

## Flotsam & Jetsam

### "Hustlers"

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\* send all corrections to this typist

Yeah

Sup wit' these lame-ass niggas, man?

I'm tellin' you

Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit

You kna' mean?

Like y'all built like that

Ya'll niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'

Ya'll niggas ain't ready for this shit

[Memphis Bleek]

If a nigga know the Memph

I ain't the type to front

I'll put any gun to you

What type you want?

Supply any drug for you

What high you want?

Bag any chick for you

Nicer slut

Yeah, I push hot fees

My niggas got cheese

You run around frontin'

Like you niggas got keys

You never flipped burgers

Your krew, I ain't heard of

Matter of fact, I'll murder ya

I heard you niggas spit shit

But it's indirect

Say my name

And see where I end this tech

I got a lot of love for this

But dawg, I'm real

When it's beef, it's beef

When it's rap, it's real

Nuttin' between

Alot of frontin' I seen

I done analyzed this game

It's nuttin' but schemes

New ways to sell records

I aim for it

Put it out if it's hot  
Not, Just ignore it

[Chorus] (REPEAT 2X)  
We them hustlers  
And that's who ya'll know  
We get low, get dough  
Flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas  
That's who we be  
We got cheese  
Pop three for R-O-C

[Memphis Bleek]  
Yo, yo

This is my ghetto  
I eat, sleep, breathe here  
To tell the truth, dawg  
None of us gon' leave here  
We die young, go to jail for murder 1  
On a come-up, nigga  
And that's where I'm from  
I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit  
I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit  
I'mma catch you when you sit  
Put 4 in yo whip  
Catch your girl in the club  
Put nut in your bitch  
Niggas wanna see the Memph go and lose his cool  
Go and use his tool  
Nigga, use the fool  
You could bootleg my shit  
I want me a chunk, deuce  
I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk  
What part of that you don't understand?  
Or ain't hear?  
Misinterpurate?  
Dawg, I put WORK in  
I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol  
Still keep them thangs  
Next to the abdomenol

[Chorus] (REPEAT 2X)  
We them hustlers  
And that's who ya'll know  
We get low, get dough  
Flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas  
That's who we be  
We got cheese

Pop three for R-O-C

[Bienie Sigel]

Uh, uh, uh

Yeah

Before these rhymes

I was bustin' these nines

Before these raps

I was bustin' my gat

Before the vocal groups

I spoke with the truth

Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?

Imagine my raps

If I wasn't in touch with the street

On the block, deep

Wit my peeps touchin' the heat

I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps

Huster wit beats

You niggas is lame

You catz can't touch what I reach

And quiet as kept

You niggas can't hush what I speech

My story's too deep

Life real, clear as the streets

See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep

You niggas know me

The cat who be tearin' these streets

AIN'T NOTHIN' CHANGED

But my name when I appeared on these beats

It's Bien Mac

Sigel was the name that they gave me

The streets that is

I'm tryin' to teach that, kids

Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns

Ay yo, the sun don't go down

WE GO ROUND

[Chorus]

We them hustlers

And that's who ya'll know

We get low, get dough

Flip gold for sho'

We them gangstas

That's who we be

We got cheese

Pop three for R-O-C

We them hustlers

And that's who ya'll know

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That's who we be  
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We them hustlers  
And that's who ya'll know  
We get low, get dough  
Flip gold for sho'  
We them gangstas  
And that's who we be  
We got cheese  
Pop three for R-O-C, nigga

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