

DJ Kay Slay f/ Bun B, Lil' Boosie, Nicole Wray, Webbie "Hustle Game"

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[Chorus: Nicole Wray] H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up,
game up Don't be walkin 'round tryin to blame us,
blame us We be everywhere we street famous, famous
So when you see me I'm just gettin paper, paper H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up, game up Don't be walkin 'round tryin to blame us, blame us We be everywhere we street famous, famous [Verse One: Bun B] Say! I'm a trill ass nigga, wait let me define I'm down for my issue with that bread on my mine I'm built for that big boy shit like Depends And outside of the fam, we ain't got no friends I got a couple priors a couple pendin We know you ain't a gangsta hoe so stop pretendin I checked your resume it don't compute If ya bought this and sold that where's ya loot? I know you don't wanna compare ya hustle game with me Your cards two years old and your chain is three Bitch you can't hang with me, and it's plain as day Your niggas ain't got it in 'em then swing this way Your reputation is built on bullshit So the four fifth I pull quick and give you the full clip I didn't want to but I had to do it Since I did it for the hood I was glad to do it, nigga!!!! [Chorus: Nicole Wray] H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up, game up Don't be walkin 'round tryin to blame us, blame us We be everywhere we street famous, famous So when you see me I'm just gettin paper, paper H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up, game up Don't be walkin 'round tryin to blame us, blame us We be everywhere we street famous, famous [Verse Two: Webbie] Look! I'm trill young savage I'm the youngest of the fam Bad bitch long hair good weed in the air Got a ounce of that kush no seeds up in there Virgin bitch tight puss had to squeeze up in there When a nigga hit the do' you know it G's up in here It got cold all the pussy niggas freeze up in here Me, Slay, Bad Azz, Bun B up in here Four G's see we all blow trees we don't care Mac 10 snuck it in for the clowns 'round here Make a motherfucker sit they ass down somewhere Had some niggas outside waitin 'round somewhere Headline on channel nine you got found somewhere I'm a laugh my ass off blowin a pund somewhere With two big flippers and some gowns and some slippers Hot metal like the weather

more clips than the Clippers Savage Life in stores now
'gon get it nigga SO!!!!!!! [Chorus: Nicole Wray] H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up, game up Don't be walkin
'round tryin to blame us, blame us We be everywhere
we street famous, famous So when you see me I'm just
gettin paper, paper H-U-S-T-L-E Get yo' game up, game
up Don't be walkin 'round tryin to blame us, blame us
We be everywhere we street famous, famous [Verse
Three: Lil' Boosie] Look! Some say I talk alot of shit well
I was raised wrong Coke dealers who got tired of bein
broke niggas I'm walkin outside with the four five yeah!
I can't be scared drinkin purple to the head Permit the
scene yeah we leanin in that boot nigga Heroin got
niggas gone so we shoot quicker They call us country
cause we thuggin in a small county City folk they ain't
grateul for their good surroundings I run that shit that
make the real nigga stand up It's Boosie Bad Azz trap
like and what!! Asylum signed me, now a nigga find
me On B.E.T. with W-E-E-D I.E. Ninety eight, I'm an
underground hard hitter How you spit how you spit it?
God nigga Kay Slay I'm underrated and I promise you
I'm fittin to hit the rap game and this what I'm a do Fuck
I don't love like Rosa Parks hit the bus Niggas in the
south spittin but them niggas ain't us (THEY AIN'T
US!!!) We drank tusk, smoke purp with the DipSet Grip
teks, and hit niggas in they flippin neck All I want is my
respect, I ain't 'gon say nothin else I'm a let the case
rest Boosie Bad Azz!!!!!!!

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