

# Luniz, In My Nature

(feat. Eightball & MJG)

[Verse 1]

As I preceed to count my dividends  
plenty ends that I done made, with plenty bitches  
with plenty men that they done played, I'm laid back up  
in the cut with a cup of yak  
I raise up with all the game that I've been holdin back  
take your pumps off bitch, let me check out yo heals  
we pimps from Houston Texas to California for real  
my pockets hurtin baby, I need some financial love  
so get where you supposed to and, do  
what you does, get your facial done baby  
do your physic well, no holdin jail over  
resent mail, no hoes with no clothes  
torn up and ripped apart  
domestic violence bitches want out battered and scared  
you fake hoes take of your drawls take yo pajamas  
beat it with a hammer and scrape it across the ground  
I found a new bitch for MJG, and the Luniz  
this pimpin got me on cloud 10, I'm feelin zumie

[Chorus]

Hustlin, It's in my nature  
Hustlin, don't be afraid  
Hustlin, It's in my nature  
Hustlin, don't be afraid

[Verse 2]

I'm creatin' havok on hood spots  
the hustle don't quit until the good stop  
but don't sleep we leavin' cars on wood blocks  
an lookin for could be nots drivin by lookin wide-eyed  
gone acid washed jeans T-shirt lookin tyedyed  
FM beats lettin loose on big trips to Vegas  
candy green polly dubbed nips lookin outrageous  
big pimpin and panderin, big boostin and gamblin  
everything is all good until police start manhandlin  
picture me grappled, scrapped, snatched up by yo asshole  
indicted on some chump charges that I didn't even ask for  
gettin hastled by wild boys, like gettin lassoed by cowboys  
any instructions given he put some more shit on like, now boy  
like I'm supposed to jump out my Nikes and start sweatin  
boss said anything, I'm makin the plan to start jettin off  
oo- ah dont look behind until my shoes stop  
the only thing on my mind is losin you cop

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Someone's knockin at my door, oh, who could it be  
big baller with the sawed off choppin off all below your knees  
I testify, not glorify, when I get high  
tell all that listen what I see through my blood shot eyes  
my peers they die, why, over they set they ride on cheddar cheese  
on they knees, how, one to the head behind them keys  
I dip through, the town on a rocket ship sittin on twinkie  
smokin sticky, and breathin until my breathe get stinky  
pops that pinky, never could seem to get his shit together  
ran like DMC, left me livin thougher than leather, teenage eyes

soakin up the streets like a sponge, drugs and guns  
and freakin hoes seemed to be so fun, from the beginnin  
I've been sittin tryin to be winnin, dissin bitches  
fuckin hoes, conversatin with women, workin out  
pimp ass nigga since my day of birth, its in my blood nigga  
I'm gonna hustle till I leave this earth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Nigga, it's in my blood to fuck around with these thugs  
straight villans, drug dealin, 38 snuff consume niggas buck pealin  
I love millions, plus stackin them chips on up to the ceiling  
sittin on fat like banks, wit out no scratch and no dank  
we gettin bank, to set it off like Jada Pinkett  
in a major way, just witness, business flossin  
boss playas kickin champagne wishes before this rap business  
playas I went from rags to riches  
to havin cash and bad ass bitches  
since day one, yo nigga been slangin that A-1 yola  
hit ups savings, for razor blades and bakin soda, paper  
chasin, usin V-12 to swell up the cola, baby just shakin  
turnin the liquid form into bolas, I Chef like Raekwon  
those friends that wanna blaze  
one come over, dropped the napalm, until you scream  
straight cream on up, coughin up they lungs they come back screamin  
for more when it's over, slangin these head rhymes to young soldiers  
these ??? known as hustlers, nigga

[Chorus]  
[until end]