

Turk

"Who Put It Together"

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This for my block niggaz
My niggaz who got the block hot
Ya understand, check it out, look

Everyday all day, I be getting my grind on
So I can live lovely and get my shine on
Early in the morning, to late at night
I be doing my thing, going on flights

Catching the night ramblers and the early birds
Best believe they coming, all they need is the word
Where the fire at and they gone crowd your world
Especially if you got big bags of pearl

For the dope fiends
Crack for the crack fiends
Weed for the weed fiends
Coke for the coke fiends

I'ma all around hustler with every drug
And I serve everybody, don't care where you from
When it comes down to money, then I gotta get it
In order to stack hundreds, I gotta get out and get it

And make something out of nothing
Try to shake something
Got enough fetti on the strip for me to shake
something

I hustle eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours
Nigga, nigga, you put it together
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I hustle 52 weeks straight
12 months, 365 days 'cause they got money to make
Doing bad is something I hate

That's why I take penitentiary chances, every single
day

I gotta feed the little one
That's why I do's, what I do's
Behind a project fuckin' building
It's must I make ends meet
'Cause ain't no nigga, no nigga gone take care of me

I been strugglin' for too long
That's why I hit the corner and get my groove on
Selling coke and heroine
Watching the words that I speak on my cellphone

From the shop to the block, nigga
Our spot be hot and I got it on lock, nigga
And only I got the key
So that means, ain't no nigga could hustle with me

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All I know is how to sell drugs
How to make a quick come-up, my nigga and get it in
bluff
Been making dirty money all my life
Since 12, got off the porch, my nigga and started livin'
trife

Dropped out of school and I didn't finish
Runnin' the streets so hard, I ran down my tenni's
That's just the way that I was livin'
From sun-up to sun-down, just spinnin' and flippin'

Up and down the block, in and out the hallways
Back and forth to stashes, like a chicken with no head
I had to get paid, 'cause I like nice thangs
Cause them hoes, jocks a nigga who got change

Come on, man, you know how it go
Plus a nigga ain't frontin' ya shit no mo
I gotta get me, get it till I can't no mo
Ball till I fall, till it ain't no mo

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Uh-huh, that's how it's going down, nigga, from my
town, to yo' town
Get yo motherfuckin' paper nigga, by all means
If you gotta murk yo way to get it, work your way to get
it
However nigga, get yo shit, nigga, Turk said that
Motherfuck them people

Yeah and it's like that, I'm a motherfuckin' hustler
My nigga Ke'noe, he a motherfuckin' hustler
Laboratory nigga, you know we some motherfuckin'
hustlers
Ya understand? See what's going down, in 2003 to
whenever

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