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Tupac "Hell 4 A Hustler"

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[2Pac]
Get on yo' knees ni**a
Get on yo' knees and pray

Huh, increase the doses, bustin whoever closest
Thug livin, hell or prison, never losin my focus
I'm makin money moves manditory
In a discussion my past records tell a story
Picture ni**az we rushin and still bustin
Til the cops come runnin, duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin my gun, homeboy the motherf**kin villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list
So I laugh til I cry, when the law come get me
No baby momma drama, ni**a miss me, why plant
seeds

In a dirty bi**h, waitin to trick me, not the life for me Livin carefree, til I'm buried - and if they dare me I'm bustin on ni**az until they scurry, I'm clearly A man of military means in my artillery Watchin over me through every murder scene From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die

Sellin dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry And still, we try to change the past, in vain Never knowin if this game'll last, feelin ashamed Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin my soul?

Got tired of small time livin, ni**az tellin me no I got MINE, f**k THEM OTHER SUCKERS, that's the mentality

Jealous-a*s bustaz, make it hell for us

[Chorus: 2Pac (and harmonizing vocals) repeat 2X] Lord, help me change my ways Show a little mercy on judgment day It ain't me, I was raised this way I never let em play me for a busta, make it hell 4 a hustler

[Outlawz]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious

Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness If I fail, then I suffer, bein broke is hell 4 a hustler So I stay strugglin and jugglin with all the might I can muster

Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real ni**a fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? ??, lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years she'd plenty tears, and I'll send plenty at you

Let me catch you slippin, you soft ni**az is outta here In case you forgot, we on the same s**t that got us here

[Outlawz]

Yo, to every step I take, every foul I make
Every jail I break, every mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin charges, ni**a f**k the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a ni**a sell words

For all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as f**k son
Dyin luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef til I burn Sensor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me antisocial

Ni**az shakin like they caught the holy ghost when I approach em

Try to politic, before I smoke em, like Sun Zu

Ni**az do unto these snitches, before it's done to you

And if the cops come arrest me in the evening

Best believe they comin for my dogs in the mornin

And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug

Tell me will my ni**az mourn me? Gettin blowed out

High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify

Strikes, walkin close to my third, I live a trouble life

And if you dream be a part of my team

From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends

Keep yo' eyes on the prize, ni**a watch for bustaz

Either heaven or jail, it's still hell 4 a hustler

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

This is how we ride

Not knowin if we'll live or die

Catch me rollin with my motherf**kin guns on the side In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild til they all die

This is how we ride

Not knowin if we'll live or die

Catch me rollin with my motherf**kin guns on the side

In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild

Until they all die, Outlaw

Yes (change my ways) yes

The Black Jesuz guide us through this

Weary weary weary

Only God can save us Nuttin but boss players Outlawz and thugs

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