

# Ocean Views

Nipsey Hussle

Ocean views, small circle it's a chosen few  
I wrote it down and I followed through  
I bought a pound and we rolled a few  
I talk shit but she know it's true

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Blessings, bitches in my section  
Young with all this money, I'm obsessive, weapons  
Turning off y'all extras  
Turning off this bullshit direction  
Turning off my grind  
Waking up to mo' pressure  
But it's all in yo' mind, so I never feel pressured  
Knew it's all in due time, now hunnid stacking like Tetris  
Hustle hard is my message, then double back and get extras  
Know I spaz when I cash it  
Yellow Bone, white Lexus, all black tint, two white cups, fat gold chains, p  
ride, Texas  
I'm just young and I'm reckless, I'm just on for my section  
I'm just out here on top speed with my top down and I'm revin'  
I don't know about Hell, I don't know about Heaven  
All I know is 'bout right now and this lifestyle is interesting  
Iced down in my section, I just write down these confessions  
Niggas die to get life around me, I guess that I'm an exception  
Blessings

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Look, I'm in these streets with my Cuban on  
In my Benz with my music on  
Old friends like what have you been on  
Shit, I've been on my grind  
I ain't usually home, focused, I ain't using phones  
Lately I've been using song to get my point across  
While niggas 'round me lose it all, but that's your point to toss  
I guess I always knew to ball  
And as this world revolves I'm cracking 'cuz I do my job  
Look, from fucking hood rats to fucking stars  
Spending all cash, to sliding cards, it's the definition of living large  
Smoking top flight in the biggest cars  
Told you '08 this shit was ours, getting this cake, yeah nigga then getting  
more  
Look at this world young nigga, this really yours  
Nigga this really mine, my niggas is really for it, them buildings is really  
high, them cars is really foreign and all I see is...

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Yeah, early morning off that flight though  
We gon' go hard then get right, bro  
It seemed simple, that's not life though  
10 years later I'm alright though  
Look, these niggas act like they don't like dough  
They be mad cuz niggas shine bright though  
Look, I got a Ruger and a Bryco  
But I'ma let you pick which way tonight go  
I got my dough right, plus the right goal  
I mean it's legal, pay taxes to them white folks  
My precedence, stay crackin 'till my life's low  
Then when I die, Blue rag around my rifle  
Hunnid thousand in my coffin, that's just life though  
Play a Stevie Wonder song, smoke some flight, bro  
Crack a pint of Actavis then pour in some Sprite, bro  
Until that day I'm walking toward what's in my sights though  
'Cuz all I see is...

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