

Al King Speaks: "The Life of A Hustler"

What a lonely life I lead, chasing money, girls,
and trees.

Long hours on the road, I stay on the go.
Never really building bonds, but always bearing arms.
Taking illegal routes, to gain money and Stout.
Big rims, big butts, and big bucks, is all I think
of.

Trying not to get bust, and thrown in handcuffs.
Bail bonds and jail time, out of sight out of mind.
Staring at walls in a cell, still lonely as Hell.

Living The Life of A Hustler.

Keep cornbeef knots, that make panties drop.

Paint wet on the whip, that's how they like it.

Hotel rooms and liquor, hard thug love to give her.

When you are heavy in swag, to her friends she'll brag.

My money make my leg drag, that's why my pants sag.

That's why they holler, I where I'm at they follow.

They sick and tired of James, they play to many games.

No longer happy with sucker, since becoming accustomed,

To The Life of A Hustler.

PEACE