

## **The Explosion**

### **"Some Of These"**

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[Intro]

However you hustle, however you hustle  
However you hustle, however you hustle  
(However you make your money)  
You got a 9 to 5, and a Nike on your grind now  
(However you make your money)  
She go to school by the day, and she stripping in the  
Night time  
(However you make your money)  
You's a hustler, who be hustling on the corner  
(However you make your money)  
Texas Florida Georgia, Louisiana California

[E.S.G.]

Some of these hustlers, move bricks for chips  
From weed to water whip, egg soles even dip  
Some of these women, be taking a chance  
Leaving they kids home alone, while she go out and  
Dance  
Some of these snitches, be giving up game  
Get caught with a ounce of cocaine, give the folks your  
Whole name  
And some of these killers, jack for bread  
That's why most of those killers, end up dead  
And some of these police, will search your ride  
Be the main mo'fucker, selling dope on the side  
And some of these chicks, be licking for free  
And wonder why she can't afford, to provide the kids a  
TV  
Now some of these haters, be talking down on ya  
In a old Caprice, with a fake Impala sign on it  
And some of these haters, hate to see you looking  
good  
Smelling like Fujiama, never stunt brick wood come on

[Hook: Ms. Marylin]

Some of these playas, are doing they own thang  
Some of these playas, are really hustling  
Some of these women, are doin they own thang  
Some of these women, are really struggling  
Some of these playas, are doing they own thang

Some of these playas, ain't doing nothing  
Some of these haters, ain't doing a damn thang  
And none of y'all punks, is fly like us

[E.S.G.]

See you work by day, then you hustle by night  
However you get paid, playboy that's alright  
Go to school by the day, she stripping by the night  
She gotta pay the bills, so girl it's alright  
Lots of women out there, who love to start mess  
Some gay ass G's, always keeping up plex  
But some of these playas, be pimping these hoes  
Like Magic Don Juan, or my partna Rico  
Some of these fiends, will beg for cash  
Then run behind the building, and take em a blast  
But there's a whole lot of haters, who hate our music  
See they claim it ain't Hip-Hop, cause they just can't  
Do it  
Some of these gangstas, they live they life nervous  
Some of these boppers, get pregnant on purpose  
Some of these judges, give brothers the blues  
For having a bad record, go peep the tattoos huh

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Some of these kids, don't like to go to school  
With three pair of pants, and only one pair of shoes  
Now some people die, sell ten for eleven  
Now see some gon go to hell, and some gon to heaven  
Some of these playas, scream Osa-Lam-A-Lakem  
Get out of jail, they eating pork chops and bacon  
Some of these playas, they claim y'all dogs  
But when your ass on lock, they won't accept your  
damn  
Call  
Some of these families, got soaked in the mud  
Couldn't afford nowhere to live, no insurance during  
The flood  
Some of these gangstas, be claiming they thug  
But be the first to leave you stranded, when you  
Squabbing at the club  
Some of these chickens, be borrowing friends clothes  
Got her cousin's shoes on, too small hurt the toes  
To all y'all haters, disrespecting the game  
This our year to kick ass, nigga fuck taking names

[Hook]

(\*singing\*)

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