

Blue Laces

Nipsey Hussle

Look I'm from Westside, California they run up on ya
Ask you where you from and check the tatts under your clothing
Hustler go hard make sure my? swollen
Fuck you, say the wrong hood bullets explodin
And I trust few people these days cause that's gold
I seen niggas get killed for who they roll with
And chose ta keep a small circle Satan sittin on ya sofa
Same nigga that shot ya was the same nigga you used ta smoke with
Cold shit my whole clique Notorious
You heard of us, 60wes is murderas
You still servin?
Jealous nigga you broke as fuck
Yo bitch on my nuts, spillin patron out my cup
She can't get enough, buffer me down as I puff
On the finest kush they say I be doin too much
I just do my stuff
Yea I just do my stuff
Hussle hussle

I got Slauson on my back
Ed Hardy on my hip
Weight of the world on my shoulders
Gold roly on my wrist
Neighbor hood chucks
Blue checkerboard tip
Dickies saggin off the ass walk with a? limp
Two bricks on my white tee
Same color cocaine
I ain't talkin dope I mean the price of my gold chain
All money in no money out that was my slogan
What I mean by that is stack it up and don't spend no change
I started small time dope game, cocaine
With seven grams was 30 rocks that was my program
The block propane young nigga no change
Shoot out with no aim
So they kno yo name
Cause where yo mama payed rent that was yo gang
So when yo homeboy bled that was yo pain
And if ya'll both catch a case you don't say no names
That's just the code of the color of my shoe strings