

Beanie Sigel

"1-900-Hustler"

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{1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy
What's the problem shorty?
Yeah whattup man
I'm the only nigga from Brooklyn out here man
I'm tryin' to lock the spot down, holla at me
Alright, hold on, Hova, line one}

Here's a couple of suggestions of how you could
finesse it
You find a dude in town, you send him a short
message
Say, "Hey, I'm new in town, I don't know my way around
But I got some soft white that's sure to come back
brown
I get that butter all night
'Cause most niggaz don't know a brick from a bike
They keep buyin' hard white
And if you free tomorrow night we can meet and
discuss price
FYI, I never been robbed in my life"

Or you find a chick, shit, you hole up in her crib and
Let her introduce you 'round town like her man
Shake hands, make friends like it's all innocent
Then before they look up you sellin' the town cook-up
Or gorilla pimp, come up on that killer shit
Take a nigga brick, smack him, then you sell it back to
them
Still there Brooklyn?

Yeah yeah that's gangsta, I think I'ma roll with that one
Make out a check for eight hundred dollars
Jigga Man, holla

{1-900 Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy
Whassup Sig? This Chris out the Young Guns dog
Whattup?
I'm ready to smash these niggaz in the rap game
The niggaz takin' too long with that advance money
and shit
Yeah

Talkin' 'bout chill, chill don't pay the bills
Yeah I feel that
I know you well connected dog
Let me holla at somebody real
Alright look, I got the perfect person for you, hold on
Bleek, line two}

Listen shorty, you wanna roll just give me the word
I ain't got time for a sentence all that shit is absurd
You find a strip first, if you don't cook find a bitch first
If you don't hustle find a nigga who pitch first
You new in town, no red and blue in town, there's
gangs
Don't get fresh, let 'em know you small change
The strong move quiet, the weak start riots
We know you got a brick but sell 'em twenties 'til they
tired

With no credit, you know you sick with that gotta eat
fetish
And other niggaz who gettin' it dead it
Make 'em an offer that they can't refuse
He resists, box him in, 'til he can't be moved
Here's the rules, chop it, bag it, stash it, stack it
Get in, get out - that's a O.G.'s classic
900-Hustler, you pass it around
Wanna speak to me direct, hit extension trey-pound,
I'm out

{1-900 Hustler, Sigel, holla at your dog
What seem to be the problem young boy?
Yo whattup, this murder def kill homicide nigga
I got two freaks
Yo watch your fuckin' mouth man
Fuck you mean watch my mouth nigga?
Been on hold for about two hours nigga
I don't give a fuck how long you been on the line
Shut the fuck up! Matter of fact, hold on
I know this nigga ain't just put, put me on hold man
This bullshit, ass elevator music
Free, pick up line five}

First things first, watch what you say out your mouth
When you talkin' on the phone to hustlers
Never play the house, think drought, keep heat in the
couch
When you sittin' in the presence of customers
Never hold out, pull out, throw heat and be out
If a nigga ever think that he touchin' ya
Lay low, get cake, whip all over the state
Stash dough, whip yay with, right amount of bake

(Hoe!)

Nigga too close went right around his place

(Yo!)

You stoppin' dough when we clutchin' the gats?

I know you heard "Friend or Foe," this ain't different
from that

Make sure you got your four-four and he can slip if he
like

Young, Jon Benet doin' a mission tonight and yo

Until you up stay away from them dice and whores

Three smuts, two streaks and a Dyke

Can pause one-three rumbles two streaks and a pipe
for sure

And if it's tight, then he might come back for more

Nine and four, everyday back and forth

Winter to summer, 1-900-Hustler

Pass the number 'til you're stackin' balls

Tell you how to weigh shit wet and package more

I take cash or write the check out to F-R

Two E's, that'll be two G's

And forget my money I'm comin' for all your ki's, nigga

{1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy dog

Yo whattup young, you put me on hold earlier man what
happened

Yeah you stupid motherfucker

MDKHN, Watch your mouth man

You talkin' all reckless on the phone

Fuck you think this the,

Get indicted hotline or somethin' motherfucker?

Yo, my bad man, my bad

I know I was talkin' reckless earlier about them two
chickens

You get it, you know, two chickens? But listen

What?

Just tell me how to move this shit man

I'm pushin' hardly half a wing back nigga, holla

Get a job, holla at Purdue!}

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