

## Tupac Shakur "Hell 4 A Hustler"

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[2Pac]

Get on yo' knees ni\*\*a  
Get on yo' knees and pray

Huh, increase the doses, bustin whoever closest  
Thug livin, hell or prison, never losin my focus  
I'm makin money moves manditory  
In a discussion my past records tell a story  
Picture ni\*\*az we rushin and still bustin  
til the cops come runnin, duck in abandoned buildings  
Ditchin my gun, homeboy the motherf\*\*kin villain  
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list  
So I laugh til I cry, when the law come get me  
No baby momma drama, ni\*\*a miss me, why plant  
seeds  
in a dirty bi\*\*h, waitin to trick me, not the life for me  
Livin carefree, til I'm buried - and if they dare me  
I'm bustin on ni\*\*az until they scurry, I'm clearly  
a man of military means in my artillery  
Watchin over me through every murder scene  
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was  
gonna die  
Sellin dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry  
And still, we try to change the past, in vain  
Never knowin if this game'll last, feelin ashamed  
of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin my  
soul?  
Got tired of small time livin, ni\*\*az tellin me no  
I got MINE, f\*\*k THEM OTHER SUCKERS, that's the  
mentality  
Jealous-a\*s bustaz, make it hell for us

[Chorus: 2Pac (and harmonizing vocals) repeat 2X]

Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on judgment day  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let em play me for a busta, make it hell 4 a  
hustler

[Outlawz]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so  
serious

Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness  
If I fail, then I suffer, bein broke is hell 4 a hustler  
So I stay strugglin and jugglin with all the might I can  
muster  
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in  
One's five's and ten's was funny money  
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'  
Real ni\*\*a fo' sho', out in the cold for dough  
What you thought? ??, lost homies in plenty battles  
Last two years shed plenty tears, and I'll send plenty at  
you  
Let me catch you slippin, you soft ni\*\*az is outta here  
In case you forgot, we on the same s\*\*t that got us  
here

*[Outlawz]*

Yo, to every step I take, every foul I make  
Every jail I break, every mill' I ate  
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest  
On the block duckin charges, ni\*\*a f\*\*k the sergeant  
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke  
Listen tho' I'm missin dough I gotta gather mo'  
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a ni\*\*a sell  
words  
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz  
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as f\*\*k son  
Dyin luck none supply us with much guns  
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya  
Slangin cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

*[Chorus]*

*[2Pac]*

No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef til I burn  
Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned  
And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-  
social  
ni\*\*az shakin like they caught the holy ghost when I  
approach em  
Try to politic, before I smoke em, like Sun Zu  
ni\*\*az do unto these snitches, before it's done to you  
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening  
best believe they comin for my dogs in the mornin  
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug  
Tell me will my ni\*\*az mourn me? Gettin blowed out  
High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify  
Strikes, walkin close to my third, I live a trouble life  
And if you dream be a part of my team  
From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends  
Keep yo' eyes on the prize, ni\*\*a watch for bustaz  
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell 4 a hustler

*[Chorus]*

*[2Pac]*

This is how we ride  
Not knowin if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin with my motherf\*\*kin guns on the side  
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild til they all  
die  
This is how we ride  
Not knowin if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin with my motherf\*\*kin guns on the side  
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild  
until they all die, Outlaw  
Yes (change my ways) yes  
The Black Jesuz guide us through this  
Weary weary weary weary

Only God can save us  
Nuttin but boss players  
Outlawz and thugs

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