineteen eighty-nine

When a young nigga first signed the dotted line, I was

bang bang, boogie with the music

Took the old funk track, and relooped it

Dropped "Payin Dues" for a small amount of cheddar

The name of the LP was "We In This Together";

\*beeper sounds repeatedly\*

[CT] Awww shit, what the fuck why you sto

[WC] Man this motherfuckin pager keep goin off

Look I'm tired of these bitches!

[CT] Youse a cold nigga!

\*DJ scratches\* "Noooo shit!"