

## Guru "Hustlin' Daze"

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If you ain't real about it, don't talk  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

It's ninety degrees on the corner in the summer heat  
Dreamin' of beach houses, mad ladies and Hummer  
jeeps  
Got another beep now it's time to watch a brother creep  
And pull another scam, not yet the man but the  
brother's deep

Ain't tryin' to stay in this life for too long  
You tellin' me that I'm bound to lose but you wrong  
I'm too strong, plus me and my team's got a true bond  
I'll stay in these streets, you stay in the house where  
you belong

Yo who's wrong, you never had to live in my shoes  
And my view's, that every second is vital  
The way I see nigga's the way I G it  
A raw ghetto entrepreneur, yeah, I be it

Not as glamorous, as the gangster flicks  
I'll show you some gangster chicks that hold me down  
we get rich  
And get this, bet this, I'm after payola  
The loot, the paper, till my hustlin' days are over

I'm a hustler, a hustler  
Gotta get the dough to win  
And I'm a baller yeah, baller  
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel  
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill  
All the player haters stay off my nuts  
While I'm handlin' business

Illegal business, I need to invest in somethin' legit  
This money's comin' too quick, I copped a house and  
two whips  
Who switched it, not me, I'm keepin' it real  
Keepin' the steel while the envious watch hungry, I'm

eatin' my meal

Late nights, there ain't no time for stage frights  
This ain't fiction, it's my mission to get paid alright?  
No need to speak about greed, long as I'm feedin' my  
seed  
Then I'm completin' the deed, so I'm keepin' this  
cheese

High-priced lawyers, I'm too nice for ya  
Never touchin' the work no more, too precise for ya  
Controllin' the town, holdin' it down  
I'm the Master Allah now, I'm showin' you style

I go in your file, and make you hard to locate  
Delete all your data don't disregard your fate  
I'll off you then I'm off with a honey like suave bola  
Shit I'm livin' this life, till my hustlin' days are over

I'm a hustler, a hustler  
Gotta get the dough to win  
And I'm a baller yeah, baller  
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel  
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill  
All the player haters stay off my nuts  
While I'm handlin' business

Bouncin' in and out of town, hope I don't step out of  
bounds  
Chicks love to crowd around 'cause of my rep, how that  
sound?  
Enemies are growin' in numbers, hopin' to catch me  
slumber  
I wonder how many are hopin' to take me under?

NARC's and Feds, throwin' darts at my head  
Some new cats tryin' to make me part with my bread  
Now I'm in a zone worse than Nino in Sugar Hill  
Now I'm all alone, the piper wants me to foot the bill

Now I'm facin' the judge, my name on a folder  
In jail for life, my hustlin' days are over  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

I'm a hustler, a hustler  
Gotta get the dough to win  
And I'm a baller yeah, baller  
Shot caller

I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel  
For niggaz that wanna be actin' ill  
All the player haters stay off my nuts  
While I'm handlin' business

If you ain't real about it, don't talk  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk  
If you ain't real about it

Get the paper, get the dough  
'Cause I'm hustlin'  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

Gotta get the paper, get the dough  
'Cause I'm hustlin'  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk  
And I'm a hustler

If you ain't real about it  
And I'm a baller, yeah  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

I pack plenty of steel  
If you ain't real about it  
So all the player haters stay off my nuts  
While we handlin' business, oh yeah  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk  
If you ain't real about it

If you're with me, throw your guns in the air  
If you ain't real about it, don't talk

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