

## **Beanie Sigel**

### **"Tales Of A Hustler Pt.2"**

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*[Beanie Sigel]*

Court casin..  
Third felony facin  
No probation  
My heart racin like a blunt lacin  
Hennessy and malt liquor chasin  
My gemstar scarrin niggaz faces  
For a pound of trey eight and..  
I throw bullets like Dallas Troy Aikman  
The callous on my index stay achin  
Niggaz stay hatin  
Got me late night pacin  
I'm tight boot lacin  
Mask on like I'm Jason  
Shoot up shit like Larry Davis  
You play the pulpit like Pastor Mason  
Turn cheek like Martin Luther  
I'm like Oswald sharp-shootin  
Got my eyes on my mark in the dark shootin  
Beam illuminate the target movin  
Get your organs ruined  
Move out like SWAT move in  
Got them niggaz on the back-block rootin  
For the bad guy..  
Playground legend like Sadait(?)  
P. Kirkland...My MP state workin  
Shootin-arm stay jerkin  
My Nextel stay chripin  
Can't answer cause the feds lurkin  
Its like we catchin cancer on purpose  
Back to back chain smoking, nicotine fein  
Conversation with demons when I'm dreamin  
Manic-depressive  
Like the man upstairs tryin to pass me a lesson  
But I can't catch it  
The game under break the pressure  
They miss my presence

*[Chorus 2X: Sparks]*

We still not promised tomorrow  
Takin the bitter with the sweet up in these cold ass  
streets

We got lifestyles through our scars  
We ride hard til our numbers get called  
The lifestyle of a hustler...

*[Sparks]*

I'm feelin like deaths in the air  
Got me back to back buckin my squares  
But I ain't bitchin I ain't scared  
I ain't budgin, in fact the thrill alone turns me on  
Got me smiling, laughin...Clutchin  
My toast and confrontin mother fuckers  
Cock-a-roaches will not catch me laughin  
Skinny and slim fram y'all get it the same  
Cool niggaz that'll spin out they waves  
Grimey niggaz that'll spin to they graves

Justifyin my foul ways  
I got kids to raise  
But motherfuckers rather see me sprayed  
Than to see me pair (fucker)  
Or see me on the front page like Sig  
Or stay rolled DC with B. Sig  
You bitch niggaz stay PC when y'all see me  
Until the day that they  
Fit me in the grave and the city wreak of me  
We got the city under siege  
S-P or R-O-C  
Poverty is a movie starrin me  
Ride with no play the passenger seat  
So y'all can see how my life so real  
So y'all can see how my life so ill  
(I came to chill..)

*[Chorus]*

*[Oschino]*

Tales of a hustler that's me in the flesh  
Got a Jag and a Caddy sellin dimes of the step  
Niggaz wanna take my block I had to earn my respect  
So I put his cerebellum on his grandma's steps  
You know Oschino he'll probly kill  
Got the soul of Huey Newton nigga Bobby Seale  
Nigga proly take the stand he'll proly squeal  
But I got four lawyers I ain't takin the deal (Nigga)  
We could strap without scrap or put the semi in it  
Gun fully loaded like the Chrysler with the hemmy in it  
I keep it ghetto like a 40 with the Henny in it  
Went to school broke loafers on no pennies in it  
Stood the coldest winter with the bummiest coat  
Need food need shoes sold dummies of soap  
Got tired of bein broke man life was a bitch

They bring you flowers when you dead but no soup  
while you sick  
So I switched my whole picture get involved with the  
bricks  
Not the ones made of semen but the ones who sniffs  
Tales of hustler, niggaz come for your jugular  
If you sell one bag to they mother fuckin customers  
State P we got the city on smash  
Got every boulevard every street every ave  
Got sneakers got clothes nigga you do the math  
Push to hustle but the point is just to stack that cash  
Tales of a hustler....

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