

# Why Must I

Beanie Sigel

Eh, Please believe it  
Believe this shit  
Mack Mittens in the spot  
Eh, The crack rhyme king, you know  
Why must I be like that  
Why must I push the crack  
It ain't nothing but the hustler in me  
It ain't nothing but the hustler in me  
(Nigga) The hustler in me

Poison em' all (Fuck em')  
I know that sounds like the words of a bastard  
But Polly need crackers  
And daddy's son need pampers  
I gave ya'll The Truth and The Reason  
I can't give you the answers (Nope)  
I try to do the right thing  
But I swear by God  
I'm not Spike Lee, I skip my school days (Fuck it)  
I ran with old heads (old heads)  
In 89, who push 98's  
Blue haze through deuce treys  
Do what I been, I been through, through it again  
I seen the streets tame boys, turn few to men  
While you was in the house playing Nintendo (Nintendo)  
On ya back pads on ya Dyno doing indo (indo)  
Shit, I was in the house smoking indo (indo)  
Serving smokers off the back ledge through the window (window)  
How many, How many, smoke em' get skinny  
Got em' short, got em' tall  
Got plenty for all y'all now (c'mon)

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Why must I push the crack  
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The hustler in me  
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The hustler in me

Why must I push the crack  
I was forced into it  
I was going through it pushin' that Buick  
It wasn't all good a week ago (eh ah)  
Shit been bad for a while  
I was forced to put that crack in the vile (You know it)  
Pockets was low, mind wasn't right  
So I had to play the corner with the nine every night  
So I crushed competition  
Killed the drama  
Sold goods like Excedrin  
Syrup like Aunt Jemima  
Money was coming, niggas was hatin'  
Send bullets through they fame till they Harlem shakin'

Treated crack like rap  
And I move them units  
And the way I tuck paper niggas thought I was Jewish  
Had the fiends snortin' blow like the K-9 unit  
And I finally got that paper to park that Buick  
Got the aero dynamic Benz wagon  
So carefully crafted  
When I pulled on the block I just smashed it

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The hustler in me  
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It ain't nothing but the hustler in me  
It ain't nothing but the hustler in me (I'm a hustler Nigga!)  
The hustler in me

Omilio, Omilio wooo  
I talk greazy to pricks like  
One yourself scrapper  
I'm king Willie, stay the fuck off my strip (eh huh)  
Or have ya guys get hit  
Clash the position, I'm stuck in the kitchen  
Whippin' it, ghetto D to the oil  
Got the dope fiends rushin'  
Drawing attention, scarring the workers  
Got em, Ready to quit the game  
So I'm doing the game like  
Keep your eyes open youngin'  
And tell them fiends I said no short, no change  
And I'm payin' em weekly  
And I'm payin' silly  
You pay em' Friday you won't see em' for the rest of the weekend  
Watching the block  
Cause some like to skim off the top  
Mixing they little caps in with my rock  
Ungrateful motherfuckers end up gettin' clap by the cops  
Tryin' to slow up the money spot  
(I'm a hustler baby, I'm a hustler baby)  
And why must I, now why ask why

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