

# Hustlin'

Master P

Down South huster slangin' on dat corner stackin' dividends  
Fuckin' over fiends cause my ghat is my only friend  
And won't hesitate to use my sawed off  
I'll knock on ya door and shoot ya motherfuckin' head off  
See murder a real fuckin' natural born killah for realah my nigga  
I'm badder cause my nuts is bigger  
Strapped with a tec 9 a mac 10 and 2 glocks  
Dumpin' niggas in ditches cause I'm a thug like 2Pac  
I'm kickin' it in Cali but I was born in dat N.O.  
Murder is daily everybody packin' heat bro  
Punk bitches can't survive when ya scary  
Everyday young niggas gettin shipped to the mortuary  
Night time falls the motherfuckin' streets ain't safe  
At the fuckin' club the jackers run the place  
But I gotta do what I gotta do like Manson  
I'm crazy for takin these penitentiary chances  
'Cause once the money start commins it's like you just can't stop it  
A nigga ain't' shit without his pockets  
So watch yo back when a nigga like see doin' bad  
I'll do a solo jack and dey a never find yo ass  
Ra ta tat tat tat tat is the sound of my hollow  
They find ya fuckin corpse stinkin in the ghetto tomorrow  
So act like a bitch and you'll get treated like a busta  
Dat's how it is with dis down south hustler

[Chorus]

Hustlin' 'cause I gots nowhere to go,  
Hustlin' slangin heroin and yayo,  
Hustlin' gots to make myself some mail,  
Hustlin' gots to stack my dividends

Deep down south I used to try to stack my fuckin' ends  
Hangin' on the set tryin' to stack some fuckin' dividends  
Till a nigga hooked me up with dat nigga Master P  
Flew me 2 tickets now I'm chillin' down in Cali  
Don't' have no money like Snoop Dog or Dr. Dre  
But I'm glad so say I think dat I'm on my way  
Dey say dis click has No motherfuckin' Limits  
Fuck with a nigga have yo guts hangin out like spinach  
Deep down south a nigga strugglin' tryin to survive  
If you down with me yes I'm down for a hoo ride  
Never down with bloods or no motherfuckin' crips  
But if you set trip I'll be down to bust yo lip  
Skip down the yellow brick road to the N.O.  
Deep down south motherfuckin' yeah you know how it goes  
Now I'm a down south hustler quick to make a buck don't give a fuck  
Leavin niggas stuck on the real nigga I ain't stuttin'  
Ain't hard to see where I'm commin' from  
'Cause if you from the streets you got to get the job done  
Commin' up in dem streets ain't no easy task  
Only a nigga with nuts nigga with guts got to get past  
Nigga need skills just to play up in dis game  
For the fortune and fame nigga tryin to make a name  
So peace to the real niggas and fuck all dem bustas  
And dis goes out to them motherfuckin' niggas dats down south hustlin'

[Chorus]

Tryin' to make dem ends strugglin' on the grind  
Got to feed the family chased by the one- time  
But dem laws couldn't mace me  
It take a hundred million motherfuckin' po po's to chase P  
Where should I go where should I go  
I know dis eight rap fuckin I hid the dope in the liquor store  
Changed my t-shirt fled out the back door  
Two hours later back in the hood slangin' dope  
'Cause its an everyday thang where I hang at  
3rd Ward Calliope projects I thought I name dat  
Where dem hustlers dwell I mean dem killahs roll  
Don't' give a fuck about you or ya life bro  
And the game get deep down south  
Cause every nigga roll through the hood with gold in dey mouth  
Killahs, dope dealers all dem niggas on the set you know for realah  
Gettin' paid transport narcotics from New Orleans to the bay  
Yo G man it's everyday  
Drop top cutlass, caddys with rags, impalas  
Delta 88 gold thangs and zags  
But we don't' flip flop  
We like to pop motherfuckers dat talk shit on the block  
From New Orleans (background Florida) to Texas (Atlanta)  
Fuck all ya'll bustas cause Master P about it a down south hustler

[Chorus]

Hustlin' because I gots nowhere to go  
Hustlin' I gots to support me and my hoe  
Hustlin' check out dis down south damn flow  
Hustlin' commin straight from the N.O.