

# You Gotta Have Heart

Westside Connection

Aah, yirr  
Yearh, man  
Wooh, yo  
This rules everything man

I don't hurt ya  
It will only make you stronger  
In this game you gotta have heart  
This hustle will break you down  
Pull you apart

Homie, the same thing make you laugh, make you cry  
And in the fastlane the strong survive and the weak die  
That's the way the ball bounce and I often wonder why  
But I nease it all  
And not just a piece o' the pie  
I used to hope and wish for everything I couldn't buy  
was a young ghetto-boy that grew up in the eye  
So I bowed to be a hustler and reach for the sky  
And not only I'ma ballin'  
Right now is mo' ta'

It's like a jungle sometime  
You gotta hustle sometime  
You gotta use your mind, mouth and your muscle sometime  
You gotta grind  
Stop looking for a savior  
Use what the fuck I gave your (flavor)  
I'm in the gutter-lane  
With the gutter-mouth tryin' to get out the gutter  
For my life's gutter-out  
If I was right and called my mamma a bitch  
It wouldn'ta took me this to to get this rich (I know)

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I was raised  
The young nigga was scwabble  
In the city o' looks  
No hope or rolemodels  
The black sheep of the family destined to fell  
Predicted to spend my whole life in a jail-cell  
Fucked up and not believe in the hype  
I know I would be more then a feelin  
I zoomed up and see the light  
Nigga, got my mind right  
Nigga, got my grind tight  
Now a nigga is gettin' paid to skip

Skip to the lime-light

See, we all got problems  
But some need a dress  
And so at night I hit my knees and begged him for my blessings  
And ask him for forgiveness to minimize my stress  
Nigga, continue to know how to dodge this Smith & Wesson  
And with his help I will perform in my best  
And it's still hard with all this temptation and testenin'  
If I'm wrong  
Just accept it as a lesson  
As I conquer all my enemies  
And mashing with agression, Lord

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Ain't never been shot like 50 Cent or 2Pac  
Cuz' 2 shots is too many  
Too hot to go in me  
I've rather sit remmy  
In the back of this Bentley  
And only fuck with niggaz and you bitches that's friendly  
Don't forgive what's so femmé  
Cup with my penny  
I pull out the semi  
Put hoe's up in Timmy  
Just fuck it - it's Babylon  
And nigga might have a bomb  
Just like the Taliban  
But I'm on neverland

I sit alone I my fo'corner room  
Loaded ammo  
Cuz' in these streets like there's a gamble  
And Run-DMC, times is getting harder  
So I'm taking of my gold-fandenellin' to the author  
Old nigga say to young killers awaked you  
But when you got it  
Only few homies stay true  
This game it's like russian roulette  
We hustle to death  
Mash for weather  
Make the devil marker for cheddar

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Yo!  
WON'T YOU JUST STOPPING FUCKING WIT US?  
You know what I'm saying  
You take what you got  
I take what I got  
JUST STOP FUCKING WIT US!  
You're motherfuckers got everything and your still complaining  
You motherfuckers got everything and you still ain't have it  
It's you're world MOTHERFUCKER!  
AND YOU'RE AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET IT RIGHT!  
BIIIIATCH!!!