

# Mr. Cheeks, Hustle - M.O.P.

(Mr. Cheeks)

Yeah Mr. Cheeks, M.O.P, Big Fame and Billy mother f\*\*king Danze  
Let's give these bitch niggaz one more chance  
Throw them shits up (Throw'em up)  
Regulate the real (Regulate)  
Ayo we basically know how us f\*\*kers feel (Feel that)  
How we running niggaz

Ayo they gave me mad problems you wont amount to nothing  
Well look at me now I did amount to something  
The rap name in vain just like a four four  
No matter were us niggaz rock we watch out for popo  
Still up in the struggle I see nothing changes  
These niggaz peep the way we roll so we holding bangers  
Sport the jewelry cars and the shelto  
Gamble for car money drink let the L blows  
High school drop out got my G.E.D. though  
Don't speak about what I got the d-low  
Yo I know nothing but the hot shit creating  
Up on the road trips and hot shit we scattin  
From the slums stepping representing the jump off (jump off)  
What we bump hard what you niggaz bump soft  
Lived in Red Hook my pops name is Rudy Chattman  
My good times always started with whats happening

(Chorus)

Just call me a hustle  
Grinding pies writing rhyme 9 to 5  
Pimping chicks doing sticks just getting rich takes muscle  
Saga of a every day struggle  
Bottom line dolla signs we aint got a dime we gotta hustle  
Clip feeling strip stealing sick villain  
Let of a lot of wip pealing gangsta type scuffle  
Payback could mean is time to layback and bubble  
But other times payback is trouble  
Just call me a hustle

(Billy Danze)

Lets give it up for the rusty 32's  
And the day before Lymer  
For the cold old gold and the loks marijuana  
When the G's stood firm  
Perfecting their concerns

And a nickel spot with a single shot ready to burn  
Now shame on me it was cloudy I was blind  
I was thinking that this young coward nigga had a slime  
Your not LB your not M.O.P  
I brought tripping from my whole different angle to spot me

(Lil Fame)

I was blessed with a cursed  
(Curse a blessing within this curse)  
When curse became innershment encouragement  
I'm immune to the pain now I'm loving it  
I'm encourage to fakes the pain and  
Everything else I consider is punishment  
(Take it one day at a crime)  
Sometimes I stare into the mirror  
Asking my self we it all went wrong  
Back on the grind bomb stash heat in my palm  
Is a cold world my nigga so bundle and warm

(Chorus)

(Mr. Cheeks)

Ayo listen my daughter is getting older

I love to kiss'em hold'em

Daddys always gonna be there for you I told'em

The world is getting colder

But imma keep'em warm

Yall niggaz wanna get it on I bring a deeper storm

Watch you niggaz like a job if I got to

F\*\*k scrapping you gonna feel when I spot you

I grew up in this raised around the hard times

Did the thing hustle in boulevard dimes

The red tops yellow tops and the blue ones

Powerful always came through with some new one

I peep them niggaz that was down but turn f\*\*kiness

Ever since Tah pass

Yeah imma represent LB to the death of it

Even though you left kid I'm still gonna rep this shit

Track attacking bitch nigga smacking

Every time I think I'm out these niggaz pull me back in

(Chorus) 2x's