

**Felice Brothers****"Dirty Hustle"**

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[Hook]

Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside  
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to  
Ride

This one for those that died, and survived thru the  
Struggle

It don't matter your damn color, whole world's a dirty  
Hustle

Better wipe your tears away, better put your fear aside  
Put one hand up in the sky, let me know if you down to  
Ride

This one for those that died, and survived thru the  
Struggle

This for my sisters and brothers, this world a dirty  
Hustle

[E.S.G.]

Now I don't care where you at, you find a Martin Luther  
King

Just like every hood and ghetto, got a damn dope fiend  
Rich kids crack jokes, on those who reside in the  
Projects

But be in them same projects, tryin to buy some weed  
or

Some X

But it ain't no disrespect, cause I just spit how I'm  
Living

Ask Andrea Yates, how can she drown five children  
If you feelin like I'm feeling, put ya hands in this  
Direction

Or black or hispanic, but they got the lethal injection  
Get caught up on the grind, sending a dime trying to  
Shine

Third crime get 99, child molester get less time  
Mr. President are you blind, you see what bill I was  
Doing

Oh I get it, y'all trying to see who Jesse Jackson  
Screwing

This one for my Aaliyah's, Notorious Bigs and the  
Marvin Gayes

The 2Pac's and Bob Marley's, we lost along the way

I pray for Cascious Clay, should I say Muhammad Ali  
They find a cure for his disease, as well as HIV you  
Feel me

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

The reason I say the world a hustle, er'body tryin to  
Get rich  
The radio and T.V., better believe it's politics  
Better get all you can get, them contracts no joke  
Can't ask Sammy Davis Jr., bout dying flat broke

Don't take a rope to hang yourself, this game can be  
Deadly  
Ask South Park Mexican, Michael Jackson or R. Kelly  
Say Big Pun was too heavy, complications with his heart  
Feel sorry for his family, his career was at a start  
Same thang for Fat Pat, Big Steve and my partna Screw  
They say an overdose on coedine, but his family know  
The truth  
The weight of the world on ya shoulder, send to be a  
Man  
Lil' Curtis hung himself, Big George died in a van  
Three years ago, I would of been in that same van  
This ain't no tales from the hood, they true stories  
Man  
They send military men, to another land with a gun in  
His hand  
To fight on the front-line, in a war I don't understand  
Man

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now police pull me over, found a glock and a extra clip  
Ask me who I rap with, do I know who shot Lil' Flip  
I'm like no dog, turn my head I'm a grown man  
Gotta watch my back from Arafat, and the jackas in my  
Own land  
The other day, the Klu Klux Klan had a rally  
They gang is bigger than, the Crips and Bloods if ya  
Ask me  
The whole world is a hustle, home of the brave and  
free  
With Penitentiary workers, modern day slavery  
What kind of choices they gave me, play ball or stay in  
School  
Convicted felons can't get jobs, who the hell made  
them  
Rules

What about Basketball Bobby, won't make it to the pros  
He averaged 24, but his SAT's were low  
Imagine hearing a gun blow, seeing blood all over the  
Bead  
See Al had AIDS, so he shot himself in the head  
Know sometimes we get scared, looking ahead pass  
the  
Trouble  
The world a dirty hustle, Lord help us through the  
Struggle

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)  
Ha mayn, Big Mello  
Man, all my fallen G's

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