

Hustlers

Memphis Bleek

Yeah

Sup wit' these lame-ass niggas, man?
I'm tellin' you
Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit
You kna' mean?
Like y'all built like that
Ya'll niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'
Ya'll niggas ain't ready for this shit

If a nigga know the Memph
I ain't the type to front
I'll put any gun to you
What type you want?
Supply any drug for you
What high you want?
Bag any chick for you
Nicer slut
Yeah, I push hot fees
My niggas got cheese
You run around frontin'
Like you niggas got keys
You never flipped burgers
Your krew, I ain't heard of
Matter of fact, I'll murder ya
I heard you niggas spit shit
But it's indirect
Say my name
And see where I end this tech
I got a lot of love for this
But dawg, I'm real
When it's beef, it's beef
When it's rap, it's real
Nuttin' between
Alot of frontin' I seen
I done analyzed this game
It's nuttin' but schemes
New ways to sell records
I aim for it
Put it out if it's hot
Not, Just ignore it

We them hustlers
And that's who ya'll know
We get low, get dough
Flip gold for sho'
We them gangstas
That's who we be
We got cheese
Pop three for R-O-C

Yo, yo

This is my ghetto
I eat, sleep, breathe here
To tell the truth, dawg
None of us gon' leave here
We die young, go to jail for murder 1

On a come-up, nigga
And that's where I'm from
I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit
I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit
I'mma catch you when you sit
Put 4 in yo whip
Catch your girl in the club
Put nut in your bitch
Niggas wanna see the Memph go and lose his cool
Go and use his tool
Nigga, use the fool
You could bootleg my shit
I want me a chunk, deuce
I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk
What part of that you don't understand?
Or ain't hear?
Misinterpurate?
Dawg, I put WORK in
I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol
Still keep them thangs
Next to the abdomenol

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We got cheese
Pop three for R-O-C

Uh, uh, uh
Yeah

Before these rhymes
I was bustin' these nines
Before these raps
I was bustin' my gat
Before the vocal groups
I spoke with the truth
Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?
Imagine my raps
If I wasn't in touch with the street
On the block, deep
Wit my peeps touchin' the heat
I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps
Huster wit beats
You niggas is lame
You catz can't touch what I reach
And quiet as kept
You niggas can't hush what I speech
My story's too deep
Life real, clear as the streets
See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep
You niggas know me
The cat who be tearin' these streets
AIN'T NOTHIN' CHANGED
But my name when I appeared on these beats
It's Bien Mac
Sigel was the name that they gave me
The streets that is
I'm tryin' to teach that, kids
Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns

Ay yo, the sun don't go down
WE GO ROUND

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And that's who ya'll know
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That's who we be
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Pop three for R-O-C

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We get low, get dough
Flip gold for sho'
We them gangstas
And that's who we be
We got cheese
Pop three for R-O-C, nigga