

The Hussle Way

Nipsey Hussle

Look,
Do I love it do I lust it,
Struggle of a hustla,
Life of a banger,
And death is no stranger,
I know em like it's ken to me took a few friends from me,
It all make since one day eventually,
I guess so,
Granny said it happen and it's ment to be,
Just let go,
But I can't this shit keep itchin me like,
Them niggas outta line how they came through,
Shot em in his face point blank left his brains blue,
Now who gone go for em,
Proibly be the same crew,
Wen bangin is yo religion it's like it's sayin not to,
A lot niggas ain't cut from that same cloth,
They might give em space,
Gotta play it safe,
Cause hard niggas turn holy wen they catch a case,
I still bark real talk I'll never fake,
On hide park late night still chop a 8th and grind with the homies,
Serve dime with the homies

From dope spots peekin out blinds with the homies still lookin for a better way,
The smokers keep comin droppin work in they bucket another day another dolla r to make,
And I be on the block,
All night grindin,
I don't take no breaks,
I be on the block,
All day grindin,
I don't take no breaks,
I be on the block,
All night grindin,
I don't take no breaks,
HEY,
Cause I do it the hustle way

I'm in a 85 regal no tent you see clear through,
Young nigga,
Lookin life in the rear view burner on my lap,
Kush in my ash tray,
And that's how I'm a play it till my last day,
I'm used to gettin money in the fast lane,
And I only fuck with bitches that be nasty,
Leather and wood,
My money is good,
And I'm like a young celebrity in every hood,
Gold ropes for the crew chrome spokes on my coupe two seater,
Then I take off the roof like katrina,
And slide like a vise up slauson in a beamer,
Call me wut you want just don't call me a dreamer,
Cause mines is reality,
Grind no salary,
I came along way from sellin grams off gramercy,

Bolders off brindhurst,
And sevens off slauson,
Now I got options,
Now I got it poppin

Look,
Take away my granny blessins I be history,
Them bullets cause shot through my lac wouldn't have missed me,
Come to my hood say my name I ain't no mystery I'm probly in the spot fillin
hustas energy,
In the kitchen countin cash watchin cocain chemistry,
Cookin into crack I wus look into rap hard to focus on my dreams wen I'm loo
kin at the facts,
Shootin down the street now I'm lookin at my mack,
And you can tell just lookin at the facts it's a coffin or a cell if you you
ng and you black,
With ya name on it,
Still every car pass bang on it,
If you gone do it,
Do it right and put that thang on you,
You to deep in it to quit I know the pain of it,
You love the game but knowin that the game doesnt,
Love you back love the fact this the same struggle,
City to city we products of the same hustle