

Game "Hustlers Dream"

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Intro:

Dre and Fidal

Niggas play everything live, nigga

Like Cool and The Game back in the day play it live,
nigga

Fuck you niggas know about makin beats?

You dont know shit

Pussies (Ha ha)

Fuck you ever seen a nigga in his 20s with a guitar,
bitch?

Verse 1:

Mothers only son, so I

Had to knock a nigga the fuck out on the block if he
ever made my sisters cry

I was O Dog and Lorrenz taste dreams red everything
niggas know what i mean

Red rag top and i made the dash pop

Before niggas came with stash spots, man

I was a dope man, dope man

I tried to tell em i could never be a felon, i was too good
at sellin

Crack, X, Speed, and Heroin - fiends used to call me

Monroe, cause i used to kill em down in Marilyn

Puttin niggas underground give me a shovel he still
alive fuck him, i was on that level

Back then i aint believe in God, if he heal like they say
on tv why bullets leave a scar?

Revenge is a feelin, but on my sons life when i catch
the 2 niggas that shot me ima, kill em

Hook:

Desperate moments ive been waiting all my life

No mistakes i promise this will be my time

I know hustlin leads us to an early grave

But its the only way, how come niggas dying every
day?

Verse 2:

I watched the coke price double up, i was too young to
be a cook, so i had to sit back and watch it bubble up

Sittin in the window seein gang bangers knuckle up

Watchin the wind blow girls skirts while they double
dutch
I had straight ds i wasnt in trouble much

Either you do my homework for me or ima fuck you up
Moms lied for me told her friends i was a nice student
Would a had all a's if algebra was Ice Cube
There it is, i studied a veteran hopin that one day i
could be a fuckin hip hop legend
I listened to Nas, Big, Dre, Snoop and even though Pac
hated him i bumped Jay too
Bought Reasonable Doubt and let it play straight
through
Used to throw my head back, like Kanye do
Niggas never thought that i would break through, Irv,
Gotti, and P Diddy passed but Jimmy and Dre knew

Hook

No clue on this part

Verse 3:

Im talkin to my niggas, All Stars and Timberlands
(North Face is a pin and its a million thugs marchin?)
For the dearly departed I elevated my knowledge
They say that i was name droppin, i was just payin
homage
For Lil E and Tiana, im sayin that dear mama help me
read between the lines pass periods and commas
The million dollar baby young homie tryna prosper
Act like you dont see me, you might win a Oscar
Act like you dont see me, I might just pop ya
Niggas singin like Sinatra i box like Bernard Hopkins
Left jab like Oscar, im the golden boy, you niggas seen
what happened to Roy
Yeah, you niggas seen what happened to Roy
On my block niggas box we the knockout boys
Sittin in the throne with the Douja sparkin, its my seat
and i aint movin like Rosa Parks
Ima be here

Hook

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