

## Kurupt f/ Big Tri, Young Tone "Hustlin"

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[Kurupt]

Yeah, nigga, nigga  
No disrespect to you East coast  
The West coast we got heat too  
We gon' keep it real G'd up  
(Y.A., Tri, Lil' Kurupt)

[Verse One]

Okay, if I don't make it rappin it's back to jackin  
Back to the click-clackin and the khaki jackets  
I'm a rider, dat's why I got that tat  
And a provider, jazz got a lot I ain't had  
I'm a survivor, screwdriver, cracked steering column  
Every event, book bag, gat at the bottom  
I'm convinced, that my common sense intensify  
Now I'm convinced it's, hoppin over fences

[Chorus: patois speaker - best guess]

Six in de mornin you know they kyan't find no mo-ney,  
mo-ney  
{?} get money haffi feed my whole fami-ly, fami-ly  
It was because I load 'n buck gyal you know she a  
scared for me, for me  
Because the tussle an' the hustle an' it rough and {?}  
to be me, be me

[Kurupt]

Pistol's my specialty, and uh  
I'm a gangster, my specialty, and uh  
Fire I let it fly and toss, and uh  
I'm a boss molotovs get tossed, and uh  
Hey girl, what the fuck's the deal? And uh  
You want the fake girl, or you want the real? And uh  
Sixty-four Chevy's all on D's, and uh  
Overdosin to West coast MC's, and uh  
And you be thinkin you got me but you ain't got a thang  
Niggaz claimin they bangin but they don't really bang  
Since I {?} opposition position switch the game  
Pistols whistle while missiles'll chip a niggaz frame

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm a pistol popper, 88 candy-painted Cadillac dropper  
Tanqueray and vodka  
One-nine or thirty-eight, tec and a chopper  
Infrared hollow pointed tucked in my boxers  
I'ma keep it gangster y'all, fuck what the rest say  
Keep a lot of dope and coke, like an ese  
So please pay attention, this street shit is serious  
My niggaz leave you bleedin like bitches on they  
periods  
Contact your label, bring your best artists-es  
Nigga we started this, verbally retarded shit  
Entourage rider, we eatin Budweiser  
Throw away thirty-eight, brand new fo'-fiver

[Chorus]

[Kurupt]

(The hustlin is hard) Break 'em down nigga  
(It get rougher in my yard) Gotti, nigga what  
(We say the hustlin is hard) Please let's roll these  
suckers  
(It get rough and get it tough in my yard)

[patois speaker ad lib to end]

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