Ice Berg "Hustlin For A Long Time"

Visit "Hustlin For A Long Time" on MotoLyrics.com

feat. Blade

Separate me from these streets, lord They tryina wear me down I do this for my people

We try to make it out

My nigga went to prison, gave him 7 years He said he was going through hell of in these streets for real Shit, that boy was damned, not homeless Not just cause he was dead broke But cause everybody want him His head off his shoulders His mama house got shot so many times That she ran and moved to Georgia When them killers can't find you That's what they resort to And when they on they manhood, your love warns you.. So think before you move nigga I rather be judged by 12, than carried by 6 So I'ma keep that tool with me And he say he don't never think about death Sliding one deep, cause he was born by himself Will there ever be peace, hell I feel like pac Often wanna know his last thoughts the night he got shot

I'm doing this one for my g's tryina find a way out My nigga keep on grinding and watch how I play out, straight up!

[Hook]

A wise man one told me, that them niggas ain't your niggas

Ain't no put your trust in the bitches boy, but
We all make mistakes, and we all take losses
That's the part of the game, and I know
That change gonn come, homie
We can't stop, ain't over till it's over
I've been hustling for a long time

I've been hustling for a long time Separate me from these streets, lord I do this for my people

Bitch I've been down ever since I could remember Cold winter, pea and lasacce just for dinner Whole livin, mama dating different niggas, no father figure

Tryina figure how to make a dollar from a lousy nickel Sometimes I sip a little liquor just to ease the pain Keep sippin till I float away

They saying no place for a nigga, no place for a nigga I feel my aunt looking down on me
Uncle he don't tell me keep it real and hold it down
Only talk to my mama every blue moon
Watch my grand daddy out the blue gone too soon
This cold world got a hold on a nigga
Got my dog doing time, cause they told on my nigga, argh

Have mercy on the soul of a nigga As ice cold, lord take the soul on a nigga

[Hook]

A wise man one told me, that them niggas ain't your niggas

Ain't no put your trust in the bitches boy, but
We all make mistakes, and we all take losses
That's the part of the game, and I know
That change gonn come, homie
We can't stop, ain't over till it's over
I've been hustling for a long time
I've been hustling for a long time.

Visit <u>Ice Berg</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.