

50 Cent "I'm A Hustler"

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Rule number one don't go against the grain
Rule number two give respect where respect due
Rule number three if you get knocked, play games and
say names
The 45 will tear you out the frame

It's like the rich get richer and the poor don't get fuckin'
thing
Don't mean nothin' changed but the things my money
bring
My style will leave you aggy like them cats in jail
You peoples got pleany money, actin' like they ain't got
bail

I feel for you niggas gettin' shot while I'm sayin' this
rhyme
Or niggas in the mess hall gettin' shot on shallow lines
An old timer schooled me don't burn bridges my friend
Imagine the G-Dub close and yo ass gotta swim

I watch the fifth melt a nigga melt a nigga of the
sidewalk of New York
Me and shorty saw from afar and had a talk
He said I told 'em if he came around I'd clap him, I
gave him my word
Look at his head its still shakin' he had alot of nerve

If it wasn't for the flow
I'd probably have to double back bubble crack
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

If it wasn't for the flow
I'd probably have to double back bubble crack
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler

Yo, when the fed come in the game loyalty is limited
Hardcore niggas start actin' feminine
With the feds you do eighty five percent of your time

Duke you get ten you'll damn near do nine

Hate a liar more than I hate thief
A thief is only after my salary, a liar is after my reality
The streets I know 'em like my ABC's
Stay away from the D's and stack ya cheese
Try to see three hundred G's 'fore you see three
hundred C's
Tree top to feel the breeze co connect for key's

Yo bitches sexin' me take me to ecstasy
Once I nut, I don't want 'em next to me
(Ahh, oh shit)
If it's on mother fucker believe I'm gonna ride
I'm the type to swallow my blood 'fore I swallow my
pride
Letters on my shirt read DKNY
Got grimy niggas runnin' with me from BKNY

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I'd probably have to double back bubble crack
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
Yeah, yeah I'm a hustler
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They say I don't sound like a killer, well, how a killer
sound
I bet I grab a foe pound and back that ass down
See many men live baby and many men die
Many men get drunk puff lah and stay high

Here's a jewel love you enemies and hate your friends
Your enemies remain the same friends always change
I don't quit that theres more that one way to skin a cat
You can get him in the face dog or down his back

All bullshit aside now it's time to be honest
I fear no man for death is all thats promised
I got niggas standin' in line waitin' to hear me spit
From eighty six to ninety six the game went from sugar
to shit

This for you niggas in the background dyin' to shine
I hate you like fiends who ask for a dime for nine
Don't nothin' change in the game but faces and names
Skate to wait to date and the jake

If it wasn't for the flow
I'd probably have to double back bubble crack
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