

50 Cent "Thug Love Remix"

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TE baby, come on, uh-huh Trackmasters uh-huh
[Verse 1: 50 Cent]
Look we can shop together mama, his and hers
Fifth Ave 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 aight
I play the block I ain't the type to punch a clock
I'm the type to put the pedal to the floor in the drop
I live life in the fast lane
I mix dro with 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 full of bullshit alot
I gave jewels I imported from Joe's
Chanel bags I bought from boosters
To the hood I introduced her
She feisty, every now and then 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
[Chorus: 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 thug don't no good, baby
[Verse 2: Eminem]
It's like this and like that and like this
Hey yo I'm the illest rapper to hold the cojones
Patrol the corners lookin for hookers,
To punch in the mouth with a roll of quarters
I'm meaner in action than Brosco beatin James Todd
Senior,
And smackin his back with vacuum cleaner
attachments
I grew up in the wild hood, as a hazardous youth,
With a fucked up childhood that I used as an excuse
And ain't shit changed I kept the same mind state,
Since the third time I failed ninth grade

You probably think that I'm a negative person,
Don't be so sure of it,
I don't promote violence I just encourage it
I laugh at the sight of death,
As I fall down a cement flight of steps,
And land inside a bed of spider webs
So throw caution to the wind,
You and a friend can jump off of a bridge,
And if you live do it again
Shit why not, blow your brain out,
I'm blowin mine out, fuck it,
You only live once you might as well die now
[Chorus: 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 thug don't no good, baby
[Verse 3: Nas?]
Check it
When I come in the place excitement
Like plain watched took the Jacob and iced it
Blaine E comin through in the purest form
On some Streisand shit when a star is born
I might rock a fake diamond watch for the scene
And rob me end up deaf for no reason
I approach those that wanna cramp my style
when I ask they be like hunh
Like a juvenile crack a smile say a rhyme
That's straight out cold
Strong enough to grab you
With his choke hold
So what ya all want don't dare taunt
Or I leave you in the back of somebody's restaurant, it's
murda
Laying flat with the rats and cats
By a cardboard box where the buns be at
One more thing for those that wanna bite my shit
I hope you choke and no one give you the Heimlich,
dead
Onassis, Aristotle on the mic
Paint a picture that would out weigh Picasso, yeeeah
Yeah you can't be believin' it
You imaginin the unity of bossy and shit
No matter the deal, money, money
[Chorus: x2 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 thug don't no good, baby
[Bridge Fader: 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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