

50 Cent

"Thug Love Ft. Destiny's Child"

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[50 Cent]

What y'all know about this fab shit, huh?
TE baby come on, uh-huh Trackmasters uh-huh

Look we can shop together mama, his and hers
Fifth Av. shit baby, Fendi furs
I ain't tight with the chips girl
I'm down to splurge
If it's ice you like I'll light up your life (Ooh)
VS2 Clarity alright
I play the block I ain't the type to punch your clock
I'm the type to put the metal to the floor in the drop
I live life in the fast lane
I make a grove of hash
Hustle hard for cash so I can spoil that ass
It's like she loves me, she loves me not
Cause her friends pump her head hull of bullshit alot
I gave jewels I imported for her
Chanel bags I bought from boosters
To the hood I introduced her
She feisty and sometimes she wanna fight me
People saying if I get knocked she ain't gon write me
The sick part is all that bullshit excites me

1 - [Destiny's Child]

A thug's what I want
A thug's what I need
Even though my friends don't seem to see
That he lace me with money
He knows when I want it
And I'm never gonna leave my baby
My thugged out no good baby

[50 Cent]

Ay yo I treat you like you need to be treated like you're
special
Tie your hands to the bedpost when I caress you
When I met you it was Guess and Gap
Now it's Gucci and Prada
Took you from being a nine to being a dime
You complain that we don't spend time
When I'm OT on the grind going hard for mine

Yo when shorty say she hate me
You know she mean she love me
When she play me close at the bar
That mean she want some Bubbly
See my polying with another chick and shit get ugly
She wanna flip threaten to run keys across my whip
Try to burn a nigga with some Hominy Briss
That's how she on it
When I met her she was lowkey
Now she wanna OD
You know me I let her do her thing son
I say what I'm feeling
Niggas say that I'm illing
I sip Cristy so I'm pissy
Like a staircase in your building
What?

Repeat 1 (2x)

Repeat 1 & 2 till end

2 " [Beyonce']
A thug is what I want
And a thug is what I need
And my friends don't understand
How my baby laces me
A thug is what I want
And a thug is what I need
And my friends don't understand
And I think its jealousy

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