

Ice-T "Forced To Do Dirt"

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Yeah, ah, Ice-T back in that ass, return of the real
Muthafuckas fakin' and frontin' like they don't know
what time it is
Niggas on the streets ain't really got a muthafuckin'
choice
Muthafucka

So niggas is forced to do dirt
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I only run with real niggas who wear gold and jewels
Diamond rings, strapped with tools
I take no shorts, 'cause I been in it for the long one, the
strong one
Gotta tell the truth, yo, half my niggas is on the run

Street giant defiant to the laws
That the white man made, nigga, that's why we play,
nigga
AKA the street hustler from the Westside
Too damn fly, too much finesse for the hoo ride

I rather take a mark off smooth
'Cause the skill of a hustler is to stick and move
And make you say, "Damn, what's his name?"
Got to give a nigga props, 'cause the kid got game"

Mad game, fool, I base my hustle not on strength
But think, you say 'the liquor store', I say, "Brinks"
'Cause my mind's on the massive roll of the dice
The magnitude of my game's insane, precise

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So now you're mad, 'cause I got money and you don't
The hustlers win, the busters won't

What can I say, you can't come out and play
With the real ones, dig this you'll get broke with the
quickness

I don't gamble, I cheat when it's on
Two g's on the table, two in my palm
And if I spill up, I pull the nickel 25 strap
Then the place gets flat and then I'm out the back

With my niggas and them 4's on thangs
And if I really wanna floss, I flex my Bentley wings
Damn, over your head, got a problem
Keepin' lyrics down to earth so normal niggas can solve
'em

But the game's extreme so quit your high beams
And increase the light, now can you see me, you might
If you ever been to jail or shot, sold rocks
I'm talkin' 'bout weight down like movin' ki's and
pounds

But every nigga in the hood ain't fly
Light-skinned or dark, they're ninety percent marks
Straight vics and they got money to give
Then without 'em tell, me how the hell a hustler lives

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I got no love for a lame
I use my strategy from crack to rap, no shame
And now instead of cooking some ki's
I'm flippin' million dollar [Incomprehensible] call 'em
wack MC's

But suckers got it twisted, they missed it
Wastin' they life when yo, they mentally gifted
The streets ain't the only fuckin' hustle in town
You gotta get in where you fit in, gotta stay way down

But a buster is a buster for life
He makes excuses why his ass ain't pay that shit's
played
Cash rules everything around me, kid
I hit a 50'000 lick and never did no bid

'Cause I'm bent on a come-up and my shit stays tight
How many fake gangsta rappers will I hear tonight?
It don't matter, 'cause the real don't care

You know I'ma gonna get mine, so I'ma let 'em get theirs

But I know in the heart what's true
So if you listen very closely, maybe you will too
My mind's blown off Armani suits
Pavet medallions, [Incomprehensible] boots

Cristal and steak, shrimp big as your hand
I bought a silk robe and it's from Siam
This jam's for the hoods and thugs
Pimps and hoes, the slingers of drugs

Hustlers and thieves, cons and crooks
Bookers and sharks, muthafuck the marks, nigga

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