

Kid, it's Reef Hustle, huh, let me hat you
Stuff you been rhymin' 'bout that is not true
Gentlemen I know they don't rap, they really pap you
Red at the garment you can stop who?
Talk slick, I won't sell a brick but I'm bringin' the whole block through
My youngins ain't playin', they bangin' like old Rock groups
All I gotta do is give 'em zigs, they point, lock, boom
Make it a rouse, 300 for shoes
How they gentrifyin' our rooms, we got no money to move
Hustle everyday life, no clown you got it twisted
Let me strive through Heaven's life, we paid a heavy paid price
It's not to your likeness, conceal indictments
Though when I write this, I think about Hov and others in Rikers
And niggas name droppin', man, that shit's invalid
In different strokes can't say what the white made like Mrs. Garretts
On a road while I pray for they souls
It's goin' bad it's like easy pass takin' its toll