

T Ice

"Forced to Do Dirt"

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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) --> Prodigy

Born hustler

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

A/k/a 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 skilll 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

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 90% marks

Straight vics and they got money to give

Then without em tell, me how the hell a hustler lives..

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 ??? 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 medaillons, [Name] 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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