

Haystak "Hustle & Flow"

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On the first roll 7 or 11 is a winner
Either other time 11 is irrelevant
And 7 is craps, after you've established a point
A point being 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, or 10

2's, 3's, and 12's is only relevant on your first roll and
they craps
The money gone but the dice stay
Just 'cuz I taught you the game don't mean you know
how to play
And it damn sure don't make you

I'm a hustla baby, I take chances everyday
I'm a gambler baby, how can I win if I don't play
I'm a hustla baby, you either hustlin' them or they
hustlin' you
I'm a gambler baby, I'm gon' do what the old heads
taught me

Five hundred on the line and I'm looking for a 10
But I know exactly know how to find a bitch again
I buck 'em off the table, a 4 and a 6
Money up, money down, who gonna fade me tricks

Came a 6 and what I left with, hush it
It's a secret, hustlas don't discuss it
Brush the dust off my britches when the dice game
finished
Sometimes you gotta lose, man that just the business

I done left the rent to the dice game, the water and
lights
My old lady bout to hoop and call it a night
My last two hundred, and I'm bout to let it ride

Let 'em roll, came out a 4 and 5
My points 9, I'm working, 8, 10, I'm searchin'
Well, here goes a 4 and a 5
Well, a 6 and a 3 but either way it's a 9

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The sink in a drought and I'm tryin' to survive
Cable off, TV only picks up five
White sneakers, damn near look off-white
And I'm still using heavy starches, them shit is alright

My whole life I'd have trouble stayin' focused
But I never gave up and never stopped copin'
Pits in the yard, a bucket in the driveway
I'm gonna turn that bitch into a new truck one day

Someday, 'cuz I'm gonna get out here and work until
I get a mil, fuck the lotto and a record deal
It's real, when you don't even know when your gonna
get your next meal
Even though when you straight, you still feel like you on
them X pills

Can't sit still, you pace back and forth
Cross the floor until you can't take no more
But I'ma be back, believe that, like my big homie E-
Mack
The muthafuckin' Southside

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I took sixteen zips of that Mexican red
Weighed my quarters at five, charged an arm and a
leg
Busted heads, this move dealt me a new hand
The eight I invested was now two grand

Met a busta at a club and told him I was the man
Met up with him, sold him a quarter ki of sand
A young dude, my mentality was like fuck dude
We like some pit puppies fightin over dog food

In school, I sold candy a quarter a piece
I made my money off three and the rest was all me
In life I fucked a couple of good connects up
So if you in the car with me keep ya heads up
Worked so hard but couldn't stack no bread up

Finally said fuck it 'cuz I just got fed up
The money I owe you, you can chop that boss
Because I don't think you got the balls to come knock
Stak off

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