

Hell Rell, True Hustler

(1st Verse)

Im a true hustler I got the best product/
No Rims on the Bentley cuz i just got it/
Im bout to customize it take the roof off it/
Throw a system in it Some twenty twos on it/
I got a chrome ruger yea i really love her/
The whole block run everytime i finger fuck her/
Yea the mink draggin plus the porsche ridin/
I aint forget about them lames man they all dyin/
It aint no question bout who get weight/
I lived in hotels for two years straight/
He needed two O's I met em at burger king/
He soft as baby shit this nigga wont hurt a thing/
Yea i kno homie i used to fuck his chick/
Plus I was hittin em with work he fucked up a brick/
We came too his momma house wit big 45s/
He paid me my money thats why his ass still alive/

(2nd Verse)

Die for my respect fifty shots sprayin for it/
You aint frontin me shit why cuz im payin for it/
Drop it to the bottom come back one for one/
I let a smoker test it he said it numbed his gums/
No piano we touch keys/
What you kno about that but we aint PSC/
We D.I.P.S/
If a Nigga tryna front give em 21 like he wanna see I.D./