

Slimm Calhoun

"All Da Hustlers"

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[CHORUS 2X]

To all the hustlers that be movin the sacks
To all the gangstas (let me hear you bust your gats)
Let me hear you bust your gats
(This is for my niggas choppin it up in the traps)

[VERSE 1: Pauly Calhoun]

Close the blinds, grab the scales and check the weight
Man, we dope like duct tape, cocaine straight
We ain't scared to ride dirty, we got product to sell
And we known to take chances, put you under the jail
See, my cousin taught cats how to run traps
And was the first to set em off with them ready sacks
So we gon' keep collectin loot from the hot spots
So I can cop my pops a masterpiece Rolex watch

[VERSE 2: Big Cuz Calhoun a/k/a K.B.]

Uh, Big Cuz gon' keep it real as I can
I never killed a man but tortured niggas ass so that
they understand
I run up in yo house to smack your bitch
Like, "Hush up, before I bust yo ass, show me the shit"
I ain't in this muthafucka to play
I came to get the lley
So goddammit, make my day
I'm a Southeast gorilla
Up strap you bust a nigga
If not, you'se a busta nigga
Be a gangsta

[CHORUS 2X]

[VERSE 3: Lucky Calhoun]

We Martell-dwellin, sellin out the backdo'
Can't let my mama know
But in the hood, yo, it bees like that
Havin visions of a fat-ass crib, a Benz and 2 chrome
gats
These niggas bust back
There's some rules on these streets that we go by
You don't get high off your own supply
When you catch that traitor look that hater dead in his

eye
Kiss his ass bye-bye before you let one fly
To all the hustlers..

[VERSE 4: Slimm Calhoun a/k/a Briand Calhoun]
D-boys come out and play
Who got the weed now, who got the lley?
A-ha, d-boys come out and play
Who got the work and who got the pay?
Location unknown, still in the woods with the goods
Playmaker, Mister Bill Changer, Work Slanger
Pressure Point Pusher, one on the block, one looker
A half in the cooker, two crabs and we shook em
We cap all work and snatch all skirts
You can get jaw-jabbed and jerked for your jewels
Weight on the tool, we break and take rooks to school
It's gon' be hell when the Calhouns come through

[VERSE 5: Freddy Calhoun a/k/a Cool Breeze]
Now I'm next to the oldest cousin who showed out on
Thanksgiving
And didn't like what my daddy bought me and got a
whipping on Christmas
Cause I'm welfare-instated, late rent-related
We from government homes, apartment-educated
Man, you can catch me at the Embassy Suites or
Marriot Fairfield
Cause real cool, cool cuttas keep a hotel bill
I roll with 10 girls called 10 deep who know what up
That if you leave with a cutta, then you wann' get cut

[CHORUS 2X]

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