

## Notorious B.i.g.

### "Hustler's story ft. akon, big gee, and scarface"

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(Akon)

Akon....and B.I.G., yeah

(The Notorious B.I.G.)

Niggaz talkin' it but ain't livin' it

Crystal pops I'm sippin' it, mob hats and lizard shit

'Gator trunks bitch, rollin' blunts with the williest of the willy

Heckler Koch, M-1's and nine millies

Stories like a motherfucker

Model bitches wondering if I'm a fuck with her

She know I treats my bitches like Ivana

Dolce and Gabana dippin'

Big Poppa never slippin'

H-class diamonds shinin'

Dinner with the wifey winin', dinin'

Smoking cigars in Bogota

With Colombian niggas named Panama

And Enrique and shit

Games we play life endin'

Bitches bending over with ease

For a pair of Moschino jeans

And Donna Karan tank tops I got your bank stopped

Singles on top

Benjamins

Under the rest of 'em

Advancin'

From duplex to mansion

Stashing keys hidin' G's overseas

VCR's in my V's

Game elevates, money I make

Gets your stocks and real estates, bitch

Jet skiing in the Caribbean, white sands

Discussing plans with my mans

Dark blue land, smoke tint chrome rims and system

That leaves your rear views tremblin'

What you gonna do when poppa catch an attitude?

Drop to your knees and show gratitude

Kiss my rings it's a Frank White thing I stay potent

Bitch is devoted, take my dick and deep throat it

(Akon- Chorus)

Eternal Sunshine, in this elevated world of mine  
Looking for this hour glass of time, tryna find my  
purpose on a grand design  
Is there anybody out there livin?  
4,5,6s on the streets they shootin?  
Is there any money out there for me?  
You just listen to this hustler's story

(Big Gee of Boyz N Da Hood)

Picture me, a product of his own doing  
Scared lost, don't know what I'm suppose to be  
Shit cost, money never came to me  
When shit short, I suffered unshamedly  
The lord humble niggaz 'specially if they act like  
They too big for they draw when they stacks right  
Think I'm bullshittin? A bunch of niggaz back like  
Right back home, with stacks gone, they forgot Christ  
I know a nigga sold his soul for a nickel rock  
I know some hold for the 'dro, we can't hit the cock  
I know a nigga workin 9-5  
Been on 15 years, ain't got a car to drive  
I know some nigga wanna act hard, flicks pitch  
Fake jack boys, can't rob, get killed  
Got kin folk backyard big whips  
Escart that lift my homeboy this year

(Chorus)

(Akon)

Akon  
While B.I.G. sittin up with Enrique  
I'm on the coastline politican wit Jose  
We got the birds flyin in the coupe all day  
Tryin to find a new way to smugglin pure yay'  
We bout our business, ain't know small time thieves  
If you ain't growin the 'caine then we ain't gon' meet  
See I'm the one when things get biig  
And my Africans will put yo' main man to sleep, now  
And Mexico far from the block  
Tryin to figure out how many glocks to a box, now  
Sellin arms as well as rocks in my socks  
If you could show me the money, here's the keys to the  
lock, now  
Hey, you know the streets is my territory  
Ain't scared of nothin, let you fear it for me  
Hey, whether win, lose or draw  
Believe that death is waitin for all

(Scarface)

Field Mob in the buildin (Uh huh)

Niggaz is quick to chop rocks and hide hands  
Make a break for it, get away for it, that was the plan  
(but)  
So the whole time, I been plottin on his man  
Caught him slippin and sleepin, I hit his ass wit the can,  
and  
Here's somethin that you can't understand  
How can one be so cold and snatch a nigga's soul?  
(Damn)  
I'm on some get back shit, there comes a time  
In every man's mind when it's deeper than dollar signs  
I been on the grind, got homies doin time  
Behind niggaz actin like bitches and bitches droppin  
dimes  
I'm duckin indicters, pussy just wet and wise  
Niggaz just ain't tellin, no, they know we let it slide  
But nah, we gotta ride and we gotta die  
So if you catch up to his ass before I catch him, give  
him mine  
The rats one thing a real nigga here dispise  
I'm a five K one killa, I set his ass on fire

(Chorus)

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