

## Fila Phil

### "Hustlaz"

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[Fila Phil]

Started hittin' hustle when I was just lil'  
Then I grab me a mac, I say me first piece of steel-ah  
Killin' motherfuckers, god as my witness  
A young juvenile, goin' out like a menace  
Chillin' on the set, I see a big dope dealer  
And my voices in my head sayin' kidnap that nigga  
Hands all bloody 'cause I'm hecled for dope  
But I'ma pull out the gat and let the tec-9 smoke

[Chorus]

Where my hustlers at  
Where my hustlers at  
I said now where my hustlers at  
Where my hustlers at  
I said now where my hustlers at  
Where my hustlers at  
I said now where my hustlers at  
Where my hustlers at

[Fila Phil]

Big time hustlers and about all that cappin'  
Real, real niggaz all about kidnappin'  
Kidnappin' babies, kidnappin' niggaz  
Makin' fuckin' money with my finger on the trigga  
?????? motherfucker, pockets gettin' swollen  
Devil on my shoulders, and I better start rollin'  
Picked up the mack, now its time to kill  
Put the fuckin' clip into the automatic steel  
I ran out my house with the mack oh yes indeed  
Red eye, booted up, fawl smokin' that weed  
'Cause I'm a big time hustla, big dope dealer  
Press Park, Desire, Florida killa  
Big time hustla, big dope dealer  
Calio, Melphomene, Magnolia killa  
Big time hustla, big dope dealer  
St. Bernard, St. Thomas, Chris killin' nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, let's steal a U-haul so we  
can kidnap a nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, let's steal a U-haul so we  
can kidnap a nigga

[Fila Phil]

Gots to be real, got it goin' on, before I hit a hustle, hit that heroin now

Gots to be real, got it goin' on, before I hit a fuckin' hustle, hit that heroin

[Fila Phil]

Now I'm chillin' in the crack with my mack pulled  
6 niggaz on the set up to no good, now I'm lookin' at the nigga, took the mack out

That when I ran by the corner by a bad house

Now they got my fuckin' boy on the corner

And if I spray the tec, best believe my boy's a goner

Yellin' down the street, tryin' to tell my boy to go

Thats when they hit him up with the motherfuckin' calico

Now I'm pissed off feelin' ????????

Went to bussin' at them bitches with the 44 beam

Punk fell down and I thought he was dead

Thats when I hit the hollow points up to his motherfuckin' head

[Fila Phil]

Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, It's time to go to war

You shouldn't have killed my fuckin' nigga

Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, It's time to go to war

You shouldn't have killed my fuckin' nigga

[Chorus]

[Fila Phil]

Now I'm creepin' in the Melph with my mack out

2 clips taped together 'cause I smoked out

Then I ran around the corner, nigga thought I was chokin'

Hit him with the mack, tore his chest wide open

When he fell down, his boys went a runnin'

I had another clip, I put it in and start gunnin'

Dime motherfuckers don't fuck with me

I had him stankin' for days, hangin' up in a tree

I said now dime motherfuckers don't fuck with me

I had him stankin' for days, hangin' up in a tree

So won't ya snort a powder bag, snort a bag of dope

So won't ya snort a powder bag, snort a bag of dope

So won't ya snort a powder a bag, snort a bag of dope

So won't ya snort a powder a bag, snort a bag of dope

And let me kill a, let me kill a, let me kill a nigga

And let me kill a, let me kill a, let me kill a nigga

And let me kill a, let me kill a, let me kill a nigga

Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the tec-9 to a Press

Park nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the tec-9 to a  
Slaughter House nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the tec-9 to a Desire  
nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the street sweeper to  
a Florida nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the tec-9 to a St.  
Bernard nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the calico to a Calio  
nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the 44 to a  
Melphomene nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the tec-9 to a  
Magnolia nigga  
Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat trigga, pass the AK to a St.  
Thomas nigga  
Gots to be real, got it goin' on, before I hit a hustle, hit  
that heroin  
Gots to be real, got it goin' on, before I hit a hustle, hit  
that heroin  
Lil Sorry, we used to get red-ah, I can't believe my  
nigga dead-ah  
Lil Sorry, we used to get red-ah, I can't believe my  
nigga dead-ah  
I said I used to be a soulja, now I'm comin' reala  
Now I'm fuckin' known as a 9th Ward killa  
Used to be a soulja, now I'm comin' reala  
Now I'm fuckin' known as a Press Park killa, biotch!

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