

Youngstown

"I Need a Thug"

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O'Dell:

Girl you know you need a thug
Girl you know you need a thug
Girl you know you need a thug

Verse 1: (Popeye)

Forget your feelings inside but all they do is over
reaching my tone
Underhanding me so poor when I speach in the phone
Featured alone, to make it my business I caught your
vision
Shinin while you were dining with homie and his religion
He isn't who you though he was, from second hand to
man, caught a buzz
He don't deserve to ride with shorty cause
Every individual thug caught in a drought
Nervous but yet about you, put your heart in my lap
Start to adapt, but more that we touched you chose the
right way
Killers that rome the streets and don't give a fuck what
your knife say
We might break, don't handle we follow within the
moon
Resting beside the gun for the sun that's coming soon

Chorus: Mercedes/(O'Dell)

You can't give a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little not just a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little
(Girl you know you need a thug)
You can' give a little not just a little
And assume that I'm a give you what you need

Verse 2: (Mercedes)

You got my head down and I still thinking I can't see
This things not 69, it's 68 owe, one you and me
Lately you ain't been tryin to keep up with my love
If you can't deal with the give and take then baby let
me be
I need a thug with a gangstas touch
Lets take a chance on raw romance
Baby blow my mind, I need you to speed it up
Don't slow down baby, lose this lady
Keep up with my stuff

Chorus: (Mercedes/(O'Dell)

You can't give a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little not just a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little
(Girl you know you need a thug)
You can' give a little not just a little
Mercedes/(O'Dell)
You can't give a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little not just a little
(Girl you know you need a thug
You know you need a thug)
You can't give a little, not just a little
And assume that I will give into this love

Master P talking:

What's up with them thuggettes out there?
I need a thug, ya heard me?
Ha, Mercedes, thugged out.
See what I mean bout being a thug?
Nigga ain't trying to hear all that hootin and hollerin.
Fussin and fightin.
Be bout your paper.
Be down for your nigga.
Y'all niggas be down for your bitch.
Nigga, that's some thug shit.
What's up to all my motherfucking thugs out there?
My nigga Popeye laying it down.
With Miss Mercedes, O'Dell.
Thug nigga 'Los on the beat.
You know I'm thugged out, MP.
Ha ha.

Nigga we thugs till eternity over here at No Limit.
(Ugh!)
And all yall real thug bitches. (Where they at?)
Ain't nothin but thug love. (Where them thug niggas
at?)
Y'all know what I mean.
What's up, let's roll on these bitches (Hoody hooo.)
Get your money.
Ha ha. (Fuckin paper.)
Thug niggas and bitches. (Get 'em up.)
Floss your motherfucking ice. (Get 'em up.)
Raise your Rollies. (Put 'em up in the air.)
Cause it ain't No motherfucking Limit. (Hum bro.)
R&B mixed with motherfucking rap.
Now that's thug shit, ha ha.
I told ya nigga, it ain't over.

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