

## Dj Company

### "Bonafide Hustler"

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[50 Cent]

Yeah, I'm a special kind of nigga with mines, y'know?  
I grind, I gets my paper, y'knahmean?  
Ha ha ha, oh yeah

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I'm a bonafide hustler  
Nigga get out of line I'll gut, ya  
Me - I'm bout my paper it's fuck, ya  
If you, play games with mine  
I can match it from behind with my nine

[50] I'm a bonafide hustler

[Verse One: 50 Cent]

They say heaven's for churchgoers and hell's for the  
heathens  
So I'ma just ball the fuck out while I'm breathin  
Eighth after eighth, what'chu know about that fast flip?  
Crack spots, smoky fiends suckin on that glass dick  
Now Sham stay askin for a dime for 9  
I'll tell you what, I'll hook you up just one last time  
Customs is comin son is pumpin watch the packs  
dissolve  
Singles, C-notes to food stamps, we stackin it all  
That's that joint what's his name son? I don't remember  
That Haitian nigga with the guitar that sing "Gone 'Til  
November"  
I do a buck-forty in the rain, hydroplanin  
Lamborghini Diablo, candy painted  
Got that hydro burnin, got the burner in the stash  
Hit the hazards, hit the AC, then it come out the dash  
If fag-o in the club sonnin, niggaz start dumbin  
Start shootin and I ain't strapped, fuck it I'm runnin

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[50] I'm a bonafide hustler

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

I been out here for too long, I deserve to get a bird

The fiends know my name now from standin on this  
curb  
I got blood on my shirt, and a handful of crack  
A bunch of lil' niggaz with dime sacks in they  
backpacks  
Come and get it we got it, take a trip to the projects  
You see the police, but we gon' sell our dope  
regardless  
You niggaz know me, from fillin up your heron needles  
I'm connected with them people who don't speak no  
english  
We ain't scared of the roll, we just get it and go  
You see them Tennessee tags nigga you already know  
I don't trust no ho, that's how T got popped  
He showed a bitch where his stash was, she told it to  
the cops  
Me and Priest had the streets on lock  
He'd break down the blocks, I'd open up shop around  
the clock  
And I ain't gon' stop, so soon as you come home from  
the pen  
We at it again, we gettin 'em for ten my nigga

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[50] I'm a bonafide hustler

[Verse Three: Tony Yayo]

You know I'm a hustler ey  
Now I'm headed down South and that's my word  
I'm on the Greyhound bout to move these birds  
And if these niggaz don't let me sling  
{\*click clack\*} I'm out there robbin everything  
Got a brand new mac, and a P-89  
Ya's a hustler, man I stay on the grind  
9 grams of heroin, 100 grams of coke  
12 o's of mushrooms, 2 pounds of smoke  
3 gal's of dust juice and a tank of LSD  
And a thousand pills of every kind of ecstasy  
Hash, hashish, I bought a sixty-two  
When I was younger with my crew I had them niggaz  
sniffin glue  
It's 40's to the gram to them truckers and bamas  
And I can chef up a miracle with Arm & Hammer  
I'm a hustler, man I supply the fiends  
I'm a hustler, nigga I'll sell you a dream

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[50] I'm a bonafide hustler

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