

## **Blac Haze**

# **"I'mma Die A Hustla"**

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For real, Yeah

[Chorus]

How ya gonna die?

When ya die, nigga

I'mma die a hustla

I'mma die makin money

(repeat)

I'mma die a hustla

I'm smokin weed and shit

My baby mama keep sayin she don't need this shit

She said I ain't doin nothin for my Shorty

I'm like "Whatever"

As I'm sippin on the forty

Uhh, Yeah

I got my mind on the come up

Cause I'm a G

36 ounces to a key

I need to be,

On the road with my niggaz from the hood

Screamin "It's all good, It's all good, It's all good"

I often wonder should I stay in the game

Cause I got too many enemies takin aim

I learned that niggaz that beef

Be tryin to kill niggaz

So if you see me hangin

I'm hangin with real niggaz

And I'll be bustin at bitches and shit

Tryin to get the ? out

Swervin at my ride bout to wreck out

Damn

I can't complain cause that's the life I chose

Nigga I'ma be a hustler til my casket close

And everybody's tellin me "You movin too fast"

The street life don't last

Look at your homie's that past

And even though deep inside

I know they talkin true shit

I still wanna do shit

Nigga I'mma die a hustla

[Chorus]

Ain't got no time for fuckin with hoes  
They gotta wait  
Cause a nigga gotta get his money straight  
Cause niggaz be actin shady  
When it come to green  
Don't be fuckin with my money  
If you come then come clean  
You fools better wise up  
I'm like ?  
Cause I'ma to the nigga  
Ask questions later  
If I'ma die nigga  
I'm not dyin alone  
I'll be until my bullets gone  
And only real niggaz, can feel my pain  
I once thought I was crazy  
But now I know I'm insane  
Smokin out  
I'm the king of the base point  
Me and my niggaz rollin up a fat laced joint  
Tryin to survive  
I need paper to fold  
Every other day I'm violatin parole  
Am I going back to jail?  
I'll be damned if I will  
I ain't shootin to stop a nigga  
I'm shootin to kill  
I lived my whole entire life in the fast lane  
That's why I'm burned out  
Never thought the streets would have a niggaz soul  
turned out  
I'ma get me, no matter how I get it  
And tell the police that Blac Haze did it  
I'mma die a hustla

(For real, yeah)

[Chorus]

Could it be the street life?  
Or am I really losin my mind?  
I get the trippin nigga with my nine  
When I low my shit you better stand clear  
And call the coroner cause there's a dead man here  
See, I be watchin the niggaz who wanna be large  
Or maybe bigger  
I catch a hot one and get to pullin on the trigger  
That's why I'm packin five

When I'm packin key's  
So many homies, that turned into my enemies  
So don't be fakin this shit  
Like if you gonna blast  
Cause when I turn out the lights  
You all outta gas  
They got me caught up in the drama of the inner city  
Who can a nigga trust?  
Everybody's actin shitty  
I don't know where to turn  
So I'ma chill back  
And I'ma tighten my grip when I feel slacked  
I don't want no small change  
I want a big caper  
I'm runnin with the big boys  
Makin big papers  
Cause when I roll I'll be rollin with a dirty clip  
Dirty guns and dirty bullets make you dirty quick  
And we be layin playa haters down  
Like the law  
You said you want it  
We serve it raw  
Nigga I'mma die a hustla

(for real, yeah)

[Chorus]

Oooooo tell me do you know, do you know, do you  
know

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