

I had a big problem with the court system
And uh
District attorneys, prosecutors
A lot 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