

Hussle In The House

Nipsey Hussle

Look I'm comin straight out of Slauson, a crazy motherfucker name Nipsey!
I'm turfed up cause I grew up in the Sixties!
Caution! To you rap niggas try and diss me!
I go hard that's why yo' bitch wanna flip me
Big guns niggas turn rivals into rosaries
Extended clips I give a fuck who you 'posed to be
Straight off the block I sold dope to buy groceries
Now it's rap money no advance it's all royalties
You broke nigga you could follow me
It's fuck bitches get money keep some hollow tips logically
And I'm from where homicide boost the economy
Pay taxes to these corners and put in work it's a policy
{Hustle} It's white chalk on the corners
It's yellow tape on the gates... choppers up above
That's Cause and turnin Loc's runs the streets where I'm from

This is just a small introduction to this Nipsey Hussle music
Plus money and bitches that's the way that we do it
First get 'yo grind on, then get yo' shine on
We come through daytime with the lights on
Now hit the fast lane, and let yo' chain swang
You gettin dollars like a doctor but you gangbang
Yeah! It's Hussle in the house
Yeah! It's Hussle in the house

Blue rag, S-hat, gold on my neck fat
Guns case catch that, neighborhood, I rep that
Shoot first, ask last, move work, fast cash
hurst, tip dabs, squabble if you get mad
And in my lifetime, I seen a lot of death
A couple cold nights, it look like it was nothin left
But God got me, so I got him tatted on my flesh
Slauson - nigga, you ain't heard shit yet
Cuzzy, Cobby, Hoodsta Rob, Tiny Draws
Dippin Stone, when he come home - then baby, we dog
And cain't forget my big brother Black Sanchez
A young nigga with a million dollar plan

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I came from nothin - so did every other rapper
Save the speculation, real banger, gun clapper
SILENCE! - Henny, I'll posses you with the Mac
I'll turn him into candle on the curb over blood splat
Fuck Rest in Peace shirts, nigga where ya guns at?
Hittin been two weeks and we ain't seen no get back
Type of shit is that, yo Crippin is wack
You ain't poppin you ain't turfed up, nigga - you off deck
I promise, I'll be out helpin with the pump
Gooned up, black hoody on, chopper in the trunk

Ready to hop out, and do my muh'fuckin stuff
SIX-OH, NIGGA, dats wassup - HUH!

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