

# Tales Of A Hustler

Beanie Sigel

Yeah Sparks in here, The Truth in here  
Yeah  
Yeah - Witness - Tales of a Hustler  
Im going to ride nigga  
Ya Know - This just the life we live uh, this just the life we lead  
Yeah Yeah Gangsta  
Tales tales  
Gangsta! Yeah  
Sugar coat

Omillio Sparks the young gun  
My life as an adolescent said I'll go through something  
Other guys try to stand in my way like brick walls  
So I kept guns in my palm like Mesiah scripts in Psalms  
I should fear no man but God  
So lord knows we could get it on  
Guns baptized guys testing my pride  
Clearing my conscience in the liquor store  
With a fifth of Thunderbird but I be guzzling hard  
Playing the corners with a washed up old-head  
Chant tunes by the Whispers  
Same corner where I banged at with niggaz  
Cops drive by and grin on us  
If they grabbed then  
one of them nosey neighbors done snitched on us (Again?)  
Hey this game juicy got me puffing looseys  
Every two days interigated by the police  
See, this life I live cost more than your Roley's money  
It cost my homie Nook his whole life, ya heard me?  
When he was here it was easy to love him like a brother  
Now thats he's gone I find it difficult to talk to his mother  
I mean - What do you say to a woman  
That's just lost her only son to the game and the gun, except mami  
"I'ma ride for him"  
The look that she gave me "Like Sparks you got some nerve  
Cause most of these niggas dont keep their words  
Now I'm under pressure  
And I cant even break that type of promise  
and y'all niggas paint that picture  
Risking your freedom  
On the strength of memories of him  
The time he made you laugh  
The time he bust his gat when them other niggas ran  
How real is that?  
Omillio Sparks niggas holla back

TALES - OF - A - HUSTLER

In this life you not promised tommorow  
So take the bitter with the sweet and maintain  
In these vicious streets  
Carry your heat and keep your mind on your money  
Life's a gamble everybody got a number homie  
TALES OF A HUSTLER

I'm back to the block with it  
Wait let me clear that up

I'm back to the blocks that you get when your block get it  
Get hard with that hot water when the pot hit it  
Get large with a little water when you pop wip it  
I send hope to late scramblers  
Sling coke to you late you scramblers  
Go broke sling soap to you late night scramblers  
No joke, I'm a crook, catch hooks broke, late night gamblers  
Look - you loose limbs when fuck with him  
That be I strapped and high  
FBI all on back want to trap the guy  
Got niggas in all black want to snatch my pies  
Never that too many gats  
Too many guns  
Too many vest  
Tough guys not to many left  
Where they at?  
Dead or locked behind bars in jail  
I know I aint too far from hell  
I'll spit the devil these bars in hell  
Dog I been through it son  
Look at my scars and tell  
Catch Mac in a Chevy truck slightly tented  
No excuses on who might be in it  
You know passenger twisting backwoods  
Slightly spinning  
Crack the window the indo slightly scented  
Splash of haze and hash lightly blented  
Put the pressure on niggas who might be timid  
Like, you got like a minute  
To put the cash in this bag or ya ass just might be in it  
In small piece, I'll snatch your family up  
Start from tall nephews to your small nieces  
Bitches