

# Hustlers

## The Game

Dre, he a Compton-Compton O.G  
Nas, he a QB-QB true G  
Do the history

Way before The Firm, like back in the day  
Nas was the first New York nigga rappin' with Dre  
So of course I got a track to bring it back to your face  
The one kid that would've been Aftermath that got away  
But we still get together, like, every several years  
To sprinkle a little bit of Heaven for your ears  
Relax, sippin' Cliquot in Rio, stupid fuckers  
Low-key, no G's, but it's still Gucci luggage  
I love Cape Cod, and watching fly bitches with gray eyes  
Wrestle in a tub of KY to get my day by  
I like to celebrate, why? 'Cause I can vision  
Collages and images of my lies with no regret to hate  
So every breath I take is all about the rules  
It's hard for you to breathe, like you at high altitude  
So crack the Patron, it's on heathens  
The God's back, hard body, Mr. Jones never leavin'

Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast, we riders  
Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coastin' O.G

He a Compton-Compton O.G  
Mix that with a QB-QB true G, what you got's  
A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
West Coast kill the tracks, East Coast gunshots  
He a Compton-Compton O.G  
Mix that with a QB-QB true G, what you got's  
A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
West Coast kill the tracks East Coast [\*gunshot\*]

1995, eleven years from the day  
I'm in the record shop with choices to make  
Illmatic on the top shelf, The Chronic on the left, homie  
Wanna cop both but only got a 20 on me  
So fuck it, I stole both, spent the 20 on a dub sack  
Ripped the package off Illmatic and bumped that  
For my niggas it was too complex when Nas rhymed  
I was the only Compton nigga with a "New York State of Mind"  
Inside the dope house, bottlin' up sherm  
Bangin' The Firm, Dre was king then so I waited my turn  
Fast forward, now I'm making 'em burn  
Ended my peers' careers  
Hollered at Nas, a hard lesson was learned  
So I reconciled my differences like he did with Jigga  
I stopped beefin' with niggas, 'cause I'm "Ether" to niggas  
Comb the earth 'til there's no one left  
If I ruled the world I summons all you weak rap niggas to death

He a Compton-Compton OG  
Mix that with a QB-QB true G, what you got's  
A concoction of some different ghetto blocks  
West Coast kill the tracks East Coast gunshots

Yo, the Jordans sportin', come off the dice game  
With a fortune walkin', you a walking coffin'  
The musket, I tucked it, you bluff it, I bust it  
You're sideways talking, so I lay often  
I wait patient, to duct tape hatin'  
Fuck ass niggas, get bucked ass niggas  
Pluck ashes of Cuban cigars, you foolin' with Nas  
That's my name and I came with Rugers this time  
And if I'm sane that Soul Plane movie's the bomb  
Word to my mom's name tattooed to my arm  
You can't revolve me, embalm me, calm me or harm me  
Rob me or dodge these bullets I'm busting  
See that's malarky you yappin'  
I open up the tripod to put the Gatling on, and I start clappin'  
Nasty man, from bagging grams and runnin' from cops  
To a mil on the hand, a mil on the watch, I'm fuckin' with Doc

Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coast, we riders  
Hustlers, dealers, drop-top riders  
Make that cake, cop two five fivers  
Pimps and players, platinum diamonds  
East to West Coastin' O.G