

Mr. Capone-E "Hussle - M.O.P"

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[Mr. Cheeks]

Yeah Mr. Cheeks, M.O.P, Big Fame and Billy mother
fucking Danze
Let's give these bitch niggaz one more chance
Throw them shits up (Throw'em up)
Regulate the real (Regulate)
Ayo we basically know how us fuckers feel (Feel that)
How we running niggaz

Ayo they gave me mad problems you wont amount to
nothing
Well look at me now I did amount to something
The rap name in vain just like a four four
No matter were us niggaz rock we watch out for popo
Still up in the struggle I see nothing changes
These niggaz peep the way we roll so we holding
bangers
Sport the jewelry cars and the shelto
Gamble for car money drink let the L blows
High school drop out got my G.E.D. though
Don't speak about what I got the d-low
Yo I know nothing but the hot shit creating
Up on the road trips and hot shit we scattin
From the slums stepping representing the jump off
(jump off)
What we bump hard what you niggaz bump soft
Lived in Red Hook my pops name is Rudy Chattman
My good times always started with what's happening

(Chorus)

Just call me a hustle
Grinding pies writing rhyme 9 to 5
Pimping chicks doing sticks just getting rich takes
muscle
Saga of a every day struggle
Bottom line dolla signs we aint got a dime we gotta
hustle
Clip feeling strip stealing sick villain
Let of a lot of wip peeling gangsta type scuffle
Payback could mean is time to layback and bubble
But other times payback is trouble

Just call me a hustle

[Billy Danze]

Lets give it up for the rusty 32's
And the day before Lymer
For the cold old gold and the loks marijuana
When the G's stood firm
Perfecting their concerns
And a nickel spot with a single shot ready to burn
Now shame on me it was cloudy I was blind
I was thinking that this young coward nigga had a slime
Your not LB your not M.O.P
I brought tripping from my whole different angle to
spot me

[Lil Fame]

I was blessed with a cursed
(Curse a blessing within this curse)
When curse became innershment encouragement
I'm immune to the pain now I'm loving it
I'm encourage to fakes the pain and
Everything else I consider is punishment
(Take it one day at a crime)
Sometimes I stare into the mirror
Asking my self we it all went wrong
Back on the grind bomb stash heat in my palm
Is a cold world my nigga so bundle and warm

(Chorus)

[Mr. Cheeks]

Ayo listen my daughter is getting older
I love to kiss'em hold'em
Daddys always gonna be there for you I told'em
The world is getting colder
But imma keep'em warm
Yall niggaz wanna get it on I bring a deeper storm
Watch you niggaz like a job if I got to
Fuck scrapping you gonna feel when I spot you
I grew up in this raised around the hard times
Did the thing hustle in boulevard dimes
The red tops yellow tops and the blue ones
Powerful always came through with some new one
I peep them niggaz that was down but turn fuckiness
Ever since Tah pass
Yeah imma represent LB to the death of it
Even though you left kid I'm still gonna rep this shit
Track attacking bitch nigga smacking
Every time I think I'm out these niggaz pull me back in

(Chorus) 2x's

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