

# Hustle Game

Mack 10

What's up Mack, (what's up baby dude)  
Yeah dog I just wanna know bout this game, you know  
(What, rap game) nah nah nigga not the-not the rap game  
The dope game you know, I'm trying to get paid  
With the pyrex bowls, and baking soda  
How you get the whoop on it, (how you get the whoop on it)  
Tell me how you got started dog, (you lil bad motherfucker check it)

It started off a fantasy, I use to daydream  
Bout learning how to hustle, and work a triple beam  
It seemed fucked up, I never understood  
Why underprivileged niggaz, grow up in the hood  
There was two choices out, and they stayed the same  
Sports with all american fame, or the dope game  
Come around with cash, you got jacked or extorted  
We find the nice shit, and just can't afford it  
Now what's the quickest way, to make a few stack  
Maybe work a weed sack, and parlay the crack  
It's a cold game mayn, when you hustle on your own  
Had to learn how to count each gram, into a zone  
And while my peers elevated, I had to do the same  
So I learned how to whoop, to expand my game  
Now dope coming like leaves, on the money trees falling  
And the word on the streets, is Mack 1-0 balling

It's the hustle game, and all I know is to hustle mayn  
Motherfuck the fame, I need money to maintain  
It's the hustle game, and all I know is to hustle mayn  
Either do this rap thang, or slang crack cocaine  
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Now I'm too big for hands on, I got a solution  
It's my B-D homies, running my distribution  
Didn't take much schooling, before they understood  
They can set up shop, on every block in the hood  
I love my lil' niggaz, loaded them in the clutch  
They don't want much, just pages for our clients to keep in touch  
Now a federal level, thirty years is what I'm facing  
Running OT operations, through the Greyhound station  
Here's a tech and few K's, we big money makers  
And the folks got they hand full, trying to take us  
We going out like soldiers, ready for it all  
Holding trial in the streets, and we ball until we fall

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I use to say I wouldn't stop, until I checked a mill  
And had a super bad bitch, with a house on the hill  
But now I'm in the limelight, I came so far  
Your nigga pushing double R's, sipping Hennessy Ricar  
Avoid all haters, and po-po's this vice'd out

Look around these niggaz necks, my whole crew is iced out  
Buy your whole sack, and re-cop money that's spent  
Me and my niggaz hit the desert, for the main event  
So I hit the strip in L-V, with the baddest hoe  
Fight night at Caesar's Palace, in the front row  
It's a rule, before you go see the heavyweights  
See Varoo for the tailors, and the big block gators  
Don't trip lil' mama, if I'm standing right behind ya  
But if you turn around and glance, the glare might blind ya  
Joel the jeweler, polished now my ice till it's dripping  
Notice the waitress, she partial to me cause I'm tipping  
Now I'm back to the craps, rolling hundred dollar yo's  
With enough left to look out my friends, and murder my foes  
It's only there thangs in life, you need when you rich  
Real homies big guns, and a down ass bitch

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Yeah Mack, you know I ain't gotta hustle to maintain  
I gotta get money, so you could front a nigga a sack you know I'm saying  
(Front you a sack, what you had me into with your daddy and every damn thang  
)  
Man pop's ain't gotta know nothing, I don't tell him ery'thang man  
(You tell him you got some head on tour), ha  
But on the real though you could just front me a half a bird  
He ain't gotta know nothing, (yeah get your lil' bad ass outta here nigga)  
(What you know about a half a bird), I'm just trying to ball playa