

Nipsey Hussle

"Smoking With My Stylist"

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Initials on my wallets, smoking with my stylist
Custom german plates on all my cars cause bitch I'm
balling

All in burning crosses, which royalty regardless
Honestly I'm honored just to represent the progress
Destined as I seem to you, I know what I made to you

Martin Luther king junior, hustle, let me dream through
you

When I told my scheme to em, told me that I seem
stupid

Empty engines need fueling, yeah that was like my
theme music

Now I keep them links Cuban, money talks, I speak
fluent

Everybody buying rolies, you can ask my team's
children

Life is but a dream to us, life is why they need music
Got it wrapped around the corner, looking like supreme
threw it

Cause when you cook it right, the fiends use it
Come take a look at life how we view it

You gotta start off in a cheap buick

Then book a flight and see to it

That's first class, my first pass

It's big shit nigga like when birds pass

7 grams I got to a bird fast

And brian herse stacks start busting on my church pass

Doa, you gonn be ok, that's what my granny used to
say

But I ain't see a way

Sitting in the county jail I pray I see today

Most successful nigga got it as a bonus face

Fuck the world, fuck the world

They hate the young nigga that could fuck your girl

They hate a real nigga when the touch a mill

Hate you if you fake, but hate you more if you real.

