

Ant Banks F/ Too \$hort, 2Pac, MC Breed

"4 Tha Hustlas"

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Too \$hort:

If your a real hustler your sure to get rich.

Chorus:

This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on
This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh
This is for the hustlaaaaas, come on
This is for the hustlaaaaas, ohh
Ohh, come on, come on

Too \$hort:

I make money like a motherfucker
It ain't no thang to me
\$hort Dog in the house spittin game wit Breed
Ain't no bust partner, that's the thrid week
I'm going to pimp these hoes, they can't work me
How the hell you think I get to ride a B-12?
The phone and TV ended with a green smell
I went from Oakland to Atlanta with my top down
\$hort Dog, my shit is nation wide now
You can ask Breed or Pac it don't stop
I ain't bull shittin make a mill when I rock
Three players in the game and it's a major
Bitch you wanna get me better hit me on my pager
Today I'm on the westcoast
Tommorrow I'm in Texas
Flip the Benz and Farri, sold the Lexus
\$horty drop the bass in the mix
You know what's next beitch
I'm sure to get rich

Chorus

2Pac:

Haha
I'd be the thuggin ass outlaw
Til my fuckin casuct drops

Fuck around and make me blast on these bastard cops

This is for the hustlaaaaaas

Believe me coming strapped with the gak
When you see me
Label me a threat to society, but I ain't quitin
Thug life motherfucker ain't no bull shittin
Born in these projects destined to fate
Collecting mail on these broke bitches
Slanging that game
Now shit done changed
It ain't the the same
I ain't lyin niggas are dyin
Three strikes have you motherfuckers flyin
In the penatentary or in the cemetary
Gettin high no need to worry
Last year niggas knockin up the block and in between
shots
Pumpin tapes from that nigga Breed and Pac
This year bringin you the fix
Including Ant Banks in the mix
We're sure to get rich
Still I ride.

Chorus

MC Breed:

I'm a cold-hearted fool
I mean a fool at heart, head strong
and I won't be headed home if he falls apart
Conatact niggas like a part time
When I ride the beat
Ain't no way to hide from the darkside
Man of many mens till the very end
and blend in and change my iden
Just to mix up with the game
They know me by the Breed and they don't know it's my
last name
It's mind over matter
I don't mind, you don't matter
Pull a glock and watch the whole block scatter
and we can have us a gak to gak talk
Do it old style and do a back to back walk
Count to ten and say goodbye to your friends
and we can put the bull shit to an end
I figure if he plays around he lays around
and he's a motherfucker ?????? calls a corner when I'm
around
Bodies are buried and found all around

and parish and charish and thoughts just to be true
Punk, fellas behave ya and it just might save ya
So guard your girl and pickup your pistol
cause you can't get wit Breed the weed head lyrical nit
wit
The shit won't change as long as I'm alive
I gotta survive and keep it tight

Chorus

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