

Juice, Sick Of Hustlin'

Ohh, JU-ICE, got my nigga Heron in the house with me tonight. Conglom in this bitch, wattung Marvo Whole crew in this motherfucker, for real. Malik when is you gonna holla at yo boy man? I told you niggaz what the truth was

(Juice)

I visualize a time when we can stop hustlin
A dozen cops while we on the blocks rock smuglin
And these little gray stones is so addictive
Niggaz even paid with they homes, is some sick shit
But in the hood, you either known them or you bail them out of county
Shit, you either own them, or you sell them for a bounty
Some even do both
Or crook it up too, shit all three like Kukoc
All this income, and still the block starvin
No monopoly, it's upscale gardens, not Marvin
The hood's real loaded up, my clip slaughter jerks
No boards to walk, you lucky if the water works
As I move on, I start to see the law love it
The hood's broken and I'm partially the cause of it
Very few get to start in this game
It's like the trey payin for profit, it's hard to explain

(Chorus)

I sold a lot of pounds, in and out of town
A nigga gotta clown. *I'm sick of hustlin*
I moved a lotta weight, through a lot of states
I could die today. *I'm sick of hustlin*
I moved a lotta bricks, screwed a lotta chicks
Viewed a lotta whips. *I'm sick of hustlin*
I break a lotta rules, I shake a lotta fools
I paid a lotta dues. *I'm sick of hustlin*

(Marvo)

I'm sick of hustlin, I had enough enough of this
Stuffin the bricks, the cops, they try to cuff me quick
And throw your face in the mud, why is you fuckers sick
Before I go to jail, homie I'ma up the fifth
It's so unfortunate, my actions brough me up to this
Just know there's other people like me and they stuck in this
State of mind, the blind meetin the blind
Everybody get they information from the grapevine
We could make it but niggaz just hate tryin
I own the cops, I'm 'bout to witness a hate crime
They make time, according to what the jakes find
Hustlin is like, squeezing grapes tryin to make wine
I'm tryin to bake a whole lotta bread and break mine
I'm on the block, cops come, it's hit the gate time
Hop in the truck, and we hit the interstate flyin
I try to stop but the hustler in me ain't dyin

(Chorus)

(Juice)

And Ma\$e even said he bought a drop to tour on
But Ma\$e ain't even go, that's a oxy moron
Bullets penetrate the chest of the innocent
Half the brock runners, only strip they ever get is in
My nigga Heron, he goes to fight in Iraq
He get right back and have to fight blacks
So you could go elsewhere, come back, no healthcare
Wife on welfare, they tell you to put yourself there
So we slang 'caine, gangbang, remain sane

If it's even possible, a nigga gotta maintain
We put little bags of rocks in the hands of children
And conceal them while they're standing by abandon buildings
The richer we get, the broker the hood
Tyson is broke but Oprah is good
Touching the fo-fo, clutching it so so tight
I don't wanna have to hustle no more, right

(Chorus)