

S.A.S. "To Be A Hustler"

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Hook

S.A.S.:

By any means thye be gettin' the dough
Listen up, I'm just lettin' you know
(That's what makes me a hustler)
Heads to provide, case they supply
Bakin' dme pies, whatever it takes to survive
(Repeat)

Verse 1

Mega:

You get popped from my neezay
Run the block liek a relay
I'm tryna get drops like a DJ
But in this game, you do not get no lee-way
That's why I'm on the block shottin' rocks in the PJ's
For lots of wealth, Glocks on belts
Look in the mirror my nigga, you should watch yourself
Yeah, and they gon' find ya
So you need to keep it moving like the feds behind ya
Who is you females serving
You niggaz is bitch-made like a female servant
I pity the odds, you'll really get robbed
Cuz even little niggaz is killas like City of God
Plenty dough, sellin' yay to the customers
You already know what makes me a hustler
Take it to the mean blocks where I sold them dimes
Or you can get ya team rocked like a clothingline
Whoa

Hook

Verse 2

Bugz:

Yeah I got cake, but I ain't got enough to lose, ya know
Oh that offend you, well fuck you too
Two holes in ya face got 'em lookin' like dimples
I got utencils, ain't talkin' 'bout pencils
This deuce this clip bullets like jujitsu
10 clips'll hit ya on ya head like a Hindu
My shit is paid for, forget a rental
It's Mister Intercontinental

Gold medalist, four felonist
And we can be some gentlemen or get into some killa
shit
I'm a pimpin' nigga wit' hella hoes
I just take 'em home, fuck 'em, kick 'em out, sell they
clothes
Bitch you better get chedda like Velveeta
Sweep niggaz up wit' the pound like El Nina
I'm in the park and flippin' Cuban cigars
And liquor, yeah I'm a star with more bars than
Snickers, nigga

Hook

Verse 3

Mayhem:

This is May Caliente, ay, that pretty gangster
Reportin' live from the streets like TV anchors
You see these bangers, you silly wanker
I'm downtown blazin' the hazin' wit' city bankers
And babes, if I was your boyfriend
You'd have to hold that gun, and smuggle in my toys
You niggaz ain't seein' these mobsters
The re-up money's the price of my D&G boxers
Crack that we sell, packs on the scale
Only nigga we sayin' "Welcome back" to is Rell
U.K. shottas going hard with the rep
We them Eurogang London Boys go hard to detect
If you see me with Dipset, armed to the neck
Gal I grip Tecs that'll push ya heart through ya chest
You a hustler, got a long way to go
We gettin' blow like felacio
And I'm a shotta

Hook

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