

Dismaster Crew

"Small Time Hustler"

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Chumps be pulling up in Caddies
knowing that car belongs to your daddy
pumping the volume up in the speakers
if they blow, your pop's gonna beat your
butt; you're out of gas, and still rolling
'cause their mind these girls are controlling
"We should go around my way!"
and just like an [garbled], you say "OK"
You shoulda known you wasn't gonna make it
Go for a tow truck, somebody takes it
Now you're stuck way out in Brooklyn,
you're in deep the way things are looking
you can't get home 'cause you live too far
your cash and ID was back in the car
now you wish you had driven your Duster
but it's too late: You've been had by a hustler

Suckers be trying to play Mr.Bigshot
flashing cash they ain't even got
playing the role like they're big drug Dan
knowing the cash goes straight to the boss man
the only cash you got is carfare
other than that, not a dime to spare
what do you have when you stand on the ave
it makes me want to laugh
always talking about the way you're packing a gun
but everybody knows you're just acting
some of your buddies that you call a posse
be plotting and scheming to get them some Scotty
they know you talk much crap and your full of it
and when you do have a gun, there's no bullets
so don't try to front on me buster
cause you're NOTHING: just a small time hustler

I see you in the clubs, kids try to be grown
pretending you're rich, but you still live at home
never paid rent since your life began
got your allowance and think you're a MAN
Brag on your house but your crib is wack
you come in the front and you fall out the back
you go with your girl, but she asks for a file

so you go suck a token out a turnstile

Females be out there trying to be fly
looking for some Mr. Goodbar guy
to buy 'em a hit or a trick or a nick
but if you come this way, NONE will you get!
GIRL you be looking a horrible sight
out on the corner WAY past midnight
walking the street like a cop on the beat
till the ground gets some meat with the skin on your
feet
you're a SKRUM and then some!
You smell like a bum, what you're doing is dumb
you be on a mission, I know you're wishing
you had some food 'cause malnutrition
has made you look like a skinny man
just like who did it and ran
beaming up every five you muster [?]
you ain't fly no more; you're just a hustler

Rappers be out here be trying to be stars [sic]
saying weak rhymes - behind bodyguards
acting real tough like they can fight well
but when we're alone, not once do they swell
up on the stage, they try to kick bass
but I don't hear a PEEP when we're FACE to FACE!
Some MC's be saying they're illin'!
but on the real tip, they ain't willing
to act like a MAN and pick up the mic
for the purpose of having a REAL MC fight!
they know the deal; and what time it is
with me, they get stone cold dissed
My rhymes are like Master Card, they got clout
without a doubt; I'll take them out
That will be their last stand, like Custer
You ain't a rapper! You're just a small time hustler

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