

Nipsey Hussle

"Gangsta's Life"

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(feat. Snoop Dogg)

[Snoop Dogg:]

Yeah,
So motherfucking hood,
It's your uncle Snoop D O Double G
Oh weee,
You know how we do it on the west coast,
West west yo, diggy diggy diggy diggit yo,

[Chorus:]

It's got a hold on me,
The streets won't let me go,
I'm in love,
It takes it's toll on me,
When I try to leave it alone,
I can't say no to the gangsta's life,

Gotta live a gangstas life
Gangstas life [x2]

[Nipsey Hussle:]

Look, what's up motherfuckers it's ya boy Nipsey
Hussle,
The neighbor banger that'll make the dope double,
Block duck a cop cause yeah I'm all that,
I made it out of haters try to see me fall back,
I was once told that everything glittering is not gold,
And money over bitches is the motto,
Still some of these suckers think I owe him a dollar or a
dime,
I'm a product of my grind, fuck is on your mind,
When you talk I don't listen cause a lot of niggas lie,
Rule 1 gotta get gotta flip gotta find your position while
you in a south central state of mind,
Another Nip Hussle you will never find,
Take a look into my eyes see I forever shine,
They should'ntshowed me that, true niggas shouldn't
have told me that,
The streets they know they homies they always try to
hold me back

[Chrous]

[Snoop Dogg:]

Give me a pen and a pad plus some Gin and a half,
Put the clip in the mag, put the zip in the bag,
Eastside rollin in an 6 deuce rag,
Don't be slippin, crippling, we will get you fast,
Streets be calling, see sawing,
Never stalling, you hauling,
Play calling, freefalling,
Say it with me nephew, we balling,
Get a zone, hit it, hit it get it on,
Yes indeed the capital S N Double O P,
Bin doing doing this gangsta shit since 83,
Back in the LBC,
Check my fouls nigga check my pedigree,
Next to homie big D, nigga letter C
Another snoop dogg there will never be,
Take my eyes have a look and you will never see,
You should'nthave showed me that,
You nigga's shouldn't have told me that
The streets they know they homies they always try to
hold me back,

[Nipsey Hussle:]

Look, Look,
I got 20 thousand dollars in my blue dickie pockets,
Up at 5 still shopping rolex same tocking or ticking
They slipping we different bitches,
6 hoes on my checks and the crenshaw dish,
On lock, won't stop, big chain, big watch,
Big rims, 3 piece leather seats, no top
Come through the block drive slow,
Don't stop, niggas whisper don't talk
Cause they know they get by,
From the bottom to the top,
I done told ya nigga,
Self made getting paid like I'm supposed to nigga,
Now the hating is contagious and the only prescription
is to load up a clip and give the nigga the business,
It happens everyday just for instance,
No weapons and no witness that means no conviction,
While I'm mixing my patrone in my kitchen,
Reminiscing before I make my transition,
HUSSLE

[Chorus]

