

Jay-Z

"1-900-Hustler"

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(feat. Beanie Sigel, Free, Memphis Bleek)

[Beanie Sigel]

1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy
What's the problem shorty?

[Shorty]

Yeah whattup man
I'm the only nigga from Brooklyn out here man
I'm tryin to lock the spot down, holla at me

[Beanie Sigel]

Alright; hold on - Hova, line one

[Jay-Z]

Here's a couple of suggestions of how you could
finesse it
You find a dude in town, you send him a short
message
Say, "Hey, I'm new in town, I don't know my way around
but I got some soft white that's sure to come back
brown
I get that butter all night
cause most niggaz don't know a brick from a bike
They keep buyin hard white
And if you free tomorrow night we can meet and
discuss price
FYI, I never been robbed in my life"
Or -- you find a chick, shit, you hole up in her crib and
let her introduce you 'round town like her man
Shake hands, make friends like it's all innocent
then -- before they look up you sellin the town cook-up
Or -- gorilla pimp, come up on that killer shit
Take a nigga brick, smack him, then you sell it back to
them
Still there Brooklyn?

[Shorty]

Yeah yeah that's gangsta, I think I'ma roll with that one

[Jay-Z]

Make out a check for eight hundred dollars

Jigga Man, holla [**click**, **dial tone**]

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy

[Chris] Whassup Sig? This Chris out the Young Guns dog

[Beans] Whattup?

[Chris] I'm ready to smash these niggaz in the rap game

The niggaz takin too long with that advance money and shit

[Beans] Yeah

[Chris] Talkin 'bout chill, chill don't pay the bills

[Beans] Yeah I feel that

[Chris] I know you well connected dog

Let me holla at somebody real

[Beans] Aight look, I got the perfect person for you, hold on

Bleek, line two

[Memphis Bleek]

Listen shorty, you wanna roll just give me the word

I ain't got time for a sentence all that shit is absurd

You find a strip first, if you don't cook find a bitch first

If you don't hustle find a nigga who pitch first

You new in town, no red and blue in town, there's gangs

Don't get fresh, let 'em know you small change

The strong move quiet, the weak start riots

We know you got a brick but sell 'em twenties til they tired

With no credit, you know you sick with that gotta eat fetish

and other niggaz who gettin it - DEAD IT

Make 'em an offer that they can't refuse

He resists, box him in, til he can't be moved

Here's the rules: chop it, bag it, stash it, stack it

Get in, get out - that's a O.G.'s classic

900-Hustler, you pass it around

Wanna speak to me direct, hit extension trey-pound, I'm out

[**click**, **dial tone**]

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your dog

What seem to be the problem young boy?

[MDKHN] Yo whattup, this Murder Def Kill Homicide Nigga

(??) I got two freaks

[Beans] Yo watch your fuckin mouth man

[MDKHN] Fuck you mean watch my mouth nigga?

Been on hold for about two hours nigga

[Beans] I don't give a fuck how long you been on the line;
shut the fuck up! Matter of fact, hold on
*[*click*, *classical type music plays*]*
[MDKHN] I know this nigga ain't just put.. put me on hold man
This bullshit-ass elevator music
[Beans] Free, pick up line five

[Free]
First things first, watch what you say out your mouth
when you talkin on the phone to hus-tlers
Never play the house, think drought, keep heat in the couch
when you sittin in the presence of cus-tomers
Never hold out, pull out, throw heat and be out
if a nigga ever think that he touchin-ya
Lay low, get cake, whip all over the state
Stash dough, whip yay with, right amount of bake
(hoe!)
Nigga too close went right around his place (yo!)
You stoppin dough when we clutchin the gats?
I know you heard "Friend or Foe," this ain't different
from that
Make sure you got your four-four and he can slip if he like
Young, Jon Benet doin a mission tonight and yo
until you up stay away from them dice and whores
Three smuts, two streaks and a dyke
can pause one-three rumbles two streaks and a pipe
for sure
And if it's tight, then he might come back for more
Nine and four, everyday back and forth
Winter to summer, 1-900-Hustler
Pass the number til you're stackin balls
Tell you how to weigh shit wet and package more
I take cash or write the check out to F-R
two E's, that'll be two G's
And forget my money I'm comin for all your ki's, nigga
*[*click*, *dial tone*]*

[Beans] 1-900-Hustler, Sigel, holla at your boy dog
[MDKHN] Yo whattup young, you put me on hold earlier man what happened
[Beans] Yeah you stupid motherfucker *[MDKHN: Watch your mouth man]*
you talkin all reckless on the phone
[Beans] Fuck you think this the,
Get-Indicted-Hotline or somethin motherfucker?
[MDKHN] Yo, my bad man, my bad
I know I was talkin reckless earlier about them two

chickens

You get it, you know, two chickens? But listen

[Beans] What?

[MDKHN] Just tell me how to move this shit man

I'm pushin hardly half a wing back nigga, holla

[Beans] Get a job, holla at Perdue!

*[*click*, *dial tone*]*

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