

Blac Haze

"I'mma Die A Hustler"

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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 sh*t
My baby mama keep sayin she don't need this sh*t
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 b*tches and sh*t
Tryin to get the heck 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 sh*t
I still wanna do sh*t
Nigga I'mma die a hustla
[Chorus]
Ain't got no time for f**kin 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 f**kin 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 sh*t 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 sh*t
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 sh*tty
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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