

Nipsey Hussle

"TMC"

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Road to riches - lyric

(the marathon continues)

look,
on the road to riches,
my car fast my bitches bad,
my loc's on my (...)
my pistols stashed,
transition
and now it ain't no lookin' back,
my bro hoe, my daughter straight
now what mo'e can a nigga ask,
how's it lookin'?
I'm gone keep gettin' cash,
cuz I'm like the rolex second hand behind the crystal
glare,
I keep movin',
keep hustlin', till I see improvement, I know that I can't
win 'em all, but I can't keep losin',
what I used to tell myself, when life seem useless,
when it felt like,
when I once should change,
it be for music,
when pac showed us,
that the pain we felt is not
exclusiv,
was in the hood, but shrine court has showed us no
excuses,
now kids tell me I'm the reason that they finish school
and if it wasn't for the marathon,
they would not make it through it,
all on twitter like,
nigga go and drop your new shit,
I'm just takin' time to make the proper use of my
influence,
couple 100.000 cash,
a few haters,
lure the feast for knew cases and a box of blunts later,
I give you,
the street's sellin' straight and latest issue,

the update of my state of mind,
the everything I been through,
[fame music for young hustlers to get their aims to,
the prove to every young nigga bangin' to what you
can't do] x 2
my beat bangin', gold chain swangin' and all money in
still the song that I sangin',
I'm on,
can't fade 'em,
fame can't change me,
still screamin' fuck a bitch and these bitches can't
blame him,
it's true,
me in the game and most of these hoe's can't play 'em,
respect a nigga pimpin' cuz they know we don't save
'em,
this right,
can't break 'em cuz these niggas ain't make 'em,
still drive with all their might, but I rebuke you satan,
let's pray..

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