

Fredro Starr

"1-900-Hustler"

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{1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy What's the
problem shorty? Yeah
Whattup man I'm the only nigga from Brooklyn out here
man I'm tryin' to
Lock the spot down, holla at me Alright, hold on, Hova,
line one}

Here's a couple of suggestions of how you could
finesse it
You find a dude in town, you send him a short
message
Say, "Hey, I'm new in town, I don't know my way around
But I got some soft white that's sure to come back
brown
I get that butter all night
'Cause most niggaz don't know a brick from a bike
They keep buyin' hard white
And if you free tomorrow night we can meet and
discuss price
FYI, I never been robbed in my life"

Or you find a chick, shit, you hole up in her crib and
Let her introduce you 'round town like her man
Shake hands, make friends like it's all innocent
Then before they look up you sellin' the town cook-up
Or gorilla pimp, come up on that killer shit
Take a nigga brick, smack him, then you sell it back to
them
Still there Brooklyn?

Yeah yeah that's gangsta, I think I'ma roll with that one
Make out a check for eight hundred dollars
Jigga Man, holla

{1-900 Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy Whassup Sig?
This Chris out the
Young Guns dog Whattup? I'm ready to smash these
niggaz in the rap game The
Niggaz takin' too long with that advance money and
shit Yeah Talkin' 'bout
Chill, chill don't pay the bills Yeah I feel that I know you

well connected

Dog Let me holla at somebody real Alight look, I got the perfect person for

You, hold on Bleek, line two}

Listen shorty, you wanna roll just give me the word

I ain't got time for a sentence all that shit is absurd

You find a strip first, if you don't cook find a bitch first

If you don't hustle find a nigga who pitch first

You new in town, no red and blue in town, there's

gangs

Don't get fresh, let 'em know you small change

The strong move quiet, the weak start riots

We know you got a brick but sell 'em twenties 'til they tired

With no credit, you know you sick with that gotta eat fetish

And other niggaz who gettin' it dead it

Make 'em an offer that they can't refuse

He resists, box him in, 'til he can't be moved

Here's the rules, chop it, bag it, stash it, stack it

Get in, get out - that's a O.G.'s classic

900-Hustler, you pass it around

Wanna speak to me direct, hit extension trey-pound,

I'm out

{1-900 Hustler, Sigel, holla at your dog What seem to be the problem young

Boy? Yo whattup, this murder def kill homicide nigga I got two freaks Yo

Watch your fuckin' mouth man Fuck you mean watch my mouth nigga? Been on

Hold for about two hours nigga I don't give a fuck how long you been on the

Line Shut the fuck up! Matter of fact, hold on I know this nigga ain't just

Put, put me on hold man This bullshit, ass elevator music Free, pick up

Line five}

First things first, watch what you say out your mouth

When you talkin' on the phone to hustlers

Never play the house, think drought, keep heat in the couch

When you sittin' in the presence of customers

Never hold out, pull out, throw heat and be out

If a nigga ever think that he touchin' ya

Lay low, get cake, whip all over the state

Stash dough, whip yay with, right amount of bake

(Hoe!)

Nigga too close went right around his place
(Yo!)
You stoppin' dough when we clutchin' the gats?
I know you heard "Friend or Foe," this ain't different
from that
Make sure you got your four-four and he can slip if he
like
Young, Jon Benet doin' a mission tonight and yo
Until you up stay away from them dice and whores
Three smuts, two streaks and a Dyke
Can pause one-three rumbles two streaks and a pipe
for sure

And if it's tight, then he might come back for more
Nine and four, everyday back and forth
Winter to summer, 1-900-Hustler
Pass the number 'til you're stackin' balls
Tell you how to weigh shit wet and package more
I take cash or write the check out to F-R
Two E's, that'll be two G's
And forget my money I'm comin' for all your ki's, nigga

{1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy dog Yo whattup
young, you put me
On hold earlier man what happened Yeah you stupid
motherfucker MDKHN, Watch
Your mouth man You talkin' all reckless on the phone
Fuck you think this
The, Get indicted hotline or somethin' motherfucker?
Yo, my bad man, my bad
I know I was talkin' reckless earlier about them two
chickens You get it,
You know, two chickens? But listen What? Just tell me
how to move this shit
Man I'm pushin' hardly half a wing back nigga, holla
Get a job, holla at
Purdue! }

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