

Philmore

"Had to be a Hustler"

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[Verse 1]

Growing up in my hood
it was really on like that
I had to put it down to had to do me a job
to give me a sack
so I can come up
on the block serving rocks from sun down to sun up
I was, really puttin' it down like that
and dressed in all black straight down for the job
I was a youngster, packing a 4-5
better known they looney ass eastside (right)
I had my chore, so I played the part of a gangsta
never ever coulda be a pranksta
pushing niggas in their face
puttin' punk bitches in their place
now feel the base
give you a taste of this gangsta shit
I got the cavi tracks and my rims are on hit
and like some weed it will brush ya
cause hanging on my block, you had to be a hustler

[Chorus (2x)]

You had to be a hustler
cause if you was a buster
you know we wouldn't trust ya

you had to be a hustler
cause if you was a buster
you know we wouldn't trust ya

[Verse 2]

now the year is 1989
I'm in the cavi spot and I'm doing fine
I got ritches, I got bitches
I got a caddy green 4 with 16 switches
on some triple gold was
every single day straight swerving
zippin' on a cold one
on my way to the weedspot
I got my glock in the stashpot
cause the cops are kinda hot

and now I got me a sack
and now I'm heading back to the street
where the fucking money at
it's the block where I slang
and all the G niggas hang
and the young niggas bang
puttin' it down every single night
getting there drunk showin' off try to fight
one and other but we still had love
and rest in peace to my niggas up above
because uh

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 3]

it's a cold thang when you got no game
see every smoker on the block know my name
I was a youngster with boulders for your shoulders
and still slanging cavi and ?muchoda?
and I got some niggas down with me
see every single day we sell a pound you see
or that bomb ass dote mack
so come to my block and get a fat sack
we got that shit that I fuck you up
so don't take it to the head or you might get stuck
so grap a partner and spot the bomb
cause it will have you like tweakie from dust to dawn
I tell the truth and I never lie
cause I promise I smoke chronic till the day I die
and a new face on the block
we couldn't trust ya
cause you might be a busta

[Chorus (4x)]

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