

Artillery

"Husslers N Gangstaz"

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[Chorus: Artillery (Germ)]

You don't wanna be no hussler, sometimes husslers
starve

Gettin' money, we pray that we don't touch you god
(You don't wanna no gangsta, sometimes gangstas
bleed)

(And one day you face the day when you're forced to
squeeze)

See a nigga turn hussler, (then a hussler turn thug)
A thug turn gangsta when he bust his first slug
(When shit hit the fan) tell me who you gonna trust?
(Just do what you gotta do) do what you must

[Artillery]

When you lust the color of green
Schemes with the toast, keep presidential (?) thugs on
both knees

Deep in the game and now you're lovin' the coke
Cause it make you wanna stack a quater mill and be
ghost

Then get out the ghetto, get out the slums, get out the
gutter

Wake up the metal, break up dunns, break up the
butter

makin' 'em stutter, mask up, lookin' for green

Would you call a (?), reach for your dreams

Life is losin', everything is never what it seems

Searchin' for the fiends, it's like a maze to get you the
green

Send up the wheel like wild crews, spinnin' the wheel

But lay low and spray high like a raw street deal

Truth of the pen, half these cat ain't usin' thier brain

Bustin for nothin', takin' this struggle and vain

And thier's those who respect, and lovin' this game

Play by code and honor when they dealin' with things

[Chorus]

[Germ]

My team is like the Armada comin' through, like a fleet
of ships

Guns with clips, it's a color-line between the bloods and
crips
Don't avoid the war-zone to save your Private Ryan
Peep around the walls and your top get blown,
right if you're afraid of dyin'
Would you froze in a crucial monument
When your peeps needed the ammo the gun down your
opponents
Son got slugs in his chest, while your sittin' on the
stairs shedin' tears
Actin' like you not knowin', the enemies passed you
You wouldn't bust you gun, standin' there lookin'
shooked and stunned
Now you're stressin'
Knowin' that the shorty took your man the the essence
When the shit'll bring you, you and the peeps start to
restin'
Understand, death will keep pressin'
Can't be dealin' with these cats in the game, we'll floss
Understandin' that thier hands don't be smellin' like
yours
Be the same ones, you have with you when you flossin'
on tour
Be the main ones, to send thier goons to kick in your
door
So you watch who you have with when you're in media
circles
Cause in the end, those the ones that gon' hurt you
And the end, those the ones that gon' hurt you

[Chorus]

[Artillery]

If you got dreams to settle down with a brick
Then you better got it on (?) clips
Get you a Tre-8 a three-pound and watch your chips
Better then a dog and you ain't gotta feed 'em shit
Don't trust no man, never gonna talk to no chick
Same bitches set you up and now they shot in you whip
Don't get 'em, all or nothin', you can't even be miss
The streets ain't a play-ground, squeeze the fifth

[Germ]

I'm in cut like ?Porac-Side?, bubbelin'
Godfellas comin' in, we troublin'
You scarred to let us come out, knowin' we dumb out
When we pull them guns out, you change your whole
route
Know what Germ be about, spittin' sixteens, spit the
last fuckin' eight
To set the record straight

Controllin' my destiny, I'm kind of scarred to fade
If you cross the wrong path, you get your face ate

[Chorus]

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