

## **Game, The "We Are The Hustlaz"**

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Yeah...

Yeah man we them niggaz everybody talkin 'bout  
Hey yo, yo

[Verse One]

Whether it's, chips or whips or bricks of 'caine  
I still shine at the end when y'all forced to rain  
Changed the game, three shots parade ya Range  
Hit the passenger, driver, old man on a cane  
I'm a shell in the chamber, waitin to pop  
Like Stoudamire on the court I'm used to movin the  
rock  
Cruise in the drop, 740, snub in the box  
My attitude shifty, never callin the cops  
A Green Bay jersey, out on Bennett puffin hershey  
D's on the route tryin to catch a nigga dirty  
Respect the flow, better yet respect the dough  
He get respect like rich and po'  
Fuck a 9 to 5, I'd rather wake up and spit bars  
And your wife, known to make my dick hard  
Cartier lenses, 22's on my Benz's  
When shit break out, y'all hit the fences

[Chorus]

We stay bent, laid back behind tint, puffin sticks, spliff  
up  
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about  
Big belt, flossy shades, paint on glaze, nigga  
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about  
Unidentifiable straps makin heat clap sicker  
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about  
We about reliable scratch and gettin this math quicker  
We are the hustlers everyone's talkin about

[Verse Two]

Shit I might as well be duels, cause they call me the  
Flowmaster  
I keep ridin tracks like a natural disaster  
You know I'm 'bout macra{?} I'll clap ya, a pirate like  
{?}  
Far from a Hollywood actor

A factor, focused on paper and cars  
I move like crowds, stay minglin with the stars  
I'm in the 6500 Benz truck with some broads  
Dimes in every state I strike through be on me so hard  
You know them Bentley bound, {?} down, wild Hummer  
chicks  
That wanna take the car, cover up your tight summer  
shit  
The game's heavy, man that's way off the charts  
Heavier than killer whales at animal theme parks  
You niggaz is SweeTarts, my family is street sharks  
We keep the ER busy tryin to revive the treat marks  
Shit, we merk niggaz like Eddie, get ready  
We got heat that set car alarms off like M-80's

[Chorus]

[The Game]

The Game on some regular rhymin, fuck all this new  
shit  
When they gon' let real niggaz get on that cruise ship  
Black Sox and Dallas Squad got, chains and cars  
Get, brains from stars after those awards  
Miyagi's or doubles, don't think I won't buy out the bar  
That's little shit, Mercedes dealership, buy out the cars  
Sticker in the window, let 'em know that it's ours  
Sittin on shit you ain't never seen like we got it from  
Mars  
Game like Laker Will, snatch a bitch off your arm  
She see Game covered in ice like I lived through a  
snowstorm  
Plus I blow digits like my first name was {?}   
Pay off security at clubs, get our guns admitted  
Outside the club in the parkin lot, four dot six  
Not know it's stocked? Nigga it's the one we keep the  
bricks in  
Hard black on black leather's what we keep the chicks  
in  
And bitches stay sniffin like smellin dubs is a sixth  
sense

[Chorus]

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