

Piss Poor

Nipsey Hussle

Piss poor nigga from the hood but I blew
Now I bounce 6-4's up and down Crenshaw
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Listen, look, walkin' up the block in Dickies
To hittin' corners on chrome, pocket full of 20s
Y'all know my style, from hittin' licks and splittin' 50/50
To all expense paid trips 'cause they request for Nipsey
Let's get this bread, nigga
Been on my grind since '99, and like I said, nigga
A broke nigga might as well just be a dead nigga
And when you starvin', you gon' eat whatever's fed to you
Bite the hand that feeds you, you deserve to eat lead, nigga
You pitchin' crumbs to these pigeons, you a breadwinner
All outta bread, they start peckin' at your head, nigga
The loyalty is gone now, so the game different
It's like we can't really ball 'cause we playin' injured
So many undercover niggas in the mix
On top of that, these cameras on these corners taking pictures
My niggas doin' time, I shoot a line and send a flick to
Have money on my mind, now, I, I, I get it

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I came a long way from playing X to that bird cage
On Slauson Avenue, yeah, home of the real bird gang
Did my curb thang, sat in spots 'til the bird came
Locked me in them cold chains, all over the cocaine
Cold game, movin' with no brains
Got bags of the propane and I'm right back, doin' my own thing
I speak no names, I run with my own gangs
Stay puffin' the purple rain, some shit ain't gon' never change
Put the blow on the block, niggas lovin' what the weather bring
The palms of my young hands whiter than Kevin Federline's
Hallucinate for a minute, go hard off the amphetamines
I got the prescription you need, call me Mister Medicine
Distribute crack rock, you can call me Mister Medellin
Like Rafael Ochoa, 'cause he get that heavy green
I wish a nigga would try and get me
I'm going out like Rocket in Colors, you bitch niggas dyin' with me

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Neighborhood Nip Hussle, look
Impossible odds, every boss take a loss
Still I live for my people, and I die for my squad
See, I come from the struggle, I was brought up to hustle
Me and my mama and my granny and my big brother
My uncle Reggie smoke dope but we still love him
He pawned my granny wedding ring and she still trust him
If I ruled the world I wouldn't change nothin'
I thank the Lord for my struggle 'cause I came from it
Hustle

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