

Naughty By Nature, Hang Out And Hustle

The C-R-U-D-D-Y, the C-L-I-C-K

It's texture pure terror a street professor aggressor scale and measure
clever compressor stretching salary stacks be running blocks as a
factory

structure capture the raw product I manufacture, fracture critic chatter
nigga catcher as I blast a cop matter capsule shatter scatter midnight
disasters clips I rather gather then flip for what I'm after now and
forever money makes things better at a regular gets me jewelry, bitches,
bankcards, cars and competitors proposed threats wreck necks and puff ya
puzzled see trouble muzzles when I hang and hustle.

Booda Bop, Boom, Bam, Bink, Bick Bow Bookow, Ratatat, Klack Klick, Klick
Kow, Klick Kow put brains with muscle. Hear a crew of guys utilize they
skills. Bang out hang out slang out work and hustle. Flip techniques
over

boogie bangin' beats. A street fleet with Moet, dank and freaks in
twenty separate suite I'm servin' dope lyrics holding weight, just like
Chris Webber a warrior from Golden State, and I conjure up raps I bet
you

don't know any they be hitting like that brick that smacked Reginald
Denny.

Collects cash n' checks on a jet to meet the next client as I arrive at
L.A.X.

I'm up early so I catch my phlegm spit step then stash the stem 10 clips
in ten shit bottles are sectioned in wit a clip thick a block stocked
wit

protection see X again tools ta fry and unified like Mexicans but if
shit

is slow in comin' a fiend that's one thing that's when you see twenty
niggas running to one fiend.

Yo black tops I got that yellow high for hours buy from me now or next
time I swear I'll sell you flour I got dreams of getting a 98 or a Caddy
living fatty plus I got a little man calling me daddy my lady and little
man they need me and I need 'em I gotta see em and please 'em but first
of

all clothe & feed 'em so we can see freedom even if I jeopardize my time
and life while I'm in this game I'm making sure that mine is right from
the beginning to the end its dividend to the end so I like to hang out
and
hustle wit my friends.

Well it's Friday night and the weekend's here. All that partying shit
must take a seat to the rear.

Instead of fuckin' wit those phony ghetto chicks I'd rather be movin' my
clips with my homies on the bricks my fingers stay hard. My hands stay
full of ash. My fingernails stay dirty that's from burying my stash.

Fiends are bummin', money's comin' to say the least, but I'm out there
flippin' clips feeding the belly of the beast. It's first of the month
money's comin all day all night and too many going for theirs I'm
cuttin'

sales off with my bike. Now with my niggaz in session we freestyle
rhyme.

Reminiscing moving that shit 20's of clips at a time.