

## Common "Electric Wire Hustler Flower"

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Yo

Electric! Wire! Hustle! Flower

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Blood and magic dripping from me  
True thugs and addicts I grip an entry  
Enter this game with tricks and envy  
I forget game to remain an emcee  
Rooms in this mind that's still empty, only fulfilled  
through prophecy  
You stoppin me, you see I'm tryin to catch this plane  
You must be slow nigga, catch your brain  
It's fresh, but it is some stress and pain  
Got hoes? Ho nigga respect the game  
I talked to cab drivers about the fast lane  
And Islam, masters and shakras and beyond  
Think about the hustle and somehow I see by  
But what led it to the concrete, BS be strong  
You was at your hardest when you didn't even try  
Live like a bitch, to bitch you gonna die

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Mercury and retrograde, I'm trying to get niggas in the  
ghetto paid  
While they watch pornos and Escalades, away from  
floats and the dope in sex parades  
Somebody screamin in my mind, I'm tryin to find if it's  
me  
Or voices on the master, they design to be free  
Same revolt, can't be found on TV, or radio, its livin in  
me  
Hey lady, that smoke is bothering me  
If I put it in your eye, ashes you would cry  
All this rap talk is blowing my high  
I just came to chill and build with my guy  
I try to walk but I stumble off the humble path  
This story of a pimp stick that became a staff  
You got it, you gotta know where to aim the mag  
Art and opinions are made to clash

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Out of body hard to explain, like the pyramids and  
gods I remain  
I know pain, like Kurt Cobain, or ain't I playin hurt the  
whole game  
Dig it to the Earth's brain for worst gain  
Focused like young blood on his first chain  
I used to write shit to please niggas  
Now I write shit to freeze niggas  
Whether iced out, or American Pie sliced out  
I sit in the room with the lights out  
Whether diced out, or with their hair spliced out  
I sit alone in the room with the lights out screamin

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