

Cissy & Whitney Houston

"I'm Gonna Hustle"

Visit "[I'm Gonna Hustle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

C-Murder:

Nigga even though I'm on top of the world right now
I'm shining, getting my shine on, check this out
I'm gonna hustle till I'm dead and gone nigga
Don't never let up, don't never let up, you heard me?

Chorus: (x2)

I'm hustle till I'm dead and gone
I got my mind on my money and my hand on my 9
nigga

C-Murder:

I went from selling coke to selling tapes in stores
I'm stealing Monte Carlos, driving out show room floors
Now uh, I've been a thug since I was born
I used to hide on the step when my pops cut up heron
A lower class motherfucker never had nothing
I watched my brother kill a man and never say nothing
I walk with eyes on the back of my head
Cause in the projects a lot of young niggas wind up
dead
I only roll with TRU niggas and G's
Like Big Ed and Snoop, I want to kill all my enemies
Now why the Fed's analyzing my words
Since my last court release I ain't never touch another
bird
I tell a judge, fuck a violation
I ain't got ten years, nigga I'm trying to rock a whole
world
I want to be like P and Bone nigga
Cause I'm gonna hustle until I'm dead and gone nigga

Chorus x2

Big Ed:

The early 90's standing on the block slangin' them
rocks
A little bad ass nigga running from the cops
We used to drive our Z's to the jungle, fun as ever
My neighborhood trained me to be a killer
Big nigga, maintained in the dope game

Slangin bundles of weed, heron, and cocaine
The game is in my vain, you can't stop me nigga
Over time I got hypnotized by pulling triggers
Dying to be the big wheeler, cat peeler, big rap star
They had the finest hoes, clothes, and fastest cars
Me, Silkk, P, and C been hustling for years
Binded by blood and tattoo tears
Rap game gon' never change, my hustle ready to
tussle
You talk too much shit, we slapping niggas with
mussels
Tank use it's muscle, so can't stop the tidal wave
Hit the Billboard, y'all can sweat, rain

Chorus x2

Full Blooded:

My niggas trying to maintain in the streets
My bloodline hounding on all four, trying to get up on
the seat
Fuck a police sweating a nigga trying to shut down a
call
But it's my hounds turn to ball
We hit the streets with them choppers and the fash,
Hound out a finch, took them knees with a pocket full of
cash
Got the do's in the dash ???
Fuck it, get a new one, live for cash
Better yet, let em die whole blooded
He that cat that the third block flocking fifteen hundred
All my soldiers and my hounds start counting potatoes
From the thought of big Q all down ???
These demons done counted them out
And this motherfucking game try to hit, fly out like a
falcon

Chorus x4

Visit [Cissy & Whitney Houston](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.