

## Crenshaw and Slauson

Nipsey Hussle

Look

Relate to ya

I can't if you's a fake nigga

Where level 4 in the state is what your mistakes get ya

Rap niggas they just wanna double date with you

Twitpic and show these hoes that they affiliate with you

Labels used to treatin rappers like a slave, nigga

Starvin artist "just be happy with your fame nigga"

Shit changed, now it's such a different game

All the niggas like myself is controlling everything

If you, pay attention see exactly what I mean

Fucc the middleman, I said that in 2003

Was 18, White Lincoln, chrome feet

Black .40 was my pillow, everynight I go to sleep

Grown niggas treat me like they OG

Holdin on to every word that the tiny loc speaks

I had a vision nobody else could see

Sold my shit to D-Mac, a little less than 10 Gs

Brought my grocery bag of cash back to Blacc Sam

He matched a nigga, next day we went to Sam Ash

We bought a pro tools and a microphone

Studio was far from plush but the lights was on

Couple hunned thousand stashed at my momma's home

Real estate in Atlanta but ain't nobody know

Mac 11s in the safe, hidden in the floor

My bro did it like nobody that I've ever known

Screens on every wall with 16 camera angles

Double pane bullet proof glass pushin past the haters

Cuban links and rolexes 'fo the check from Epic

This industry ain't got like us but they gone respect it

Built the label up from money we was savin up

No details til the Statue of Limitations up

Couple niggas got flipped tryna play with us

The demonstrations speak loud so I ain't sayin much

Was a charismatic nigga, I don't play as much

Cos life is real when you live it in a place like us

School pictures crackin smiles, now my face is stuck

Shellshocked to see how much they really hated us

Couldn't keep a kind heart, get yo hatred up

Streets smarts, nigga get yo information up

Watching Belly, smokin blunts, take Jamaican puffs

One day I'mma have a house and car like Jamaican cuz

Credits roll, back to stress pounds breakin up

Had to fight before we hustled and it made us tough

Early 90s neighbors rooster used to wake us up

Mama had a bucket and a shack but we ain't make a fuss

Blue Cutlass, no license, .380 tucked

96 Caprice 'Bolt Da Fatts' was savin up

They gettin packed out if niggas try fade with us

Crenshaw and Slauson, True Story, Zo play the drums

I got to this paper, no industry favors

Speaking to they soul, so they tell me I'm they favorite

Been through it myself, yeah, I know how it make you

Never let 'em judge you cuz they ain't you

I could tell a long story or just say I'm grateful

I could tell a gang of reasons or just say I'm faithful  
I can sell a million records or just mixtape it  
They don't really give a fuck long as I just keep pacing  
Quiet for a year, gave no explanation  
Now I'm 'bout to drop I got em on that Proud 2 Pay shit  
Half of a million cash, he gon offer me a label  
Told him that I need to own it, so I'm cool, kept it gangster  
Hollaback, real niggas what you calling that  
You see the game fucked up, look, what part is that  
They compare where I'm at to where I started at  
They put me in the Getty, I'm a artifact

They can't never hang me on the wall though  
We presidents nigga we push buttons  
The rest of y'all just react, Victory Lap nigga this Marathon  
Still don't stop though

Count me up, count me up  
I'm in this shit you niggas is out as fuck  
I'm use to people doubting I'd amount to much  
I thrive off the challenge, I'm a childish fuck  
I love toys so I'm by the buck  
I hate to lose so I play too rough  
I speak my mind and say I say too much  
Minus the hip hop, cops say I don't say enough  
I know they listening to my raps  
While I'm out running these laps  
Tryna make my paper stack  
Its like this and like that  
I think I'm KRS  
I think I'm Dead Prez  
I think I'm 2Pac nigga I need some fuckin meds  
I think I'm Eminem, I'm going crazy  
Shoot in front of the shop Nas & AZ

I never planned to make it to a old nigga  
Plant the bag 560 off a zone nigga  
Dip my Giovanni feet in chrome nigga  
Drop them bitches on Pirellis hit the road with em  
I should get the cover of the Rolling Stone nigga  
I should perform at the Old Republic or Rome nigga  
I'm not a rapper or a poet, I'm a poem nigga  
Ain't it amazing how I'm standing on my own nigga  
Always pull up in foreign thats never loaned nigga  
Always speaking my music straight from my soul nigga  
My business partners Jewish but I'm all nigga  
Still ghetto that ain't wrong is it?  
Way I see it long as I ball nigga  
I'm a California don, nigga  
Hundred thousand on my car nigga  
You know very well who you are nigga

I been that nigga before the fame happened  
That tell them hoes go get my name tatted  
I rock a Roley cuz my game classic  
And repped LA before it came back in  
I know y'all see me in my lane smashing  
I know y'all hate me with a strange passion  
I made examples out y'all lame asses  
I love my life y'all could hate that shit  
All the smart money got they bets on me  
And all them real niggas wish the best for me  
All these bad bitches got some sex for me

Shout out them bad bitches, getting dressed for me  
They down to stand in line cuz its well worth it  
Pull up to my shows in Chanel purses  
They jeans fit the worst but they smell perfect  
Never argue with they niggas but they yell verses

Aye, I'm true to this game  
Gimme that pussy 'for she tell me her name  
Aye, I'm true to this game  
All Money In No Money Out on my chain  
Aye, I'm true to this game  
No guarantees you gotta live for today  
Aye, I'm true to this game  
Do it big til they remember your name

We still them same niggas that we used to be  
Black Sam in that sedan in the coupe is me  
Hundred thousand for the car so the roof was free  
While I'm in it flashback on how it used to be  
Wildin' nigga can't relax it was the youth of me  
That make a smoker buy the bullets for a shooting spree  
Found myself, same time family losing me  
But all that violence from the past is what produced a G  
All the real LA niggas know the truth is me  
No hotline homie I could tell your future free  
Get on your Marathon til you bruise ya feet  
Or run the streets til the reverend write ya eulogy  
Fishbone in the six with all my jewelry  
Cuz I heard my haters is supposed to be shooting me  
I'll never let a broke bitch influence me  
Slauson Ave getting money and the proof is me