

One Take freestyle

Nipsey Hussle

Uh-huh, yeah, hustle music
Break down your blunts, roll up your kush
Get your mind right
Y'all feel comfortable, early morning, check it out

I'm on the block with these rocks, posted, loc'in'
Low-key, so Johnny think I'm smokin', focused
On nothing more than getting to my quota, hopin'
The block roll before they start patrollin', I'm knowin'
They watchin' us, binoculars and scopin'
Bumpin' up the smokers, tryna ask 'em what I sold 'em
My mind state: money over everything underneath the sun
And death cock the barrel of my gun, it go bang
Don't ask me why I gangbang, no thang
It's easy, believe me, the coppers, they need me
I pay their salary, they know that
My calories were way too heavy to stop, I'm on the block
I'm choppin' down ounces, halves, sevens
Boulders, dimes, nicks, whatever
I'm going, forever, I'm never gon' stop it
The profit, I flip it, the spots, I'm switchin'
The Glocks, I spit at any nigga lookin' like oppo-sition
And any action, it got conse-quences
And death around is about as common as sense is
Case it go bang, case it go spray, case it go pow
Case it go after the enemies I wacked out
Case it go before the guy owe ya knocked out
Case it go through the plywood holding up your house, it ain't
Man, I'm tryna hold your key to the city
The key to having cake, no break, full grizzly
Silverback gorilla catchin' cocaine frisbees
Cookin' up a cookie on a propane chimney
Nipsey, Hussle in the house, I'm 'bout my paper
If money is a bitch, then I'm a rapist 'cause I take her
It's funny niggas spit about the game like they a player
But they ain't Shaq and Kobe so they just another Laker
And they don't rap they life, so they just another faker
They frontin' for these hoes, hoes frontin' for the dough
And me, I'm front and center, with this hustlin', I'm a pro
Last name, Hussle, first name, Nipsey
See, I'ma stay fresh, y'all can stay bummy
Y'all can chase pussy, but I'ma chase money
You only live once, and niggas die young
You live by the bullet, you gon' die by the gun
Comin' off of Slauson, where niggas hate your guts
See you ridin' high, they wanna set you up
Probably jealous of ya, never get enough
Money ain't the root of all evil -- nigga, what?
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see
I've been on the grind since the age of 14
Started with a quarter, bought my first bucket
Bought my first gun, said "Fuck it" then I bust it
It ain't the ones I fucked off, it's the ones I fuck with
It ain't the ones I tramp treat, it's the ones I trusted
Jealousy and envy, I see it all around me
Kill because I'm up, if I was broke, they'd probably clown me
But I don't give a fuck about this small talk

Road to the riches, they stuck up in the crosswalk
I blow past 'em, though
And burn rubber off Pirelli low pros
My leather's so soft and I'm ridin' solo
My sunroof cracked and I'm blowin' out smoke
All they said was "Hussle, don't light up no mo'"
All I do is hustle, so in light of my goal
I do what the fuck I tell myself to
Do not what the fuck you try to tell me
So nigga, fuck you, we could squabble, we could shoot
We could play the same game, we could act like it's cool
But you won't get me, before I get you