

Memphis Bleek "Hustlers"

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(feat. Beanie Sigel)

Yeah
Sup wit' these lame-ass niggas, man?
I'm tellin' you
Niggas keep runnin' to this rap shit
You kna' mean?
Like y'all built like that
Ya'll niggas betta pick up a basketball, or somethin'
Ya'll niggas ain't ready for this shit

[Memphis Bleek]

If a nigga know the Memph
I ain't the type to front
I'll put any gun to you
What type you want?
Supply any drug for you
What high you want?
Bag any chick for you
Nicer slut
Yeah, I push hot fees
My niggas got cheese
You run around frontin'
Like you niggas got keys
You never flipped burgers
Your krew, I ain't heard of
Matter of fact, I'll murder ya
I heard you niggas spit shit
But it's indirect
Say my name
And see where I end this tech
I got a lot of love for this
But dawg, I'm real
When it's beef, it's beef
When it's rap, it's real
Nuttin' between
Alot of frontin' I seen
I done analyzed this game
It's nuttin' but schemes
New ways to sell records
I aim for it
Put it out if it's hot

Not, Just ignore it

[Chorus (REPEAT 2X)]

We them hustlers
And that's who ya'll know
We get low, get dough
Flip gold for sho'
We them gangstas
That's who we be
We got cheese
Pop three for R-O-C

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo

This is my ghetto
I eat, sleep, breathe here
To tell the truth, dawg
None of us gon' leave here
We die young, go to jail for murder 1
On a come-up, nigga
And that's where I'm from
I done learned from that Puff and that Lopez shit
I ain't runnin' in no club on some loco shit
I'mma catch you when you sit
Put 4 in yo whip
Catch your girl in the club
Put nut in your bitch
Niggas wanna see the Memphis go and lose his cool
Go and use his tool
Nigga, use the fool
You could bootleg my shit
I want me a chunk, deuce
I'm not a chump, I'll leave you slumped in the trunk
What part of that you don't understand?

Or ain't hear?

Misinterpurate?

Dawg, I put WORK in

I got a name, and my shit sound phenomenol

Still keep them thangs

Next to the abdomenol

[Chorus (REPEAT 2X)]

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[Bienie Sigel]

Uh, uh, uh

Yeah

Before these rhymes

I was bustin' these nines

Before these raps

I was bustin' my gat

Before the vocal groups

I spoke with the truth

Why do catz wanna muffle my speech?

Imagine my raps

If I wasn't in touch with the street

On the block, deep

Wit my peeps touchin' the heat

I'm used to crack, now i'm slingin' raps

Huster wit beats

You niggas is lame

You catz can't touch what I reach

And quiet as kept

You niggas can't hush what I speech

My story's too deep

Life real, clear as the streets

See my iced grill, hear my voice clear when you sleep

You niggas know me

The cat who be tearin' these streets

AIN'T NOTHIN' CHANGED

But my name when I appeared on these beats

It's Bien Mac

Sigel was the name that they gave me

The streets that is

I'm tryin' to teach that, kids

Cause some niggas don't know that they be clowns

Ay yo, the sun don't go down

WE GO ROUND

[Chorus]

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And that's who ya'll know

We get low, get dough

Flip gold for sho'

We them gangstas

That's who we be

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And that's who ya'll know
We get low, get dough
Flip gold for sho'
We them gangstas
And that's who we be
We got cheese
Pop three for R-O-C, nigga

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