

2Pac

"2Pac + Outlawz---Hell 4 a Hustler"

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[2Pac]

Get on yo' knees nigga
Get on yo' knees and pray

Huh, increase the doses, bustin whoever closest
Thug livin, hell or prison, never losin my focus
I'm makin money moves manditory needs
In a discussion my past records tell a story
Picture niggaz we rushin and still bustin
til the cops come runnin, duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list
So I laugh til I cry, when the law come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga miss me, why plant
seeds
in a dirty bitch, waitin to trick me, not the life for me
Livin carefree, til I'm buried - and if they dare me
I'm bustin on niggaz until they scurry, I'm clearly
a man of military means in my artillery
Watchin over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was
gonna die
Sellin dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past, in vain
Never knowin if this game'll last, feelin ashamed
of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin my
soul?
Got tired of small time livin, niggaz tellin me no
I got MINE, FUCK THEM OTHER SUCKERS, that's the
mentality
Jealous-ass bustaz, make it hell for hustlers

Chorus: 2Pac (and harmonizing vocals) *repeat 2X*

Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on judgment day
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let em play me for a busta, make it hell 4 a
hustler

[E.D.I. Amin]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so
serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin and jugglin with all the might I can
muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? War is war, lost homies in plenty
battles
Last two years shed plenty tears, and I'll send plenty at
you
Let me catch you slippin, you soft niggaz is outta here
In case you forgot, we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble]

Yo, to every step I take, every foul I make
Every jail I break, every mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga
sell words
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Chorus

[2Pac]

No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef til I burn
Censor me and void your kids from the lessons I've
learned
And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-
social
Niggaz shakin like they caught the holy ghost when I
approach em
Try to politic, before I smoke em, like Sun Zu
Niggaz do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
best believe they comin for my dogs in the mornin
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggaz mourn me? Gettin blowed out
High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify
Strikes, walkin close to my third, I live a trouble life
And if you dream be a part of my team

From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo' eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustaz
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell 4 a hustler

Chorus

[2Pac]

This is how we ride
Not knowin if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin with my motherfuckin guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild til they all
die
This is how we ride
Not knowin if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin with my motherfuckin guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild
until they all die, Outlaw
Yes (change my ways) yes
The Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary
Only God can save us
Nuttin but boss players

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