## 2pac "Hell 4 A Hustler"

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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 mandatory In a discussion my past records tell a story Picture niggaz we rushin' and still bustin' Till 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 till 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, till 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 us

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
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

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? All for 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

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

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No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef till I burn Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me antisocial

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

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I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler
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

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 till 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 only God can save us Nuttin' but boss players Outlawz and thugs

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