## **Suicides**

## **Charles Hamilton**

Check it out I get my hustle up Not a little buttercup Fresh pair of jeans Blue vans and a button up Livin like a zipper Never get another buck Using luck as my lover I love her But I never touch her enough She said it doesnt fit So I must a quit I love to live But living doesnt love this So I just do what to adjust to What to do when Love N Luck want to fuck you up What must a thug do Do I even thug Or does thug love approve of lust I'm hood with my thinkin Five times five I'm good with the lincolns Town car as a gypsy cab Or I move around stars with a fifty in cash Still the Inner City Livin in Me I feel the Inner City so I'm really real Now forgive me a bit uh To the foul line to the key Come on a do a suicide with me Nigga hustle nigga hustle Nigga hustle nigga hustle To the half court line To the next key Only the real ballers gonna get me Nigga hustle nigga hustle Nigga hustle nigga hustle Get my 1s n 2s up like a rookie DJ Lookin at me for the sake of pushin these great beats Hustle music while I'm flippin the bird Pick of the third is a better pick from the litter Than get the worse quick uh The word nigger came from a bird in the river NIGER This that egyptian fire Walk like a talk like a bengal bangle Mangle the main frame of braids getting tangled And gettin a few chips n listening to music And niggas who didn't listen to KRS n blueprint HMM does that make me stupid Or does that make the reason hate needs new music for me Shit is a scene Just let me call life a bitch now I can get in between So let me hit in n breeze Nirvana in the long run N no drama when this songs done To the foul line to the key Come on a do a suicide with me Work it out Nigga hustle hustle

Hustle hustle
To the half court line
To the next key
Only the real ballers gonna get me
Nigga hustle nigga hustle
Nigga hustle nigga hustle