

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"Rap's a Hustle"

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[Verse 1]

I'ma pimp, a pen's my hoe
She don't ever move until I say so
Her only purpose in life is get me large
I got my pen workin' 16 bars
When I'm happy she happy, sad she sad
She make sure we both have
She know I got plenty more to replace her
Bitch better have mine
I'm not lettin' no pen get out of line
You did it, I mean, can you dig it
She committed to me, she please niggas for me
My shit's so tight she leave a nigga for me
I met her in a studio, she caught my eye
With her over kickin' whack ass rhymes
I needed a pen, so she let me borrow her
Like my shit ain't ill enough to overpower her
I see he wasn't treatin' her right
So I gave her some paper
And let her do her thing that night
Thats right, I took it from that player
He to concerned with his money and his pager
She told me, shit he be kickin' is so weak
I told him, your hoe chose me I'm goldie
Be cool, or we can make the heat come out
Your pen work for me 'till the ink run out (player)

[Chorus]

Money talks and bullshit walks
Rap is a hustle y'all
Only the strong survive, I was born to rhyme
Put me on the street I'm goin' for mines
Money talks and bullshit walks
Rap is a hustle y'all
Only the strong survive, I was born to rhyme
Put me on the street nigga

[Verse 2]

My rap is uncut raw, out the door
Type shit to have fiends lookin' for more
Your rap is lactose; you cooled off, the glass broke

Customers complainin' never comin' back yo
My rap flow is pure all white, in the hood all night
You made your first sale when I sold out
My shit numbs your whole mouth, yours leaves a foul
taste
My rhymes a felony yours never seen a trial date
You need a legal aid, my pen got the DA's paid
My flows sleepin' in a cave
No day's I got the streets in this mad
You need a mask to repair the ? here
You see the glass once I flip this track
You should see my stash, I got rhymes for days
Fuck a right front page, I stay deliverin, ain't no middle
men
I never short my man or cross my fans
Or switch my supply when money cross my hand
It's funny, I'm here, I'm like the crew I used to roll wit'
You might as well work for me, I got the clientele
Y'all put to much cred in that stuff you tred to sell
Thats the reason your empire fell like Goliath
I'm supplyin' the ghetto to satisfy you
Marks, NARC's, is analyzin' why this kid
Crossed the bridge and came through with platinum
shinin'
Bringin' heat to the street like I had the iron

[Chorus]

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