

## M People

### "Chill and Hussle"

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Verse One: {Lil' Ya}

It's that nigga of the block call me the hood mac  
Down to make some snaps so what's the haps?  
Do I need the strap?  
Will somebody give me a extra clip?  
Cuz I'm a need it if these niggas try to trip  
They might even try some of that funny shit  
If they do, they fuckin' wig I'm a split  
I'm a get my point across cuz I'm the boss  
Walkin' with my mossed bird, double barrel sawed off  
pump  
With some soldiers behind me called the Black  
Connection  
Bet you bottom dollar we be tighter then some bird fly  
You bests to run if you gun is on safety  
Be handy with the steel if you ever try to face me  
Nigga don't you miss because if you do I'm a retaliate  
And before ya shut yo head and fuckin' face  
Don't get mad because yo tot your 'K' from the city  
Lil' Ya fa'sho just call me the Frank Nitty  
Takin' no pity leavin' yo city destroyed  
Bustin' down yo door to take your coke and all yo boy  
Then I leave the scenery my pockets full of greenery  
Blood on my back and no more bullets in my mac  
Watch yo back nigga

Chorus: {Tec-9/Yella Boy/Lil' Ya}

Parley is cool and ok  
But I rather chill and hussle  
I break it to them easy fit the pieces to the puzzle  
Parley is cool and ok  
But I rather chill and hussle  
Nigga we got dem flippers for that ass  
{2x}

Verse Two: {Yella Boy}

Like Black and Moe I got this shit sold  
Cock diesel by my side another homicide

I'm back up on the scenery ya bitch you  
I'm from the third U. N. L. V. who the hell are you?  
Now if you think you can beat me to the draw faw?  
Try yo luck, because I'm a mover in the U-Haul  
Yo ass in trouble, when I plot and get there on the  
double  
Ain't nothin' shakin', when the real nigga hit the block  
Fully auto amo aimin' at you non stop  
Slickie Grease I got yo draws down  
I'm pased once, I'm comin' back around to act a clown  
No freakin' out because I'm used to this bloody streak  
Everyday and all night I keep my heat  
Don't give a fuck I play it real as it fuckin' go  
I ain't no hoe I spin the bin lettin' bullets flow  
Now can you coke with the gate like scope, nope  
I ain't no joke see I'm straight downin' folks  
I'm on the real with the bill fifty loc song  
I put my stop to all you wanna bee's instantly  
Then I vanish hangin' with the Spanish  
I'm ducked off I'll be right back at you  
I'm here to stay now bitch you like a statue  
Ya see I'm dumpin' bullets if you try to disrespect my  
set  
I beat I'll leave yo ass wet, because I'm in a affect  
With the mag ninety, spittin' at you and yo crew  
Comin' to down you, quickly try'na get rid of you  
I catch a drain put yo ass in pain  
Fuckin' with the Yella another unsolved slang  
I come to buck you down because I'm a fuckin' clown  
The black is in a position that it's supposed to be in  
As I spin the bin once again

Chorus: {2x}

Verse Three: {Tec-9}

Niggas I got that flipper bigger den the big dipper  
We blowin' up slangin' this motherfuckin' gangsta shit  
We be rockin' up slab have the money in my hood  
Keep it good, protect the money that you make  
You bitch niggas can't fade what we put together  
No matter the weather I be ridin' around with  
That four-four in my leather  
Two extra clips to make sure yo bitch ass flips  
So catch the cut  
Nigga what's happenin' with all that gafflin'  
Get ready for strappin' because you know  
I'm bout that action daddy ok today  
I take a ride with my AK  
Somebody don ratted out my rock shop  
And told the cops my chillin' spot

Where I hang at my Reservation  
Jeopardizin' my probation  
But I got to hustle to keep my shit tight right?  
If it means I have to walk the streets all  
Motherfuckin' night all my hommies are out  
Enjoyin' there selves (Where you at Tec-9)  
I'm slangin' rocks in the motherfuckin' Meph  
Now let's elevate a take it to another level  
Work it off the beeper flowin' from my nigga Keith  
Use the code that I give you hit me I'm a hit you  
Now picture me ballin' the ememies around me  
Waitin' for me to go down  
Player hater's are created by the hour  
Dope deal gone sour  
Replace the yae with the flour  
Break a quarter key down I can't fuck with that  
Give a nigga ounce of that furl and I can fuck with that  
I would love to go out and parley with my homies  
Today but I got's to pay bills and tomorrow's the First  
man

Chorus: {2x}

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