

## Nipsey Hussle

### "Blue Laces"

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(feat. Kokane)

[Verse 1:]

Look I'm from Westside, California they run up on ya  
Ask you where you from and check the tats under your  
clothing  
Hustler go hard make sure my? swollen  
Fuck you, say the wrong hood bullets explodin  
And I trust few people these days cause that's gold  
I seen niggas get killed for who they roll with  
And chose ta keep a small circle Satan sittin on ya sofa  
Same nigga that shot ya was the same nigga you used  
ta smoke with  
Cold shit my whole clique Notorious  
You heard of us, 60wes is murderas  
You still servin?  
Jealous nigga you broke as fuck  
Yo bitch on my nuts, spillin patron out my cup  
She can't get enough, buffer me down as I puff  
On the finest kush they say I be doin too much  
I just do my stuff  
Yea I just do my stuff  
Hussle hussle

[Verse 2:]

I got Slauson on my back  
Ed Hardy on my hip  
Weight of the world on my shoulders  
Gold roly on my wrist  
Neighbor hood chucks  
Blue checkerboard tip  
Dickies saggin off the ass walk with a? limp  
Two bricks on my white tee  
Same color cocaine  
I ain't talkin dope I mean the price of my gold chain  
All money in no money out that was my slogan  
What I mean by that is stack it up and don't spend no  
change  
I started small time dope game, cocaine  
With seven grams was 30 rocks that was my program  
The block propane young nigga no change

Shoot out with no aim  
So they kno yo name  
Cause where yo mama payed rent that was yo gang  
So when yo homeboy bled that was yo pain  
And if ya'll both catch a case you don't say no names  
That's just the code of the color of my shoe strings

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