

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

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