

## Hillingman

### "MC Hustler"

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Just an MC hustlin, hustlin (2x)  
I'm just an MC hustlin, hustlin  
Just an MC hustlin, hustlin

I'm a general, in this hip hop army, yeah  
Highly ranked, thick like a tank  
Well-equipped for niggas poppin shit  
Rapifier, now plug the wire let's get down to it  
I'm frustrated, uh, filled with anger  
Feel like jumpin in the wash and just chill on the hanger  
But uh, mama didn't raise no quitters  
So uh, what you want and what you need I deliver

Chorus

Mass confusion, boozin, drug using  
Got some winning some losing, is it real or an illusion?  
I guess it's all a test, stress to paranoia  
Slim, go get a lawyer, make him prove nobody saw ya  
The clock struck the midnight hour, I hit the ?  
I see my man Infinite pimpin shit for the team  
The millionaires club, Republicans make it difficult  
Kill or be killed's the result, I'm rollin up  
The ?, drinkin ?, talkin sports  
Herb smoke stimulates my thoughts  
It took me deeper than the reaper's domain  
To make it plain as hell  
I left my spirit to dwell  
But let my lyrics rebel  
Documented on record to spark my ? brain cell  
I kick a style like Bruce, rockin this rotten metropolis  
Drugs, thugs and slugs, the scene it's so monotonous  
One day it dawned on me as the time rolls by  
That the same thing that makes you laugh makes you cry  
Sometimes I feel I'm winnin, sinnin,  
Sittin back in the MP, relax, talkin bout a new beginning  
You see, I'm just an MC, I'm just an MC...

Chorus

I gotta get over, before I go under  
I gotta get over, before I go under-privileged  
Trapped deep beneath the sewage  
I attend the University of Making Money  
Five makes ten, ten makes twenty  
Good n' plenty, keeps pockets from getting empty  
Blunts get pulled, different day same bull  
Shit, you can't own it, two (?) you manufacture it  
Take away profit now tell me what you get  
I got a size eight, a fried chicken dinner plate  
I'm sellin dreams, you know, rhymes by the weight  
Ten years of hustling, brung home the bacon, man  
More scramblin than Moon and Cunningham  
You know, money for the makin, maintainin  
Hustlin, for the president, causin campaignin (?)  
I'm just an MC, what I be?

Chorus

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