

Nipsey Hussle

"The Hustle Way"

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Do I love it r do I lust it
Struggle of a hustler life of a banger
Death is no stranger
I know it likes it keen to me
Took a few friends from me
It all make since one day eventually I guss so
Granny said it happens and it meet to be just let go
But I can't this shit keep inching me like
Them niggas out of line how they came thru
shot em in the face point blank left his brains blue
Who gone go for em probly gone be the same crew
When banging your religion its like a sin not to
a lot of niggas aint cut from that same cloth
Gotta give it space
Gotta play safe
Cuhz hard niggas turn holly when they catch a case
I still bark real talk ill never fake
On hyde park late night still chop a 8th
And grind with the homies serve dimes with homies

In dope spot peeking out binds with the homies
Still looking for a better way
The smokers keep comeing droping work in there
bucket another day another dollar to make
And I be on the block
All night grinding I don't take no brakes(I be on the
block)
All day grinding I don't take no brakes(I be on the
block)
All night grinding I don't take no brakes(I be on the
block)
Cuhz I do it the hustle way

Im in a 85 regal no tints you can see clear thru
Young nigga liven life in the review
Burner lap kush in my ash tray
And that's how im gone play it tell my last day
Im use of geting money in the last line
And I only fucc bitchies that b nasty
Leather and wood my money is good
And im like a young celeberty in every hood

Gold rope for the crew chrome spokes on my coupe
2 siter and I and I take off the roof like katrina
Fly like a visa up slauson in a beamer
Call me what you want don't call me a dreamer
Cuhz mines is reality
Grind no salary came a long way selling grams on
gramercy
Bolders on brynhurst
7ths on slauson
Now I got opitions now I got it poping

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Take away my granny blessing ill b history
The bullets cuhz shot thru my lac wouldnt miss me
Come to my hood say my name I aint no mystery
Probly in the spot felling hustler energy
In the kitchen counting money felling cocaine chemtery
Cooking into crack I was looking into rap
Its hard to focus on my dreams when im looking at the
facts
shotin down the street now im looking at my macc
You can tell just looking at the facts
Its a coffen or a cell if you young and your black
With your name on it
Every car pass bang on it
If you gone do it do it rite
And keep that thang on you
To deep in it to quick I know the pain of it
You love the game but you know that the game dosent
Love it back love the fact
Its the same struggle

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