

The Roots F/ Musiq "Nuttin But a Hustla"

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Thinking about the things that I used to do
Back in the days fuckin around with the crew
87, 88, 89
Stealing cars snatching purses sometimes a grind
I found a way to get mine
When shit got thick best believe I bought a nine
I carried my bitch everywhere I went
Tryin to get rich cause time was spent
Making those money moves making those money
moves
Making those money moves a nigga can't lose
I wanted to come sick
A drop-top Firebird with a 92' kit
Candy paint with the gold trim
Leather interior with the rims
It was hard to stop
Bitches on my jock but money over cock
But it didn't work that way
Got trapped by the system a nigga had to pay
And go do a little time
Had a lot on my mind so I started to rhyme
Now it's 92' back on the scene again
But this time strapped with a pad and pen
Came to spit this gift I got
Poppin that shit cause it's got to be popped
All you sucka MCs must learn
Hooked up with my boy named Herm
Got rushed to the studio
Three months later getting seen on the video
Then you talkin bout JT, when's your next show
Can I go, can I go?
I don't think so bro
Cause you tried to play me
So take it for what it's worth
Puffn on dank while I'm dippin through the turf
Mackin on your ho
Yeah I got game cause she paid for the indo
Call me a gaffler call me a sucka
The nigga JT ain't nothin but a hustla

Ain't nothin but a hustla (2X)

Fool, ain't nothin but a hustla
An A-1 hustla

Can I get a fade cause I'm passin more licks
Back to back eleven seven straight hits
Pass the blunt and brew yeah I thought you knew
That I'd tear the fold before I come anew
I guess he had a feeling and he knew
I was gonna break him
Cause now he's getting paid telling me how to shake
em
And get em off the wall
I'd be a damn fool to listen and let you call
Cause I'm a do my thang
Get the money and the watch
And the mothafuckin gold chain
Cause I'm a play for keeps
If a nigga try to play me I'm a put his ass to sleep
Nighty night fool
JT the Bigga Figga coming from the new school
When I say the new school you know I mean playas
Gangstas, hustlas, straight rhyme sayers
Young niggas about 18
Coming up hard stackin green
Mackin on hoes gettin new clothes
Goin to the store buying Daytons and Vogues
Fresh out the box
All that shit without slangin them rocks
Yeah nigga nothing but a hustla
You just a busta your crew is straight suckas
I got niggas that's ready to roll
The Young Black Gangstas and the Outta Control
You can't peel me man do you feel me?
Your girl, she wanna steal me
And take me to a room and get it on
But when she go to sleep that's when I'm gone
Going through her purse like a roadrunner
And get your cash
Cause you ain't nothin but a play-a-ho
Now you wanna fight better yet a Captain Save a Ho
So put on your cape and find your gloves
Cause a playa like me is showin no love
You can get mad you punk little busta
The Bigga Figga boy ain't nothin but a hustla

(chorus)

Definition of a hustla
I ain't got time to be fuckin with you suckas
Niggas getting jealous and shit
But I'm a keep coming with them hits

Tryin to get away from the grind
Cause that's gonna lead to more time
So I chose to go down the right road
It'll be better is what I was told
As a young buck coming up
Didn't have shit so I didn't give a fuck
Found my way to the street corner
Fifty percent dope, fifty percent soda
But now it's a dope beat with a dope rhyme
Cause a nine will get ya time
In C.Y.A. or the state pen
Where it's all the same cause it's straight men
With no type of hoes and no money
Fuck cell commissary cause it ain't funny
I'd rather get a royalty check
Then on the corner tryin to break my neck
For a punk ass twenty sale
Fucking with this I'm gonna triple my mail
This song here's going out to the busta
The Bigga Figga nigga ain't nothin but a hustla

(chorus)

Get my money on

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