

# Beanie Sigel, Tales of a Hustler Pt. 2

Court casin', third felony facin'  
No probation, my heart racin' like a blunt lacin'  
Hennessey and malt liquor chasin'  
My gem star 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'  
Its like we catchin' cancer on purpose  
Back to back chain smoking, nicotine fein'in'  
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 til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler  
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We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler  
I'm feelin' like deaths 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 wreek of me, we got the city under siege  
S P or R O C  
Poverty is a movie starrin' me  
Ride with no play the passenger seat  
So y'all can see how my life so real  
So y'all can see how my life so ill  
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Up in these cold ass streets, we got lifestyles through our scars  
We ride hard til our numbers get called, the lifestyle of a hustler  
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 probably 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 Henny 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 being broke man life was a bitch  
They bring you flowers when you head but no soup while you sick  
So I switched my whole picture get involved with the bricks  
Not the ones made of semen but the ones who sniffs  
Tales of 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