

I had a big problem with the court system  
And uh  
District attorneys, prosecutors  
Alot of people was tryna uh take my life  
As far as you know in the court system

I graduated from a block down south on tha corner  
Get out tha mudd  
On my own, Ima hustla  
Mama put me out  
So I stayed wit Big Mama  
Went to cocaine cooking school  
And tha teacher was my uncle  
Every since I was a youngsta  
I been tryna chase a bag  
Not a gang banger, but a gangsta wit a past  
Strapped up and bad  
Man I get it from my Dad  
Easy town gangsta  
Man them Hatches bout that yeah  
Motherfucker yeah!

At 14, what did you start with? Did you start selling crack or was it sumin else?

Well my first job was 11. I was a look out for tha people on tha corner. My 2nd job, I started hustlin'. Uh I started off selling crack, weed....

My aunties dated dope dealers  
No broke niggas  
If you my dawg  
Then I scored wit ya, fucked hoes wit ya  
Plus school ain't really teach me what I was lookin' fa  
Get my family out tha motherfuckin' mudd  
Livin' good, what I was lookin' fa  
Went to codeine class  
Made a quarter mill  
Offered a deal, shit got real  
Had to pop a pill (2 by 2)  
Was a beast in tha streets  
Yeah, I got it  
Better cop from him  
If it's beef, they gettin' you  
And they stoppin' slim

That's how I hustled. You know, that's what I know how to..that's what I raised to make money off during the streets. You know, I know how to get money.  
It's not positive money...

But I was taught to go get tha money..fuck it

This for all my teachers  
Bronson & Lil Donkey (Donk!)  
They told me up in class  
When I ride, keep it on me  
PCP at 16  
Followed by tha marijuana

Get a hall pass, and go straight to tha corner (Thuggin)  
Got my own block  
And I got bout 9 students  
3 or 4 was hustlas  
But tha others, they was foolish  
You look crazy, they gon' shoot it  
We don't play that on my side  
They hate you in yo city  
Move away, and live yo life

And it's always like that. Wherever you from, you will get hated the most. You know, most rappers die in they own city. It's a fact. You know what they hate you for, no reason. They hate you for, they hate you for your success.

I got tha streets on lock  
I'm they generation PAC  
I spit it from tha heart  
And they feel it up inside  
Still a hood nigga  
Showin' money in my pictures  
Or I can put a suit on nigga  
And get a million  
My name brang millions  
Talkin' to investors  
You dealin' wit a nigga who had something very special  
Tha whole damn street  
And that's a whole nutha level  
They vote for me  
No matter who in tha motherfuckin election  
Boosie Badazz (Hood President)

They girl listening to yo music...they go downstairs, the kids doing a dance to yo music...now they are hypnotized with hatred