

# 50 Cent, I'm A Hustler

Rule number one don't go against the grain  
Rule number two give respect where respect due  
Rule number three if you get knocked play games and say names  
[gun click sound] the 45 will tear you out the frame  
Its like the rich get richer and the poor don't get fuckin thing  
To me ain't nothin changed but the things my money bring  
My style will leave you aggy like them cats in jail  
Whos peoples got pleany money actin like they ain't got bail  
I feel for you niggas gettin shot while I'm sayin this rhyme  
Or niggas in the mess hall gettin shot on chow lines  
An old timer schooled me said don't burn bridges my friend  
Imagine the G-Dub close and yo ass gotta swim  
I watch the fifth melt a nigga on the sidewalk of New York  
Me and shorty saw from afar and had a talk  
He said I told em if he came around I'd clap him, I gave him my word  
Look at his head its still shakin he had alot of nerve

[chorus]

(Jadakiss sample: If it wasn't for the flow  
I'd probably have to double Back bubble crack)

[Jay-Z sample: yea yea I'm a hustler]

[3x]

[chorus]

Yo when the fed come in the game loyalty is limited  
Hardcore niggas start actin feminine  
With the feds you do eighty five percent of your time  
Duke you get ten you'll damn near do nine  
Hate a liar more than I hate thief  
A thief is only after my salary a liar is after my reality  
The streets I know'em like my ABC's  
Stay away from the D's and stack ya cheese  
Try to see three hundred g's fore you see three hundred C's  
Tree top to feel the breeze co connect for key's  
Yo bitches sexin me take me to ecstasy  
Once I nut (ahh oh shit) I don't want 'em next to me  
If its on mother fucker believe I'm gonna ride  
I'm the type to swallow my blood fore I swallow my pride  
Letters on my shirt read DKNY  
Got grimy niggas runnin with me from BKNY

[Chorus]

They say I don't sound like a killer well how a killer sound  
I bet I grab a foe pound and back that ass down  
See many men live baby and many men die  
Many men get drunk puff lah and stay high  
Here's a jewel love you enemies and hate your friends  
Your enemies remain the same friends always change  
I don't quit that theres more that one way to skin a cat  
You can get him in the face dog or down his back  
All bullshit aside now its time to be honest  
I fear no man for death is all thats promised  
I got niggas standin in line waitin to hear me spit  
From eighty six to ninety six the game went from sugar to shit  
This for you niggas in the background dyin to shine  
I hate you like fiends who ask for a dime for nine  
Don't nothin change in the game but faces and names  
Skate to wait to date and the jake

[chorus]