

# Hell 4 a Hustler

## 2Pac & Outlawz

Get on yo' knees nigga  
Get on yo' knees and pray Huh, increase the doses, bustin' whoever closest  
Thug livin', Hell or prison, never losin' my focus  
I'm makin' money moves mandatory  
In a discussion my past records tell a story  
Picture niggaz we rushin' and still bustin'  
Till the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings  
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain  
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list  
So I laugh till I cry, when the law come get me  
No baby momma drama, nigga miss me, why plant seeds  
In a dirty bitch, waitin' to trick me, not the life for me  
Livin' carefree, till I'm buried and if they dare me  
I'm bustin' on niggaz until they scurry, I'm clearly  
A man of military means in my artillery  
Watchin' over me through every murder scene  
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die  
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry  
And still, we try to change the past, in vain  
Never knowin' if this game'll last, feelin' ashamed  
Of cocaine, the product of the Devil, am I sellin' my soul?  
Got tired of small time livin', niggaz tellin' me no  
I got mine, fuck them other suckers that's the mentality  
Jealous-ass bustaz, make it Hell for us Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler  
Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious  
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness  
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler  
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster  
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in  
One's five's and ten's was funny money  
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'  
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough  
What you thought? All for lost homies in plenty battles  
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you  
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggaz is outta here

In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us hereYo, to every step I take, every foul I make  
 Every jail I break, every mill' I ate  
 Head to head, whoever hustle hardest  
 On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant  
 He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke  
 Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'  
 Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words  
 For all my young thugs in jail in Jerz  
 They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son  
 Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns  
 I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya  
 Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustlerLord, help me change my ways  
 Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
 It ain't me, I was raised this way  
 I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler  
 Lord, help me change my ways  
 Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
 It ain't me, I was raised this way  
 I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustlerNo insanity plea for me, I ride the  
 beef till I burn  
 Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned  
 And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-social  
 Niggaz shakin' like they caught the holy ghost when I approach 'em  
 Try to politic, before I smoke 'em, like Sun Zu  
 Niggaz do unto these snitches, before it's done to you  
 And if the cops come arrest me in the evening  
 Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the mornin'And if I die by a slug, the death of a true  
 thug  
 Tell me will my niggaz mourn me? Gettin' blowed out  
 High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify  
 Strikes, walkin' close to my third, I live a trouble life  
 And if you dream be a part of my team  
 From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends  
 Keep yo' eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustaz  
 Either Heaven or jail, it's still Hell 4 a hustlerLord, help me change my ways  
 Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
 It ain't me, I was raised this way  
 I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler  
 Lord, help me change my ways  
 Show a little mercy on Judgment day  
 It ain't me, I was raised this way  
 I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustlerThis is how we ride not knowin' if  
 we'll live or die  
 Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side  
 In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild till they all die  
 This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die  
 Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side  
 In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw  
 Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this

Weary weary weary weary only God can save us  
Nuttin' but boss players Outlawz and thugs

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>