

## **Dead End Alliance**

### **"Heart of a Hustler"**

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(\*talking\*)

It's going down hm ha, we on the South

[Hook - 4x]

Heart of a hustler, mind of a G

Playa hating niggaz, can't fuck with me

[Lil' Keke]

Heart of a hustler, mind of a G

Keke smoking tree, blowing up the industry

'Sacci shades dob hat, dressed to impress

Candy red drape and buck, TV's in my head rest

Rolling on blades, chopping up blocks

Rolley bezeltine, baguettes filled with rocks

Two glocks, what did you expect

Six hundred Benz, ten thousand on my neck

Watch this boy wreck, then recollect

Grab the black pen, and sign for the check

Notorious but glorious, I made it understood

Rap game executive, put it down for the hood

Mayn it feel good, to ride and get blowed

Billion dollar dreams, me and Kay thinking thoed

Breaking down the beat, Solo has provided

Dead End Alliance, Herschelwood has collided

[Hook - 2x]

Heart of a hustler, mind of a G

Playa hating niggaz, can't fuck with me

If you really wanna know, who we are

When you coming down, like a superstar

If they really wanna know, who it be

It's Fat Pat, and the boy Mike D

[Fat Pat]

I got the mind of a G, in this game

Addicted to the paper, so I can't escape it mayn

Mind on the vorge or, sha'll I say a mission

Back up in the kitchen, and my palms still itching

Baby mama's still bitching, cause I ain't got time

Trying to make a mill ticket, paper's on my mind

I'm chart climbing, steadily shining  
Watch and ring filled all up, with diamonds  
Yellow hoes minding, bumper kit reclining  
I'm the first nigga to put the funk, up on your mind and  
Heart of a hustler, mind of a G  
Procrastinate, but you can hate the P-A to the T

[Mike D]

I got the heart of a hustler, mind of a G  
Bending big corners, in my 3-20  
I'm sitting low to the ground, plus I'm mobbing on 20's  
Young up in the game, and got a pocket full of money  
So much jealousy and envy, plus these haters  
perpetrating  
In the end they fall to the waist line, while the strong  
niggaz make it  
I'ma stay up on my game, get the paper 'fore fame  
It's all up in the game, know I'm tal'n bout mayn  
Cause real gon be real, and fake gon be fake  
But I'm gon kick back, and let them boys playa hate  
Trying to talk down a real G, from the hood  
I hold the damn wood, and keep the point up  
understood

[Hook - 4x]

[Kay-K]

Heart of a hustler, mind of a G  
DEA representative, and full time S.U to the C who it be  
A paper made G, from that End who sin  
Quickest way to get out, and get in this game  
I got's to get wit it, I'm holding my nuts  
And riding on buck, and these niggaz just can't get  
with it  
Let my top down, on a Sunday  
Drug deals and homicides, occurring on that Monday  
It's a one way ticket, down this lane of slamming do's  
Pimping hoes, wearing creased clothes  
And riding blades on lows, fo' life we together mayn  
Paper gotta get better mayn, G fin to get with the stain  
Ain't no mo', slanging caine

[H.A.W.K.]

Thood piece on my neck, don't try to neglect  
While I'm draped in Armani, and I'm sipping Moet  
I live the life of the mob, too smart to rob  
Ain't no sleeping on the job, when I tilt's my dob  
Cause the subject is paper, and I'm on that chase  
Lack lusters silly busters, ain't no time to waste  
Erase your thoughts, while I make my disclosure  
Too calm gat in my palm, can't lose my composure

I'm like Gotti, Rolls Mazaratti  
Those who don't know, better ask somebody  
Mo' Versacci to the toes, and every playa knows  
That sometimes best friends, transform into your worst  
foes

[Hook - 4x]

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