

Beanie Sigel, Tales Of A Hustler Part II

Court casin', third felony facin', no probation
My heart racin' like a blunt lacin'
Hennessy and malt liquor chasin'
My gemstar scarrin' niggaz faces
For a pound of trey eight and
I throw bullets like Dallas Troy Aikman
The callous on my index stay achin'
Niggaz, stay hatin', got me late night pacin'
I'm tight boot lacin', mask on like, I'm Jason
Shoot up shit like Larry Davis
You play the pulpit like Pastor Mason
Turn cheek like Martin Luther
I'm like Oswald, sharp-shootin'
Got my eyes on my mark in the dark shootin'
Beam illuminate the target movin'
Get your organs ruined, move out like Swat move in
Got them niggaz on the back-block rootin'
For the bad guy, playground legend like Sadait
P. Kirkland, my MP state workin'
Shootin-arm stay jerkin', my Nextel stay chripin'
Can't answer 'cause the feds lurkin'
It's like we catchin' cancer on purpose
Back to back chain smoking, nicotine feinin'
Conversation with demons when I'm dreamin'
Manic-depressive
Like the man upstairs tryin' to pass me a lesson
But I can't catch it
The game under break the pressure
They miss my presence
We still not promised tomorrow
Takin' the bitter with the sweet up in these cold ass streets
We got lifestyles through our scars
We ride hard till our numbers get called
The lifestyle of a hustler
We still not promised tomorrow
Takin' the bitter with the sweet up in these cold ass streets
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I'm feelin' like death's in the air
Got me back to back buckin' my squares
But I ain't bitchin', I ain't scared
I ain't budgin', in fact the thrill alone turns me on
Got me smiling, laughin, clutchin'
My toast and confrontin' mother fuckers
Cockroaches will not catch me laughin'
Skinny and slim fram y'all get it the same
Cool niggaz that'll spin out they waves
Grimey niggaz that'll spin to they graves
Justifyin' my foul ways, I got kids to raise
But motherfuckers rather see me sprayed
Than to see me pair, fucker or see me on the front page like Sig
Or stay rolled DC with B. Sig
You bitch, niggaz stay PC when y'all see me
Until the day that they
Fit me in the grave and the city wreak of me
We got the city under siege
S P R O C
Poverty is a movie starrin' me
Ride with me, play the passenger seat
So, y'all can see how my life's so real
So, y'all can see how my life's so ill
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Tales of a hustler that's me in the flesh
Got a Jag and a Caddy sellin' dimes of the step
Niggaz wanna take my block I had to earn my respect
So, I put his cerebellum on his grandma's steps
You know Oschino, he'll probly kill
Got the soul of Huey Newton, nigga, Bobby Seale
Nigga, prolly take the stand he'll prolly squeal
But I got four lawyers, I ain't takin' the deal, nigga
We could strap without scrap or put the semi in it
Gun fully loaded like the Chrysler with the hemmy in it
I keep it ghetto like a 40 with the Henny in it
Went to school, broke loafers on no pennies in it
Stood the coldest winter with the bummiest coat
Need food, need shoes, sold dummies of soap
Got tired of bein' broke, man, life was a bitch
They bring you flowers when you dead but no soup while you sick
So, I switched my whole picture, got involved with the bricks
Not the ones made of semen but the ones you sniffs
Tales of a hustler, niggaz come for your jugular
If you sell one bag to they mother fuckin' customers
State P we got the city on smash
Got every boulevard, every street, every ave
Got sneakers, got clothes, nigga, you do the math
Push to hustle but the point is just to stack that cash
Tales of a hustler