

## George Harrison

### "New Jack Hustler"

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Hustler, word, I pull the trigger long,  
Grit my teeth, spray till every nigga's gone.  
Got my block sewn, armored dope spots,  
Last thing I sweat's a sucka punk cop.  
Move like a king when I roll, hops,  
You try to flex, bang, another nigga drops.  
You gotta deal with this cause there's no way out,  
Why? Cash money ain't never gonna play out.  
I got nothin to lose, much to gain,  
In my brain, I got a capitalist migraine.  
I gotta get paid tonight, you muthafuckin right.  
[something] my grip, check my bitch, keep my game  
tight.  
So many hos on my jock, think I'm a movie star.  
Nineteen, I got a fifty thousand dollar car.  
Go to school, I ain't goin for it,  
Kiss my ass, bust the cap on the Moet.  
Cause I don't wanna hear that crap,  
Why? I'd rather be a New Jack-----Hustler

(chorus)

Hustler  
Hustler  
Hustler  
H-U-S-T-L-E-R hustler

(kid drop in)

Yo man you know what I'm sayin?  
You got it goin on my man, I like how it's goin down.  
You got the fly cars, the girls, the jewels.  
Look at that ring right there,  
I know it's real, it's gotta be real.  
Man, you the flyest nigga I seen in my life!  
Yo man, I just wanna roll with you man,  
How can I be down?

What's up? You say you wanna be down?  
Ease back, or muthafucka get beat down.  
Out my face, fool I'm the illest,  
Bulletproof, I die harder than Bruce Willis.  
Got my crew in effect, I bought em new Jags,

So much cash, gotta keep it in Hefty bags.  
All I think about is keys and Gs  
Imagine that, me workin at Mickey D's (ha ha ha ha).  
That's a joke cause I'm never gonna be broke,  
When I die there'll be bullets and gunsmoke.  
Ya don't like my lifestyle? Fuck you!  
I'm rollin with the New Jack crew.  
And I'm a hustler.

H-U-S-T-L-E-R hustler  
New Jack, New Jack.....

Here I come, so you better break North,  
As I stride, my gold chains glide back and forth.  
I care nothing bout you, and that's evident.  
All I love's my dope and dead presidents.  
Sound crazy? Well it isn't.  
The ends justifies the means, that's the system.  
I learned that in school then I dropped out,  
Hit the streets, checked a grip, and now I got clout.  
I had nothing, and I wanted it.  
You had everything, and you flaunted it.  
Turned the needy into the greedy,  
With cocaine, my success came speedy.  
Got me twisted, jammed into a paradox.  
Every dollar I get, another brother drops.  
Maybe that's the plan, and I don't understand,  
God damn---you got me sinkin in quicksand.  
But since I don't know, and I ain't never learned,  
I gotta get paid, I got money to earn.  
With my posse, out on the ave,  
Bump my sounds, crack a forty and laugh.  
Cool out and watch my new Benz gleam,  
Is this a nightmare? Or the American dream?  
So think twice if you're coming down my block,  
You wanna journey through hell? Well shit gets hot.  
Pregnant teens, children's screams,  
Life is weighed on the scales of a triple beam.  
You don't come here much, and ya better not.  
Wrong move (bang), ambulance cot.  
I gotta get more money than you got,  
So what, if some muthafucka gets shot?  
That's how the game is played,  
Another brother slayed, the wound is deep  
BUT they're givin us a Band Aid.  
My education's low but I got long dough,  
Raised like a pit bull, my heart pumps nitro.  
Sleep on silk, lie like a politician,  
My Uzi's my best friend, cold as a mortician.  
Lock me up, it's genocidal catastrophe,  
There'll be another one after me!

A hustler.  
Hustler.  
H-U-S-T-L-E-R hustler.

New Jack, New Jack.....

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