

Herr Trude

"Of All Da Hustlers"

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[C-Murder talking]

Yeah nigga C-Murder in this muthafucka aka Bossalinie
Representin' wit my muthafuckin' niggas Prime
Suspects
Glock, Uzi, New-9, huh, tellin' this muthafuckas about
tha game
How a nigga chose coke, got locked up, went to tha
muthafuckin' pen
Got out & balled nigga, straight muthafuckin' ball til we
fall
Ya heard me, nigga peep game ya heard me,
representin'

[Chorus: New-9 & C-Murder]

Outta all tha hustles in tha world, I chose coke
Caught a joce, locked up an I'm missin' my folks
free a soldier, Lord knows my pain burns deep
I'mma ball if I can touch them streets

[Repeat]

[C-Murder]

When I touch tha streets nigga, I'mma act a fool
I'm known for totin' semi automatic tools
I smoke joes on tha porch wit them O-G's
They taught me how to turn coke to mo' cheese
An when a nigga locked up, he keep his mouth shut
Cause a snitch get his muthafuckin' box cut
An that's tha code of tha street life
I tell a wanna be niggas get they muthafuckin' mind
right
Cause all tha ballers & shot callers is targets
they runnin' from jackers, & crooked cops, & other
drug lords
An I ain't dyin' on tha street like a dog
I get 'em fo' he get me, I ain't runnin', I'm killin' all of
yall
Cause TRU muthafuckin' G's gonna rise
I label him a bitch nigga, by tha fake look in his eyes
How many thugs wanna ride wit me
Cause I'mma ball til' I muthafuckin' fall when I touch tha
street

Chorus:(2X)

[New-9]

Fucked up, caught a case gotta learn about life
Cause tha judge heart hurtin', daughter smokin' tha
pipe
Life in human hands, prosecutor paintin' an ugly
picture
Off tha top Prime Suspects guilty til proven innocent
State appointed lawyer in my ear talkin' ten
Take it now or your headed for plenty time my friend
15 to 30 if ya take it to trail
An tha D-A ain't lost in that section in a while
A rock in a hard place, smack dead in my face
On tha other side of tha game, were them people ain't
playin'
It's rough fuckin' round wit these man made laws
But tha junkie boys had me makin' plenty paper
Now I'm sick wit a jones for that rotten ass world
Touch down today or tommorrow, find me slangin' that
girl
But I'm sick like a vick chasin' after that high
See the red in my eyes, I'm feelin' like I'mma die

Chorus:(2X)

[Uzi]

Of all tha hustles in tha world I chose tha coke game
Packin' gats & sellin' crack was an everday thang
2 & a quarter they turn to 4 & half an now I sang slabs
Perhaps I can grab what I can grab & never dabble &
dab
Half steppin' wit some fake niggas that just wasn't in
me
Weed, coke, dope, & money, shit I gotta have plenty
Forgive me for my sins Lord, even though I know it's a
shame
But I'm caught up in these worly thangs
An if you don't, then ya considered lame
So I'm splittin' brains & caine, play it like nothin' I had to
prove
I choose to do it for profit, cause if I don't, then I lose
Uzi & Glock livin' witness to tha shit that Milli than did
Fuck a job so I rob & if it come I caught a bid
To many broad, H-O-D, hand on smoke, missin' my
folks
But I ain't trippin', back at home was a house full of
coke
Soon as my feet touch down I gotta get me some heat
Shit, Lord knows this time I'mma ball when I hit tha

streets

Chorus:(3X)

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