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C-Bo f/ B-Legit "Livin' Like a Hustler, Pt. 2"

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[Verse 1: B-Legit] I'm livin' like a hustler big wheelin' and dealin' Buyin big old buildings tryin to get my millions The dealin dont stop so the block stays heated Got the motherfuckin' dope if you need it Sucker motherfuckers wanna line on my zone I keep the cash in a casket at the funeral home I'm gone with the wind around the world they spin More for the dank than they do in the bay So im off on the highway To get mine, I think I'll hustle til my diein' day I got spots like a dalmation, done seen the whole nation' And every day is like a fucking' vacation Parties with the fly bitches never after five bitches Cause the dry snitches try to get you for your riches Put 'em in a suit and take the loot before you dust em Never love em, so fuck em, I'm Livin' Like A Hustler Chorus (x2) Livin' like a hustler counts my scratch Loves my weed can't stand my batch (bitch) (x2) Livin like a hustler counts my grip Loves my weed can't stand my bitch [Verse 2: C-Bo] I dont know Judo, but down with you know Strapped with two glocks, gone off some pruno Headin' for the house party on the southside Four deep in a rag-top six-five Hella bitches, hangin out the window Killa Cali style from fours to eight-fifty benzo's Hoes on stack, cause niggas been ballin crack since the mack Packin the gat and won't think twice to bust a cap Sportin' a brim like Freddy Krueger Some trigger happy shooters, all strapped down with two rugers I pulls over hit the juice on my ride I got front and back and side to side Chorus until end

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