

# Hustlers

Nas

Yeah...

Dre, he a Compton, Compton O.G.,  
Nas, he a QB, QB true G, do the history,

Way before The Firm, like back in the day,  
Nas was the first New York ni\*\*a rappin' with Dre,  
So of course I got a track to bring it back to your face,  
The one kid that would have been Aftermath but got away,  
But we still get together like, every several years,  
To sprinkle, a little bit of heaven for your ears,  
Relax, sippin' cliquot in Rio, stupid fuckers,  
Low key know G's but it's still Gucci luggage,  
I love Cape Cod, and watching fly bitches with gray eyes,  
Wrestle in a tub of KY to get my day by,  
I like to celebrate, why? Cuz I can vision,  
Collages of images of my lives with no regrets or hate,  
So every breath I take, Is all about the rules,  
It's hard for you to breath like you at high altitude,  
So crack the Patrone, it's own heavens,  
The God's back, hard body, Mr. Jones never leavin!

Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders,  
Make that cake, cop two five-fivers,  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds,  
East to West Coast we riders,  
Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders,  
Make that cake, cop two five-fivers,  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds,  
East to West Coast then O.V.

He a Compton Compton O.G.  
The Game: Mix that with a QB QB true G  
what ya got's a  
Nas: concoxion of some different ghetto blocks  
The Game: Westcoast kill the tracks,  
Eastcoast gunshots  
Nas: He a Compton Compton O.G.  
The Game: Mix that with a QB QB true G  
what ya got's a  
Nas: concoxion of some different ghetto blocks  
The Game: Westcoast kill the tracks,  
Eastcoast gun \*shot sound\*

Nineteen ninety five, eleven years from the day,  
I'm in the record shop with choices to make,  
Illmatic on the top shelf, The Chronic on the left, homie,  
Wanna cop both but only got a twenty on me,

So fuck it, I stole both, spent the twenty on a dub-sack,  
Ripped the package of Illmatic and bumped that,  
For my ni\*\*as it was too complex when Nas rhyme,  
I was the only Compton ni\*\*a with a New York state of mind,  
Inside the dope house, bottlin' up sherm,  
Banging The Firm, Dre was king then so I waited my turn,  
Fast-forward now I'm makin' 'em burn,  
Endin' my peers careers, holla'd at Nas, a hard lesson was learned,

So I reconciled my differences like he did with Jigga,  
I stopped beefin' with ni\*\*as, cuz I'm Ether to ni\*\*as,  
Comb the Earth 'till there's no-one left,  
If I ruled the world I'd summons all you weak rap ni\*\*as to death,

He a Compton Compton O.G.

The Game: Mix that with a QB QB true G

what ya got's a

Nas: concoxion of some different ghetto blocks

The Game: Westcoast kill the tracks,

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Eastcoast gun \*shot sound\*

Yo, the Jordan's sportin',

Come off the dice game with a fortune walkin', you a walkin' coffin,

The musket, I tucked it, you bluff it, I bus' it,

You're sideways talkin', so why lay off him,

I wait patient, to duct-tape hatin',

Fuck-ass ni\*\*as get bucked, ass ni\*\*as,

Pluck ashes, of Cuban cigars, you foolin' with Nas,

That's our name, and I came, with groupies this time,

And if I'm sayin' that, Soul Plane movies the bomb, (?)

Word to my Mom's name tattooed on my arm,

You can't revolve me, embalm me, call me, or harm me,

Rob me or dodge these bullets I'm bustin',

See that's malarkey, you yappin',

I open up the tripod, to put the Gatlin on, and I start clappin',

Nasty man from baggin' grams and runnin' from cops,

To a mill in the hand, a mill on the watch, I'm fuckin' with Doc!

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