

W.C. "Keep Hustlin'"

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[WC] Ooh-OOOOOHHHHHH!

[E-40] BEYOooooooooooooooooooooootch! Huh-ha,
hah!

[WC] Dub Cya, nya!

[E-40] Uhhhh, hah!

[WC] Fonzarelli, what's crackin loc?

[E-40] Whassupish weebelations?

[WC] \$hort Dawg, we all hogs

[TS] Ain't nuttin nigga, it's that pimp shit bwoy

[E-40] We doin our thingamajig up in this BEYOTCH!

Verse One: WC

Thinkin of a master plan

Cause ain't naytin but crumbs inside my hand

So I, hit the stick, leaves my residence

Thinkin, "How can I get paid for spinnin this gangsta
shit?"

A three-strike victim, with a million dollar dream
of swervin 740 Beem's and count G's from money
machines

My click trump tight, nigga we roll like dice

For the ten china whites seekin hustler paradise

Where you from, what's your name, motherfucker what
you sayin?

Dub C still claimin that Maad Circle gang and
smokin dank and drankin, jaw breakin runnin the
pavement

Top rankin CD slanger, ghetto Hall of Famer

International resider worldwider packin heat

Mashin for the cheddar with No Limit's like Master P

Found my glitch in this rap game, now I'm steady
bustin

Dub C, hoo-ridin for the chip but still hustlin

Chorus: *unknown singers*

Keep hustlin -- cause I'm all about mine, yeah yeah

Keep on hustlin... droppin keys funk stackin weed
shiftin

Keep hustlin -- true players play it all night long

Keep on hustlin... on and on

Verse Two: E-40

Check it out; Dub C ?the below? system

got ya ninjas dang near ready to put hands on ?PGA
any man?

Bout to bomb on this bitch-ass for turnin off my lights
and gas, low on cash
Bad enough I gotta go next door to take a bath, ain't
got no water
Plus I heard that the police department homicide
division
wanna holla at me about a manslaughter
Triflin ass baby mama, she's a botch bitch think I'm rich
Don't know the outcome, talkin bout "He got bread, he
on Dub album"
I play ya like dick and bend a dick's dream how can I
focus (hocus pocus)
When I'm famous as "fuck Christmas Eve, eviction
notice"
These rap videos gotta soon to be up and coming
rappers thinkin cute
knowin that we unrecouped
E-Fonzarelli, P.K.A. Charlie Hustle
Knockin though, knock a hoe without a penny in my
pocket
I don't come from much, so in order to do what I gotta
do to survive
Tapes and CD's be my nine to five
Check it out, mathematics, paper rappamatics
established
Long money, way before I signed for cabbage
Chorus
[E-40] Get your marbles main, get your paper ... glorify
your paper route
Verse Three: Too \$hort
Yeah
I'm comin from a fashion show, with a flashy hoe
Smokin indo from the Valle-jo
Like them 3rd Ward niggaz from the Calliope
If you tryin to get high, what you passin foe?
Top notch on my right smellin smoke
But she don't know about the hustlin that I did when I
was broke
My best customers, real macks and G's
Dopefiend beats on the backstreets
Me and Freddie B sellin game
Custom made tapes with your name, you can't
complain
I always been about the business, I ain't changed
As long as I'm in it, I'm stayin the same
Ghetto star, feelin the pavement
I'm always down to earth, tryin to get paid bitch
Ain't no secret, to what I'm doin
I got the game from Oakland so I came to this
conclusion
Chorus

\$hort Dawg, you know we players main
Get your money nigga
[E-40] E-40 get yo' paper main, get yo' change
[TS] You know \$hort Dawg always get his scratch
[E-40] Dub C!
[TS] Nya! Nya!
[WC] You know I'm takin mine nya!
[E-40] Fssssssh, ahh, uhhhh, erytime up in they tall can
face
Glorifyin our paper route, nonstop -- you know?
BEYOTCH!

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