

Young Buck "Bonafide Hustler Ft. 50 Cent & Tony Yayo"

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Yeah, I'm a special kinda nigga with mine's y'know
I grind I gets my paper, you know what I mean?
Ha, ha, ha

I'm a Bonafide Hustler, nigga get outta line I'll cut ya'
Me, I'm 'bout my paper it's fuck ya'
If you, play games with mine I'll come at you from
behind
With my nine I'm a Bonafide Hustler

They say heaven's for church go'ers and hell's for the
heathens
So Im'a just ball the fuck out while I'm breathin'
8th after 8th, what you know about that fast flip?
Crack spots smokey fiends suckin' on that glass dick

Man sham stay askin' for a dime for nine
I tell you what, I hook you up this one last time
Custody's comin' son is pumpin' watch the packs
dissolve
Save Reciedo some food stamps we stackin' it off

Pass that joint what's his name son? I don't remember
The Haitian nigga with the guitar that sang, "Gone In
November"
I do a buck 40 in the rain hydro plainin'
Now we can get a Diablo Candy-Painted

Got that hydro burnin' got the burner in the stash
Hit the hazards hit the A.C. then it come out the dash
If I go in the club son and niggas start dumbin'
Start shootin' an' I ain't strapped, fuck it I'm runnin'

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I been out here for too long I deserve to get a bird
The fiend's know my name now from standin' on this
curb
I got blood on my shirt and a hand full of crack
A bunch of lil' niggas with dime sack's in they
backpacks

Come and get it, we got it, take a trip to the Projects
You see the police, but we gon' sell our dope
regardless
Niggas know me from fillin' up ya heroine needles
I'm connected with them people who don't speak no
English

We ain't scared of the row we just get it and go
When you see them Tennessee tags nigga you already
know
I don't trust no hoes that's how T got popped
He showed the bitch where his stash was she told it to
the cops

Me and Priest had the streets on lock
He'd break down the blocks I'd open up shop around
the clock
And I ain't gon' stop so soon as you come home from
the pen
We at it again we gettin' it for 10 my nigga

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You know I'ma hustler yeah
Now I'm headed down south and that's my word
I'm on a Greyhound 'bout to move these birds
And if these niggas don't let me sling, I'm out there
robbin' everythin'

Got a brand new Mack, and a P-89
Yeah he's a hustler man I stay on the grind

9 grams of heroine 100 grams of Coke
12 O's of mushrooms 2 pounds of smoke

3 Gal's of Dust Juice and a tank of L.S.D.
And a 1000 pills of every kind of Extacy
Hash, Ha-sheesh, I bought a '62
When I was younger with my crew I had them niggas
sniffin' glue

It's 40 cinnagrams to them trucker's and bammer's
And I can chef up a miracle with arm and Hamme
I'm a hustler, man I supply the fiends
I'm a hustler, nigga I'll sell you a dream

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