

Atmosphere

"Hustlin' 4 Nothin'"

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Chorus (uncredited male singer):

Am I hustlin' for nothin'? And do you care?
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Am I hustlin' for nothin'? And do you care?

(J-Dawg)

Tryin' to figure out why this life is so fucked up,
questions, but not enough answers,
Too many died, nobody know why my grandfather died
from cancer,
Too much at one time for one man to take,
Ain't no escape from fate, so nigga live your life,
Slow it down little man, lil' niggas that die young,
they don't get no stripes,
Better fix your sights on your young life,
cuz this here game ain't shit,
The F-E-D's got it on freeze, the enemies sink your ship,
Better bank your chips,
this ain't no shit that just start happenin' loc,
One time been gafflin' folk, and now them hoes is at
my door,
Had to hack my 'fro,
bounce up out the back door and thank God I'm free,
Me? This all I could be, J-D-A-W-G,
And it's troublin' me knowin'
that's the only way we can see some light,
But the streets ain't right
and that's why it's hard for me to go to sleep at night,
Tryin' to keep things tight,
Dogg the game of life is trife, you don't make new
friends,
So if you know a nigga bail to 'em,
don't sell to 'em, cut away loose ends,
Gotta break two ten's, then I'm broke again,
so I'm stressed regardless,
I was hustlin' for nothin',
cuz a nigga back where the fuck I started

Chorus

Second Verse (Threat):

Now I been down for too long,
so believe I know what it's like when we struggle,
Nigga, life's a puzzle,
Watch the man that's dealin' your hand when he
shuffle,
The game done turned sour,
The more power, the more enemies surface,
Tell me what's my purpose?
Bein' placed on this Earth and is it worth it?
Had a job and worked it,
tryin' to make ends meet but it never did touch,
Everybody can't be Michael Jordan and Shaq
that's why these ghetto kids stuck,
Hit the block with a full cup,
of poison, drinkin' it, drownin' my pain,
Even though I'm older, the blood of a soldier
can still be found in my veins,
Gotta do what I know how,
and grind to get mine, hustle to live,
Niggas got jobs to pay bills and can't do fuck for they
kids,
Why life gotta be hard? From school yards, to the yards
of Angola,
I done trapped the same coasts,
them forces, for all of my dogs to slang cola,
Even though I'm older, a lil' wiser,
still can't advise 'em to quit,
They got this white girl,
called powder and we all got eyes for this bitch,
Niggas die for this shit, knee deep in the game on the
block,
For all my soldiers strugglin' and strivin'
tryin' to maintain what they got,
And the question is.....

Chorus (.5x)

(J-Dawg)

Tell me God do you care? About the ones in the ghetto?
It's like we're your forgotten people,
Only way we can come up is if we sit down,
plan, and make plots that's evil,
So I pray to the God from the steeple,
Hopin' somehow you can change this madness,
And make it a thing of the past,
I'm livin' proof that the game don't last,
Shit change too fast, niggas that you used to trust,
wanna fall with the cops,

See a box of the birds, and tried to rely on the herb,
and then home got hot,
Then it was on my block, put it on glock, got it locked
inside,
For this thing called life
while the rest of the World sit around and they watch us
die,
Quick shot to the sky for the fallen hustlers,
niggas that do they time,
And don't use they dime, therefore they don't lose they
shine,
And if you stay blind, nigga doomed,
always assume that somebody's watchin',
I know what it's like to wake up Christmas day to an
empty stocking,
Gotta keep things poppin', hustle, so the past don't
repeat itself,
A survivor that's gotta provide until my seed can feed
itself,
But we all need help God,
it's a shame but I've become a desperate man,
Strugglin', hustlin' for nothin', out'chea doin' the best I
can,
Damn

Chorus til' fade

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