

## 2 Pac "4 Tha Hustlers"

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Too Short:

If your a real hustler your sure to get rich.

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaas, ohh

This is for the hustlaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaas, ohh

Ohh, come on, come on

Too Short:

I make money like a motherfucker

It ain't no thang to me

\$hort Dog in the house spittin game wit Breed

Ain't no bust partner, that's the thrid week

I'm going to pimp these hoes, they can't work me

How the hell you think I get to ride a B-12?

The phone and TV ended with a green smell

I went from Oakland to Atlanta with my top down

\$hort Dog, my shit is nation wide now

You can ask Breed or Pac it don't stop

I ain't bull shittin make a mill when I rock

Three players in the game and it's a major

Bitch you wanna get me better hit me on my pager

Today I'm on the westcoast

Tommorrow I'm in Texas

Flip the Benz and Farri, sold the Lexus

\$horty drop the bass in the mix

You know what's next beitch

I'm sure to get rich

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaas, ohh

This is for the hustlaaaas, come on

This is for the hustlaaaas, ohh

Ohh, come on, come on

2Pac:

Haha

I'd be the thuggin ass outlaw  
Til my fuckin casuct drops  
Fuck around and make me blast on these bastard cops

This is for the hustlaaaaaas

Believe me coming stapped with the gak  
When you see me  
Label me a threat to society, but I ain't quitin  
Thug life motherfucker ain't no bull shittin  
Born in these projects destined to fate  
Collecting mail on these broke bitches  
Slanging that game  
Now shit done changed  
It ain't the the same  
I ain't lyin niggas are dyin  
Three strikes have you motherfuckers flyin  
In the penatentary or in the cemetary  
Gettin high no need to worry  
Last year niggas knockin up the block and in between  
shots  
Pumpin tapes from that nigga Breed and Pac  
This year bringin you the fix  
Including Ant Banks in the mix  
We're sure to get rich  
Still I ride.

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaaaas, come on  
This is for the hustlaaaaaas, ohh  
This is for the hustlaaaaaas, come on  
This is for the hustlaaaaaas, ohh  
Ohh, come on, come on

MC Breed:

I'm a cold-hearted fool  
I mean a fool at heart, head strong  
and I won't be headed home if he falls apart  
Conatact niggas like a part time  
When I ride the beat  
Ain't no way to hide from the darkside  
Man of many mens till the very end  
and blend in and change my iden  
Just to mix up with the game  
They know me by the Breed and they don't know it's my  
last name  
It's mind over matter  
I don't mind, you don't matter  
Pull a glock and watch the whole block scatter  
and we can have us a gak to gak talk

Do it old style and do a back to back walk  
Count to ten and say goodbye to your friends  
and we can put the bull shit to an end  
I figure if he plays around he lays around  
and he's a motherfucker ?????? calls a corner when I'm  
around  
Bodies are buried and found all around  
and parish and charish and thoughts just to be true  
Punk, fellas behave ya and it just might save ya  
So guard your girl and pickup your pistol  
cause you can't get wit Breed the weed head lyrical nit  
wit  
The shit won't change as long as I'm alive  
I gotta survive and keep it tight

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on  
This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh  
This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on  
This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh  
Ohh, come on, come on

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