

## Who We Is (OG)

### Hustle Gang

(Who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Aye, who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas everybody love to hate  
Riding through the city with the windows up  
(And how we live, nigga?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
Want the top spot, ain't no runners up  
Sorry we do not believe in second place  
On a bus full of sluts, they can't fuck with us  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now who we is?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Now who we is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now how we live?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(And what it is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything

Head honcho, war ready  
Got the Ks and the carbon in the car already  
Do what you do, shawty bust your move  
But when I come back, nigga ya'll you gon' get it  
I guess it'd be best if I do my stuff?  
Run up on your girl, nigga two guns up (Hey!)  
Better watch what you do my guy, you don't wanna make it me and you my guy  
Cause if you get mad then a few might fly, but if if I get mad 22 might die  
You can't fit these in a shoe, my guy  
They way too big, bang bang you dead  
You take back everything you said  
Fo' I put a hole in it, Imma drain your head  
I [?] wearing green when the blood hit the shirt, then I looked at the stain  
said it ain't so red  
Mi loco, no comprende, all we do is get busy  
I'm connected with the [?] it's ain't no hoe nigga with me  
The realest in your city, whatever city you sent me  
Was born a real nigga, it ain't no going against it

(Who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Aye, who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas everybody love to hate  
Riding through the city with the windows up  
(And how we live, nigga?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(Now who we is?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Now who we is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now how we live?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(And what it is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything

Sucka nigga leave a bitch around, nigga Imma leave 'em both mad  
The way I do a hoe is so sad

You ain't tuned into this then pick up your remote pad  
If a thug sending killers, send a hoe with the most ass?  
I do a nigga so bad  
Smoke that, that's your ass  
I ain't never took shit from a nigga, but his whole cash  
You're so bad with the class you can't gon' get the choke tag  
Pussy nigga where your hoe at? Young nigga where your hoe at?  
Might as well give her up, cause you ain't havin no swag  
And you don't got the most cash, you ain't even in the poor class, your little bitty hoe ass  
No fashion and no class  
Every nigga over here been cool since the throwbacks  
I'm a brand new Ducati, little buddy you a moped  
Ya'll better have Dro ass, we show you where the dope at  
Only got two rules, leave a designated boat? man  
And whatever you do, nigga, don't mention [?] name  
I'll break a hoe in four halves  
My Chevrolet is running, he got 200 and 4 valves  
Imma show you how to go there, for these niggas it no fair  
I'm so rare, hoe yeah, nigga

(Who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Aye, who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas everybody love to hate  
Riding through the city with the windows up  
(And how we live, nigga?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(Now who we is?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Now who we is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now how we live?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(And what it is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything

Okay, I'm bad, and I got a whole lotta cash  
Real fast, put it all in the stash  
Ya'll ain't struggle, got a little bitch mediocre  
Might get a little head in the slab?  
Really need to cool it, how when I'm still toting uzis?  
I'll take a nigga slice of the pizza  
Kick a little flash, spend a couple racks on sneakers  
My whip got James Bond featured  
Shit, my gang hustle, ain't wait for a handout  
Show my hairline, my pants down  
Oh you ain't ask 'round, better go and check my background  
Fuck around, hear the Mac sound  
Yeah I can laugh now, been a while since I been broke  
Been broke, that was no joke  
Came from a Pinto, all the way to a Benzo  
Iced out Rollie make my wrist glow  
Hold up, let me slow it down  
Slow low, then some more rounds  
On the way to your hoe now  
And niggas don't play with us, cause we armed and dangerous  
We the face of the A-town  
Hold up, I beg your pardon  
Flexing on niggas, I'm sorry  
Been stealing my swag, you could borrow it  
Now say it to the face of the carbon (Bah! Bah!)

(Who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Aye, who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas everybody love to hate  
Riding through the city with the windows up  
(And how we live, nigga?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(Now who we is?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Now who we is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now how we live?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
(And what it is?)  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything

Imma show you how to spit this shit, if you counting syllables  
Killin em, it's pitiful, leaving 'em hospitable (Dro)  
I'm the motherfucker that'll get at you, and I been fucking with your main h  
oe since I was 22  
I'm young and I'm thuggin' and I'm going out bustin'  
And if you need a brick of that hard, give me some fuckin' with?  
You know them boy straight, when I break down nick sacks  
And I have them pussy niggas taking off from the click-clack (Bow!)  
Get back, break a nigga off like a Kit-Kat  
Where your bitch at? Where the bricks at?  
You been in the gym working out, oh I get that  
Well you can get six bullets in your six-pack (Boom!)  
Oh, we need a goon to fire your ass up, put you in a room and tie your ass u  
p  
Nigga want a plate, then hit him with the butt  
Of the K, in the mouth and wire his ass up  
Crazy, please don't upset the one  
At hoes in the 44, tech the gun  
Call me DMC without Run  
Man, I got so much game I fuck nuns  
Young Dro ain't Hustle Gang, nigga please that's just like UGK without Bun  
And I got a mask on my face with a gat on my waist, street sweeper upset? wh  
en I come

(Who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas all them bitches love to fuck  
(Aye, who we is, nigga?)  
We them niggas everybody love to hate  
Riding through the city with the windows up  
(And how we live, nigga?)  
Presidential shit, I'm talking JFK  
Want the top spot, ain't no runners up  
Sorry we do not believe in second place  
On a bus full of sluts, they can't fuck with us  
And it's Hustle Gang over everything  
(Now who we is?)