

Immortal Technique

"Street Hustle"

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Intro:

I see a lot mother fuckers talk about gettin money Ha!
All my life I've seen niggas talk rich and cry broke.
I know some of you niggas is starving.
You know the industry fucked up right now.
Record sales in the toilet.
Executives scared to lose their jobs.

Verse1:

You can never hide the truth from Immortal technique;
Niggas is happy to sell a hundred thousand in the first
week.
And retailers is right there watching you
Moving extortion Co-op a dollary unit.
The record industry wants a messiah to come again,
So they rape for his masters and his publishing.
How the fuck niggas sell a half a million cd's
But can't sell out S.O.B.'s
While they pay out to play
And I never thought I see the day (never)
When sound scanners are stronger than a disc record
And rappers don't get creative
And just send a mix message
So fuck an emcee battle
The golden era is gone
I treat you niggas like fifty
I won't even respond
Put your moms in the rape room and she can bitch like
I'm Saddam
Rush a show and stomp you out during one of your
songs
And I'm not a hypocrite because I'm aggressive and
violent
I would be a hypocrite if I was peaceful and silent
And I let em get away with the shit that they say
But I treat em like clear channel making em pay for
talking reckless
Fuck the charm on your necklace
Because who you down with don't mean shit

When you surrounded and who you goin to get
When you four pounded
You not a boss pussy
You not even a die low
You live in a fucking fantasy smoking hydro
I meal real niggas, divide dough
So lie low and talk to me about disrespected
Because even fat beats rejected my record
And now majors wanna sign me again
Call the niggas I use to know
Try to find me again
I guess Eighty thousand sold will do that you fucking
new jack
And I don't need to wear jewelry to prove that
Cuz three apartments a house and fifty acres will do
that

Bridge:

Hardcore, underground, hustlin the streets
If you ain't ready to hustle, nigga you don't eat
And if you ain't ready to live for this you shouldn't
speak
Because motha fuckas die for this shit every week

Hardcore, underground, hustlin the streets
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Verse 2:

I never be as famous as other rappers in the game is
Because I represent what up against the grain is
Never trust no body minor or major
Cuz a person's real religion is their behavior
I can stare into your soul when I look in your eyes
4th branch of the government still telling lies
Fox news and then New York post is a joke
Nucleus of the yellow journalism yolk
And send someone after me if u don't like me
You'll be the next nigga to take a bullet for whitey
Like the Latinos and blacks in Iraq who come strapped
in a wheel chair
When they come back
motherfuck that I'm Peruvian coke
I can tell if your shits fake
I'm the raw version of the crack on your mix tape
So don't hate on this advice that I sent from the grave
Just remember if you sign up to be slaves

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