

Beanie Sigel, Tales Of A Hustler"(feat. Sparks

BEANIE SIGEL

Miscellaneous

Tales Of A Hustler"(feat. Sparks

Yeah Sparks in here, The Truth in here

Yeah

Yeah - Witness - Tales of a Hustler

Im going to ride nigga

Ya Know - This just the life we live uh, this just the life we lead

Yeah Yeah Gangsta

Tales tales

Gangsta! Yeah

Sugar coat

[Sparks]

Omillio Sparks the young gun

My life as an adolescent said I'll go through something

Other guys try to stand in my way like brick walls

So I kept guns in my palm like Mesiah scripts in Psalms

I should fear no man but God

So lord knows we could get it on

Guns baptized guys testing my pride

Clearing my conscience in the liquor store

With a fifth of Thunderbird but I be guzzling hard

Playing the corners with a washed up old-head

Chant tunes by the Whispers

Same corner where I banged at with niggaz

Cops drive by and grin on us

If they grabbed then

one of them nosey neighbors done snitched on us (Again?)

Hey this game juicy got me puffing looseys

Every two days interigated by the police

See, this life I live cost more than your Roley's money

It cost my homie Nook his whole life, ya heard me?

When he was here it was easy to love him like a brother

Now thats he's gone I find it difficult to talk to his mother

I mean - What do you say to a woman

That's just lost her only son to the game and the gun, except mami

"I'ma ride for him"

The look that she gave me "Like Sparks you got some nerve

Cause most of these niggas dont keep their words

Now I'm under pressure

And I cant even break that type of promise

and y'all niggas paint that picture

Risking your freedom

On the strength of memories of him

The time he made you laugh

The time he bust his gat when them other niggas ran

How real is that?

Omillio Sparks niggas holla back

TALES - OF - A - HUSTLER

[Chorus: Sparks - repeat 2X]

In this life you not promised tommorow

So take the bitter with the sweet and maintain

In these vicious streets

Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money

Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie

TALES OF A HUSTLER

[Beanie]

I'm back to the block with it

Wait let me clear that up

I'm back to the blocks that you get when your block get it

Get hard with that hot water when the pot hit it
Get large with a little water when you pop wip it
I send hope to late scramblers
Sling coke to you late you scramblers
Go broke sling soap to you late night scramblers
No joke, I'm a crook, catch hooks broke, late night gamblers
Look - you loose limbs when fuck with him
That be I strapped and high
FBI all on back want to trap the guy
Got niggas in all black want to snatch my pies
Never that too many gats
Too many guns
Too many vest
Tough guys not to many left
Where they at?
Dead or locked behind bars in jail
I know I aint too far from hell
I'll spit the devil these bars in hell
Dog I been through it son
Look at my scars and tell
Catch Mac in a Chevy truck slightly tented
No excuses on who might be in it
You know passenger twisting backwoods
Slightly spinning
Crack the window the indo slightly scented
Splash of haze and hash lightly blented
Put the pressure on niggas who might be timid
Like, you got like a minute
To put the cash in this bag or ya ass just might be in it
In small piece, I'll snatch your family up
Start from tall nephews to your small nieces
Bitches

[Chorus]

[Thanks to outkastlayzie@aol.com for these lyrics]