

2Pac, 4 Tha Hustlers

Too Short:

If your a real hustler your sure to get rich.

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh

This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh

Ohh, come on, come on

Too Short:

I make money like a motherfucker

It ain't no thang to me

\$hort Dog in the house spittin game wit Breed

Ain't no bust partner, that's the thrid week

I'm going to pimp these hoes, they can't work me

How the hell you think I get to ride a B-12?

The phone and TV ended with a green smell

I went from Oakland to Atlanta with my top down

\$hort Dog, my shit is nation wide now

You can ask Breed or Pac it don't stop

I ain't bull shittin make a mill when I rock

Three players in the game and it's a major

Bitch you wanna get me better hit me on my pager

Today I'm on the westcoast

Tommorrow I'm in Texas

Flip the Benz and Farri, sold the Lexus

\$horty drop the bass in the mix

You know what's next beitch

I'm sure to get rich

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2Pac:

Haha

I'd be the thuggin ass outlaw

Til my fuckin casuct drops

Fuck around and make me blast on these bastard cops

This is for the hustlaaaaas

Believe me coming stapped with the gak

When you see me

Label me a threat to society, but I ain't quitin

Thug life motherfucker ain't no bull shittin

Born in these projects destined to fate

Collecting mail on these broke bitches

Slanging that game

Now shit done changed

It ain't the the same

I ain't lyin niggas are dyin

Three strikes have you motherfuckers flyin

In the penatentary or in the cemetary

Gettin high no need to worry

Last year niggas knockin up the block and in between shots

Pumpin tapes from that nigga Breed and Pac

This year bringin you the fix

Including Ant Banks in the mix
We're sure to get rich
Still I ride.

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Ohh, come on, come on

MC Breed:

I'm a cold-hearted fool
I mean a fool at heart, head strong
and I won't be headed home if he falls apart
Conatact niggas like a part time
When I ride the beat
Ain't no way to hide from the darkside
Man of many mens till the very end
and blend in and change my iden
Just to mix up with the game
They know me by the Breed and they don't know it's my last name
It's mind over matter
I don't mind, you don't matter
Pull a glock and watch the whole block scatter
and we can have us a gak to gak talk
Do it old style and do a back to back walk
Count to ten and say goodbye to your friends
and we can put the bull shit to an end
I figure if he plays around he lays around
and he's a motherfucker ?????? calls a corner when I'm around
Bodies are buried and found all around
and parish and charish and thoughts just to be true
Punk, fellas behave ya and it just might save ya
So guard your girl and pickup your pistol
cause you can't get wit Breed the weed head lyrical nit wit
The shit won't change as long as I'm alive
I gotta survive and keep it tight

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