

2Pac f/ Outlawz Immortalz

"Hell For a Hustler"

Visit "[Hell For a Hustler](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: [2pac](Yaki Kadafi over chorus) Oh Lord, help me change my ways show a little mercy on judgement day it ain't me, I was rasied this way never let 'em play me for a busta makin' hell for a hustler (If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take Dealin with fate, hoping God don't close the gate If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take Dealin with fate, hoping God don't close the gat) Verse 1 [2Pac] increase the doses, bustin' on whoever closes thug livin', hell in prison, never loosen my focus I'm makin' money, moves mandatory, end of discussion my past records tell the story, picture niggas be rushin' still bustin', til the cops come runnin', duckin' abandon buildings picture my gun, open over the fuckin' ceiling I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now they get me so I laugh til I'm cry, when the Lord come get me no baby momma drama, nigga missed me why plant seeds to a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me not a life for me, livin' carefree til I'm buried and if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and will they scurry I'm clearly, a man of military means, to my artillary watchin' over me thru every murder scene from adolescence, to early teens, tho' we was gonna die, sellin' dope to all the feens, sometimes I wanna cry still, we try to change the past in vein never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame cocain, the product of this devil, am I sellin' my soul got a small time livin' nigga tellin' me no I got mine, fuck them other suckas that's in matablaty, jealous ass bustas makin' hell for a hustler Chorus: Verse 2 [EDI] How do these cowards be concieved they born into this world, allowed to breathe while so many real G's they die secret but Outlawz, we ride so rightously control the destiny, we mobbin' with a sight to see, all together, never separately Verse 3 [Yaki Kadafi] It's it a criminal hobby that got me here thinkin' robbery call Oz up the ave uptown back in Cabust and not a lot of poverty, weather you white like dark or brown like Bobby, while dime bitches give me body til

they open Verse 4 [Kastro] Now that's the good of all
evil, so tell me what's the worse me deep in my hurst,
stuck in crime like time fly over here first, waitin' for
credit, contemplatin' my fate, and is the Lord comin', to
take me on Judgement Day Verse 5 [Young Noble] They
got the feens using up beens with dirty blood on a
eagle stranded, blunted in his van, don't give a damn
if you see 'em most likely I'm a real nigga, so while the
2 Loc, five shots will leave yall to live or die Verse 6
[Napoleon] Well I been hustlin' off the same block since
a little shorty wap taped up notts so my sock, duckin'
the muthafuckin' cops watch me shop up, and locked
up, come back and blow the block up preoccupied with
gettin' my cheese and fuck the process Chorus: Verse
7 [2Pac] No insanity plead from me, I rock the beat til I
burn since of me royal kids from the lessons I learned
and in turn I'm hostile, can you recall me in essence
social nigga shakin' like they caught the holy ghost
when I approach try to politic before I smoke 'em, like
sun sue niggas doin' to these snitches, before it's done
to you and if the cops come arrest me in the evening
best believe they runnin' form my dogs in the morning
and if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug tell me
will my niggas mourn me, gettin' blowed out high
watch me murder the bird before he testify strikes
walking close to my 3rd, I live a trouble life and if you
dream, be apart of my team from Long Beach to
Queens drug dealers to ex-feens keep yo eyes on the
prize, nigga watch for bustas either heaven or jail, it's
still hell for a hustler... Outro: [2Pac] Jay-Z die slow,
Biggie, Piggy, Puffy die slow nigga it ain't stoppin me
War, war nigga, All my niggas with they name on they
neck give us respect or die and get chin checked,
WestSide

Visit [2Pac f/ Outlawz Immortalz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.