

## Sunny

### "Soul Of A Hustler"

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Yo

I'm from the corner where the Remy pour, crack flow  
into dimes  
Goons patiently waitin' in cuts to clap .9s  
Playin' 'em like curtains when it's que it's showtime  
Action takin' yo' shine  
You shook wit' a look like "Nigga what's on yo' mind"  
No questions, all he know now what's yours mine  
That 4-4 blast could make a nigga go blind  
The next flash you meet the maker of all kind  
His hunger drove him there, he think its all fine  
Show us more choices, put your ear to the streets  
You hear the devilish voices tellin' you how to eat  
Driving you insane, forcin' you in the lane  
When its nuthin' to lose it's just is all to gain  
And your family ties got you growin' pains  
Just when it's all good it's fuck it here we go again  
Blackout in the bucket, tuckin' on the ratchets  
Goin' out like Christmas addicts screamin' "Fuck it"  
Ready to make a move, cock back, and buck it  
See him slippin', know he trippin', hear him bitchin'  
In his mind, you should see the way that he livin'  
Things he vision, crazy on the moves he sought out  
He told us "Man you gotta walk my route"  
His man, no longer poured jukes on him  
Cuz he's so shook on him, he might go crook on him  
You should see the ill type of look on him  
And the type of things he think god took from him  
Like his pops and his moms, sold the crack  
Life of hustlin', now when I can't look back  
You see that Lex right there, I should jack that  
Damn that Mac I'd love to pack that  
In middle school they thought I was a sucker  
Copped that .9 freshman year, high school I'm tougher  
Under the leather, ready to move, doin' whatever  
Posted on Dell with that yay for sale  
Told my man if I get locked, better get me out on bail  
Turn your life a livin' hell  
He looked at me like "Damn, you lost it"  
"Yup, you goddamn right fam I tossed it"  
All the marbles, all the Techs outta the cars

Told my man to go soft or go hard  
Make that move, cook that coke, hard like lard  
Move that pork, Upstate New York  
Did it and done it  
Locked down blocks, demanded to run it  
I told you dudes my name's Sun and I'm here to sun it  
Whoo, I make commands, I got soldiers out on doja  
missions  
Wake up and smell the Folgers niggaz  
With the dro, the eggs mixed in with the cheese  
The grits with the butter, understand it's word to  
mother  
Goddamn now I got my hands on a whole 'nother  
change  
I'm tryna focus, do some more other things  
They told me my talent was good that could get me  
dough  
I said "Is you crazy, you see them fiends right there"  
Yup, they 'bout to spend that green right here  
Hit that glass, that pipe, and lean right there  
The next day they asking could they get it on credit,  
you debted  
And not even because B.I.G. said it  
I already knew it, I already been through it  
I told 'em if the game do me dirty I ain't gon' sue it, I'm  
gon' pursue it  
Probably tryna put two in 'em  
One in the calve, one in the ass, 'bout to ruin 'em  
Goddamn, nigga says "Son you trippin'  
Goddamn nigga, at home moms is bitchin'"  
Tellin' me I gotta pay to eat breakfast inside of her  
kitchen  
Do you know what that's like at 18 livin'  
Man you crazy, my brain is sickened, damn near hurlin'  
Fuck a girl, fuck a bitch, fuck a club, fuck a dub, patrol,  
fuck a bottle of bub  
I'd rather grind in the cut late night wit' some drugs  
I had to pass out free Bs to coasties  
Lost on my first pack to get 'em to trust me  
Now I gotta spot for days of musty  
.22 up under the pillow, dirty and rusty  
Waitin' for the Jakes, kick in the door and cuff me  
You know what, over the fence, out on the roof  
Poof, gone in the wind, I'm back again  
Got money, I can relax again  
But I blew too much this weekend in South Beach  
Throwin' my dick in the mouth of some freaks  
Trick in my bed, back to the brick up under the bread  
Back to the stress, bullshit fillin' my head  
Damn, I'm damn near 'bout to go all out  
Told my man pour out the salt dog

See me, body beat tonight and body hauled off  
You had plans for five years and now they called off  
All because my pockets hurtin', life done worsen  
God even said it's hopeless  
Heard the bullets comin' farther, he's 'bout to murk me  
I looked up from my body, the lord ain't help me  
They say you don't see god until you fall to your knees  
Your daughters life is hard  
I seen that part  
But I got right back on my own two  
Return to the same bullshit that I used to  
One

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