

## Luny Tunes

### "Nice Muhammad Walks"

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[verse 1]

lemmie tell ya what this fellow like, caught somewhere  
between stop and go like yellow lights(uh-huh)  
hustla so i gotta get it mellow right, down the block,  
round the clock, mezl like(?)  
i roll like cherry red jello dice, it whats(?) just the pop  
callin the kettle white  
its hot, just the block callin the ghetto wife, karma  
came its my ball and chain  
me or more hopefully i wont fall or hang like pictures  
on the walls, the halls of fame  
its just a boy man...look at what it all became, good and  
all but look at what, all remains  
all the, floors and thangs, marks from all the claws and  
fangs, there were marks from all of yall that changed  
bustin back and all of yall i trained, apologizin ta all of  
yall i blamed

\*HOOK\*

Its what hustlas do and you aint did it till a hustla do  
and you aint know it till a hustla knew  
and you aint done till a hustla through, imma customer  
to  
its what hustlas do, and you aint seen it till you seen it  
through a hustlas view  
open ya eyes its a hustlas song, god forgive if this  
hustla's wrong

[verse 2]

its bigger things, so we pose a notion, strivin to be  
numba 1 till i overdose  
i speak it now with it on my tounge or the thought,  
youngest son runnin from older quotes  
thou shall not sin, thou shall not steal, thou shall not  
kill, thou shall not turn ya back on those in need  
i try ta flip but the government switch keeps me at his  
chosen speed, im just a rose in weeds  
and i rolls with reasons ta stay on this road i lead, till i  
leave with what i sold, my, soul and deeds  
leave my son with the sum in what i sold in deeds.....i

foldin yo...proably headed for the pin like bowlin balls  
kept it directed at the pen and wrote it for yall..

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[verse 3]

it takes alot of patence when you takin it on...alot of  
pacein...alot of makin it known  
i aint the nigga they be placin it on, i was the king of  
this city...now they replacin the thrown  
i know its alot of...hatin waitin at home, that she aint  
waitin you can hear the bass in her tone  
like she cant make it alone a broken home and she  
need brace for the bones, all this from just embracin  
the phone  
alot of ballin up letters, alot of erasin of poems, alot of  
commin ta grips with the fact that you gonna be facin  
alone  
all this time, all this time you was wrong, you know  
whatever happens i got you  
and whatever happen that happen(?), they was happy  
ta drop you, no letters or shoes  
no cheddar your mom sold sweaters, refuse to know  
better

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