

St. Lunatics F/ Amber Tabares

"Millenium Thug"

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Verse 1: (Nashawn)

Ayo, I'm yappin' these jewels
clappin' these dudes
a straight born Killa
It's Q.B. Borough nigga, untamed Gorillas
niggas that put holes in squealers
dope dealers, I see police flashin' through my rearview
mirror
put the brick in my waist, tighten my belt
safety off the Nine, they gotta kill me for mine
I'm flaotin', left lane open where I could get through
the cop blazed the pistol, busted out my back window
I skidded out, now I'm outta control
slammed on the break and shot out the rear do'
I'm hearin' ambulance sirens, I kept firin'
It's gotta be them 'cause I ain't dyin'
I'm bonin' out
bit the top off a Guinness stoute
pour some out, Bravehearts no doubt
I glove niggas, uppercut thug niggas
look at my mug, you can tell that I'm bugged niggas.

Chorus - Why it feel good to be real and reveal who's
fake? Why ya'll
niggas got the girly mouth? Why we feel great? Why
ya'll look mad with a
frowned face? Why the hoes love The Gods,
Bbravehearts, Nas, and Nash?
Why them Bravehearts roll hard with Nickel plates?
With big slugs that
can't be traced, and why ya'll look so corny tryin' to
imitate these
real niggas that'll punch you in your face?

Verse 2: (Nas)

I saw niggas get smacked and have the street thinkin'
they real
saw niggas wives and knew 'em as the cum drinkin'
girls

hosaditty, she act like she innocent
she act like her Pussy is place that no nigga been
why she act like she never met me?
she can't forget me
thugs respect me, jealous niggas say F me
'cause my cruise shots like Lefty and Sunny Black
your Hoes wanna lick Honey out my crack
I'll fart in your bitch mouth, she call me psychic
'cause I knew she would like it
push fleetwood Caddy's feelin' righteous
I eat good, no red meat I like Fish
ya'll never in your life seen money
I live like a Gangster from the Nineteen Twenties
smuggle bootleg liquor
I shoot 'till you dead nigga
I'm about bread, these rhymes is off the head nigga
wear Esco leathers and Esco fleece
I could flow over techno beats and rep the streets
you a one verse assassin
I'm a multiple LP long lastin'
peekin' again
grimy nigga with different color ink in my skin
former low life, now I'm the Bling Bling King
respect it
see me with the shit I say on record
not like these fake thugs, please wake up
If I die I'm'a rise from the grave
with two Four-Fives and maggots in my eyes to make
niggas pay!

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