

## Max Minelli

### "Hustla High"

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[Principal Speaking]

Hello everyone (feedback)

Whoa...is this thing on?

Hello everyone, this is your principal Mr. Schnimlowski

Whoa son, that's not called for

Okay, and now I'm going to bring you your

Valedictorian

of Hustler High, Class of .211

Your Valedictorian...Max Minelli!

Ladies and Gentlemen

Give him a hand as he takes the stage

[Max Minelli talking]

Whasup?

I did this here to pay my respects to where I come from

The school I went to

The hardest school in America

You know what I'm sayin'

Yeah. Where niggaz go to learn trades like

Rappin', sellin' dope, makin' beats

Playin' basketball, cuttin' hair, robbery

Shit like that

Yeah, It's Hustla High

Now check it

[Verse One]

The hardest school in the heart of the hood

Hustla High, where niggaz ride choppers and wood

It's the home of the warriors, jackers, and G's

Where the niggaz graduate and get they street  
degrees

And blow on trees at recess

Well respected Professers of the Grind teach these  
niggaz electives

And, niggaz think with a criminal head

Racin' cops up the block during physical ed

Go to jail, you don't fail, but that's detention

Unless you get life, permanent suspension

They only accept dudes to pay tuition

You deal with hoes to take notes on pimpin'

Uh, look and listen if you pass it pays

Ain't no PTA's, just some hot AK's  
The only school that turn boys into 'timers  
Niggaz fail, but I graduated with honors  
From

[Chorus]

Where they hold class on the corner  
And niggaz that pass recieve a thug diploma  
(At Hustla High)  
They teach shit that you don't read in textbooks  
The game, and they breed the best crooks  
(At Hustla High)  
I learned rhymin', that's why I flow hard (big)  
Dope money and rap sheet report cards  
(At Hustla High)  
Showed me somethin' new each day  
.211 was my GPA, Nigga  
(At Hustla High)

[Verse Two]

Ba Ba Ba  
BOOM, I stepped out, repped out, My sets up  
Learnt to slang that shit that tore the projects up  
(If you) test us, get rolled on  
Must be got ya people mixed up, this could get ugly  
Uh, don't stand too close and don't touch me  
Momma don't understand and my woman don't trust  
me  
So all I had was the streets to make  
Somethin' shake, got the hook up on some cheaper  
weight  
I bled the block  
Hid from the feds and cops  
I got shit shakin' like aftershocks  
Stack my knots, went and split my cash in half  
Put fifty back in the streets and gave fifty a bath  
I'm a G 'bout mine, jiggalatin'  
Oh what, he tryin' to see 'bout mine? Nigga hatin'  
But that's okay, put up a dub, I got one to match you  
wit'  
I'm a certified Hustla High graduate  
From

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Look  
It's like I hustle for Air Max, you hustle for house  
slippers  
Go 'head hate, fuck it, I got paid without niggaz  
They well-wishers with they fake advice

I learned not to make the same mistakes twice  
Seen niggaz fall, seen niggaz change the game  
Seen broads catch brains with a few of them thangs  
Seen baby G's kick doors off the frame  
Jackin' niggaz for they J's and they piece and chain  
Mane, niggaz come to learn how to get paid  
Pick up a neighborhood skill and a gangsta trade  
And never miss one day, perfect attendance  
Pickin' fights with fake niggaz to vent they vengeance  
That's my school, Hustla High stay fly  
Stay beefin' with niggaz from Busta High  
Keep slippin' and these boys'll jack you quick  
Look around and I bet you know a graduate  
Of Hustla High

[Chorus]

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