

## **Priesthood f/ The CMC's**

### **"Luv for My Thugs"**

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[Chorus 4x]

I got love for my thugs, Where my thugs at?  
Crazy love for my thug ones

[Verse 1: J-Raw]

I got this game on lock locc don't you play June for a  
joke  
Y'all got me on this microphone because I make the  
mic smoke  
And although homeboy I don't bang  
I know some O.G.'s from the hood I use to hang wit  
Taught me things from the hood that I now know  
You become a b.g. before you turn pro  
And if you know like I know when they slang dope  
Bes beware for that undercover five-0  
And you know you can't mess with the dress code  
Cause loud colors mess around and get your head  
blown  
That's right I'm from the west and it's like that  
Paranoia keep's a cat consistently strapped  
Gun shots were the last thing heard  
I give you my word I seen a body lay limp on the curb  
J-Raw will tell you straight, go figure  
I got my pen to the pad and I'm about to pull the  
trigger, what  
That's why I got love for my thugs  
Cause they showed me mad love when a brother was  
trying to come up  
And that's why I'm givin' love right back  
Because the love that I got you won't find in a dope  
sack

[Chorus 4x]

I got love for my thugs, Nothin but love fo em  
Crazy love for my thug ones

[Verse 2: Daddy Free]

I got love for my thugs  
Down wit these ex-crips and ex-bloods  
Jump in the 6 to pick up Big Giz  
It's on and crackin

Bro, Down for that action  
You know, That's fa sho  
CMC's back in mode  
Back the flow, Slip that track in, Bro  
Ooh souls, It's time to roll  
Wit people i don't exactly know  
We snatchin souls, We jackin folks  
Be them christians who be dippin in cadillacs and spo's  
Now that ya know us, Ridin on some chrome is deep  
samoas  
Straight rolla's, Snatch ya back down wit the stola's  
We go's in takin souls  
But we be holdin the truth so what ya see, So we roll,  
roll, roll  
Wit God's love to all the gangstas and all thugs  
Know where i came from, I know what i once was  
Puttin it down in LA California  
Used to be a a'hole, But Daddy free's got love for ya

[Chorus] 4x

[Verse 3: Gizmo]

Influenced by crime with them blinded minds  
They livin' out that lie, got to do it or die but in time they  
gonna ruin they lives  
Livin' that thug life, grippin' yo strap, mad and uptight  
Eyes open wide, ready to ride to survive or die  
And with that deadly mind set, that's what thug life is  
You either die or stretch, little homies don't die a  
wretch, no!  
Fre and Gizmo, hiitin' flows to get souls  
So let's roll, to get yo's, up out of that ghetto and up out  
of that game  
Y'all comin' up the same way  
Different times and days, aint nothin' changed, it's the  
same game  
Daddy Free and Giz, ridin' with J-Raw, Papa Semm,  
Swift and it's on  
Priesthood and CMC's straight heated  
That's what's needed, we ain't got thug love, we got  
the love of Jesus  
Believers puttin' it down, seein' thugs freed up  
Givin' up the drink, the weed, the heat and the streets  
up  
So in the name I pray to the Father above, be a free  
thug  
We got love

[Chorus] till fade

