

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins**

### **"Forever Hustlin'"**

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I was a hustlin-ass nigga, straight lovin the game  
Always meant to be a playa, put the 'luv' in my name  
Surrounded by niggaz I was soakin it from  
That put the mouthpiece on my English that was broken  
and dumb  
Got me cooled in a swimming pool, in motion like a big  
old ocean  
Highways to a billion, trippin off my next million  
Rich like a Sicilian but chillin like a fuckin villain  
It's on, ready and willin for 94 to make a killin  
Flip a pint of that Hennessy cognac  
And a fat sack of that North Bay comeback  
Ain't this a bitch, I never thought that it would be like  
this  
Life of a hustler, the brights of the filthy rich  
A nigga's guilty quick if he starts rippin shit  
I ain't your dopeman, cassettes is all you copy with  
Slangin tapes and gettin bent, this is how we represent  
And if you're lookin counterfeit, fools might ask what  
set you're with  
But back up in the Bay they don't play off of what you  
wearin  
Niggas trip off silly shit, like hoes and other niggas  
starin  
Forever strugglin, too much to be jugglin  
Your boy's on the run g, forever hustlin

"Just a playa with some g-a-m-e"

It'll never quit, every day the same old shit  
The dreams of gettin rich and no one left to share it  
with  
Cause life is like a major bitch, livin on this razor, kid  
Blowin up was hella sick, even though what them  
paggers did  
Had to finally see the pen, wishin for some dank and  
gin  
Got the game twisted and got me up in missin prints  
But now I'm on the block again, think I'm sellin rocks  
again?  
Hell no, I'm slingin them lyrical intoxicants

They try to make this game illegal  
Cause I rap strapped with a Desert Eagle  
Wanna play me out like Bugsy Sigel  
Another plan to see through rap, let all the pranksters rap  
And when the real niggaz rap, call the shit gangsta rap  
The shit is kinda sick to me, how did I get addicted g?  
Shouldn'ta touched the d, now it's all about my family  
Ball or die, nigga, is my m.o., I got my money on the razor  
Cause major labels wouldn't listen to my demo  
Stay away from shobs, pray to god it'll never stop  
Stayin on my toes till a young muthafucka pop  
Quit smokin weed when a nigga quit strugglin  
But I'll never give the game up, forever hustlin

"Just a playa with some g-a-m-e"

That girl is my 24 ho, what you don't know  
It's Candy, but better than blow  
It feels good in your hand like a pistol grip  
And have you jumpin all around like Chrystal Meth  
You feel dizzy as fuck, like off the Hymen brew  
Got you geekin off the very first line or two  
Now you're sprung off the tongue, it'll never quit  
Got them young niggaz o.g.'in on this playa shit  
Now I'm back on the track, fool, I'm ready  
A joint full bomb, call me Big Eddie Spaghetti  
Cause I'm movin much weight to the one stops, it's all musical  
Costs you a ten pop to get the usual  
Game that starts with the letter G  
Had to stop freestylin cause these styles ain't free  
And that's real, sworn struggler, dank smuggler  
Entrepreneur, big ballin-ass hustler

And the game don't stop, man  
Link Crew, nigga

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