

Capone-N-Noreaga, Da Hustla

Niggas might as well (Yeah!)
niggas might as well fuck with me anyway
I got that fire green ha (Haaaaa!)

Verse 1:Noreaga

The way I rhyme sometimes, is reflect my style
When I speak to hoes, Yo i always be foul
Ask em do they suck dick, can they ride me wild
Here's the day, sit down, lay down, Joe Brown
Here go the low down
Niggas just need to slow down
Melvin what! Yo from as good as it gets
Ya know now, need to slow down, nigga hold down
Flip from Larry, Ya know I hail with my marry
Holla when you hear me, respect me or fear me
Love me or hate me, but you gotta just hear me
Listen to superthug, listen to sometimes
Listen to halfbaked, and listen when thugs rhyme
I aint the best yet, but i'm next in line
It's like rhyme and reason, but my reason at rhyme
It's like rhyme and reason, but my reason at rhyme
It's like rhyme and reason, but my reason at rhyme

Chorus:2x

I'm just a hustla doin what the hustla's do
I'm just a hustla hustlin with my hustlin crew
I just hustle hustle hustle hustle hustle hustle

Verse 2: Noreaga

yo, I buy twenty for ten dollars, sell it for thirty
take that thirty dollars and I just buy four grams
take that two grand, take like four of my mans
go down to main street then wastelands
whut up, china man, china man, need some coke?
his girl do the wild thing like she know tone loc
she be shakin her ass and love to smoke
let her hit the weed, yo hit the weed
let her hit the weed til she ready to go
I roll a philly skinny, and you know I got plenty
conservative thug like i'm holdin a penny
jenny craig or jenny jones but bitch it's jenny
i'm like nore springer, no ring on my finger
in and out of cells like a bell ringer
i'm like hip hop yall niggas is rap singers
and I hate yall you get the middle finger

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: Maze

Yo yo, now when my pen glow, there's no stoppin my zone
and while yall niggas clone, everything i'm spittin is shown
in my life even now and before
I did us all, the crystal ball in front of me say stay hungry and raw
I pop everything three's, from my shell to my bottoms
i'm aware, when you shinin niggas watch you
I walk these ??conple?? stones alone shit is hostile
apostle in this grown and known from my eyes view

Verse 4: Musolini

Comin out the hood, we aint have to many choices to live
niggas hustled tryin to duck bids we learned as kids
how to sell drugs, cook grams, and get dubs young thug
snake niggas aint got no love
the same way I pump packs
the same way i spit on these cats
the same way it reflect in my raps
let the dro blow, holdin the fo fo, like BIG kickin in the doe yo
find me with Maze on doe low!

Chorus 2x