

OUTRO

Nipsey Hussle

I can feel the excitement like I can sense an indictment
Swear I hope I'm wrong but just in case I'm on my tip
Forever on some fly shit however illogic
Spend a regular nigga monthly income on my outfit
See I was in front of they house with rocks inside of my mouth
When jealous niggas that hate me had they feet up on the couch
And then we made it out
And now we standin' here
Hope niggas don't think this type of shit going to magically appear
And so I got some news for ya
They say life's a bitch and she'll sang the blues to ya
Pay attention to Hussle I got the rules for ya
Made my way through the maze and I left some clues for ya
Now its up to you are you going
Take heat and get paid
And scream all money in until your dying day
Say fuck the middle man get on your grind and save
Or argue more the type that have your mind enslaved
They tellin' me they believe and I got style for days
And when I drop an album they'll be proud to pay
Still out here on this mission and I'm miles away
Somehow I feel like recently I found my way
(yeah)
And ain't no feelings that can rival those
And you can pop a molly you can sniff a pile of coke
You could make a hundred million fuck a thousand hoes
But when its all over all that counts is how the story's told
So write my name down write my aim down
To do this my way and carve my own lane out
Shit changed they say I don't act the same now
But it was either that or blow my fucking brains out
Niggas dissin' me got me tempted to change routes
Pressure building up gotta let this pain out
Gotta think smart gotta map my plays out
Before I kill these niggas broad day and yell my gang out (my gang out)
And I stay in this game and get my change out
Figured how to deal with it and see what fame's 'bout
I got the secret to success do your thang now
Or you can keep watching cable on the same couch
Whatever niggas reap they sowing
Me I'll be out in Vegas smokin'
Stupid view city lights glowing
Wine tasting, filet mignon, and knows who grows it
So many people call only a few chosen
And that's why I go hard cause I do notice
She tells me that I am wrong for not using emotion
Too busy to love a broad and I can't lose focus
But maybe in a different life
Maybe when we make it well meet at the finish line
Maybe this is fate maybe god will send a sign
But more than likely he'll say nigga grind
Yeah, so here I go on my second wind
I'm checking shit off my bucket list and it's getting thin
Writing down shit to buy and places you ain't never been
And what you'll value most is a honest friend
Cars from the bank there's more deposits in
Seven days a week I be at my offices

Keys to the city nigga I'm the hottest even if the OG's don't acknowledge it
Gone...