

# Paid My Dues

Nipsey Hussle

[\*:]

Now its a possibility, that I can come from nothing to having it all  
Now its a possibility, that I ain't gonna have it all and fall  
But I stand tall  
I've been down for so long, you really want a chance so  
I done paid my dues, my dues, my dues  
I got to go, up to the top

Wassup Loc, shit I'm just out here tryna make it  
Moms keep trippin' and a nigga can't take it  
Sick of standing on these same corners, tryna come up  
Finna run up in the bank, hold my mother fuckin' gun up  
Life, got a nigga so frustrated  
All my real niggas is dead or incarcerated  
Finna fill a nigga with lead  
Show em what they made me  
Give em what they gave me back  
Feel my hatred  
Click clack pop, was addicted to the six shot  
Fiennin' for a fix like a smoker on the Vic block  
Hoppin' out, getting high when the shit pop  
Leaving bullet holes in the bricks in front of Big Lots  
When I was broke, I hustled  
Learned the game and I bubbled  
Took my birthday money on Brynhurst and made it double  
Snitches on the block always call the cops on us  
Knowing damn well we got rocks on us, holla at us

[\*]

Life's like a dice game  
Shake em' up, throw em'  
There's rules to this shit, niggas fake they don't know em'  
Number 1, scared money don't make none  
And number 2, bullshit we don't take none  
Never tell a bitch your plans or bring her to the house  
Don't speak about a man, keep his name out your mouth  
See that'll be the shit that'll get a nigga knocked off  
Not the pussy, but the principal, cause jealousy is a felony  
Now when you grinding, nigga dress bummy, fuck clothes  
Ask yourself, are you in it for the money or the hoes  
You content with a cutlass or you reaching for a rolls?  
You straight up on them stocks says you fucking with them foes  
I seen them quarters turn to halves, and halves to wholes  
And now we hit the mall, we buy half the store  
I had a Bentley coupe dream with a S up on the hood  
Nigga ain't about to hustle, he get left up in the hood

[\*]

Me and my brother we was broke as a bitch on some hopeless shit  
Christmas day, we helped the homie open his gifts  
But I ain't trip though, cause I'm from where they flip dough  
And when they ask where you from you tell them Six Oh  
Lets get rich bro, its time to get some big dough  
Sunday nights on the 'shaw niggas rich roll  
I used to only want to hit a switch and flip hoes

Now I'm thinking bigger man, its time to get home  
On the East Side I used to buy stress and flip zones  
108 late night, I pray I get home  
Alotta niggas die young they never got to get old  
Like Too Tall, Tiny Squeeze, Taca and S Dome  
Don't know if you hear me, lord these niggas tryna kill me  
So if I chip em' would you feel me  
Now if you feel me, lord these niggas tryna kill me  
If I was your child would I still be

[\*]