

50 Cent "Thug Poet"

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[Kobe]

Uh

Uh huh

You know what this is

I'ma let 'em run around one more time

I drop sumpin' on y'all

It's like... it's like

What's it like?

My microphones and glock nines

Black? I'm dipped in that

The beats, my mash, jam you for the platinum you have

Run it, the illest, watch me become it

I'm here, and took it bowling, like straight to the wig

Speak truth like kids, tell you what you don't know

Kobe? Yeah, he's real with the flow

Kick in the do' wavin' the flow-flow

All you heard was stop, can't take the hits no more

Ha, didn't know I had your block on SWAT?

I'm CIA, y'all nuttin' but beat cops

I rock like my ma's mean, name is cocaine

Place you on my A-fiend list and pay you 'cane

Think you can handle? Not get stripped when you rock?

Think again, you find you lost your mind and
judgement

My confidence, springs from watching y'all fall

Aw, forced to hustle, rap in charge

I'ma hop in your brain, tell you whatchu thinkin'

Yes, I am speakin', but I ain't writin'

So cold, I put the ice in nicest

You too broke to pay attention

My style is priceless

[Kobe] [Nas]

If you say murder that means I'm a Thug Poet

If I say my mind kills that means I'm a Thug Poet

If I say that I'm a flock that means I'm a Thug Poet

And when I lay it down, it makes me a Thug Poet

[Broady Boy]

Thank the dudes for the gangs and tanks of booze

Shanks and twos, it's the gangstas, Langston Hughes

My poems' about broken homes and Jesus peaces
Dope is the Popes in Rome
Poetical field, thug overtone, it's like what, yo?
Bring it home, we both go gone
Pre-cord thought flow in the sober zone
My life style, chromosomes frost, hope to clone
The crack lust, black dust, and the gat bust
The claps, the lackluster, memoirs of the black hustler
Condos, Beemers, bomb hoes, coke bags, toe tags,
John Does
Fiends skits them into the plane of day, as plain as day
It's hard to reach, to smell God anyway
Money, think backdrop payin' gray?
Man, rubber-gripped on that rainy day
Peep the way I came to play
One aim at the game, reign and stay
Every stain is straight from objective, insane
'Ey just don't know, I'm two ticks from blowing a hole
through music
But I'm more than pimp-whoring him for the street wise
You met the ren
Cuz I open 'neath in the weed, hydrogen
Jam my eyes to skin, guide some of our wisest men
Until the skies of sin
I pray for the day we see you rise again
Uh

[Nas] [Broady]

Thug Poet Street analyst is this, the
Thug Poet Hustlers bang out to
Thug Poet Flows for your block, Hip-Hop
Thug Poet
Thug Poet

[50 Cent]

Aiyyo, everybody know 50 ain't know how to act
I run up on cats with gats and aluminum bats
Y'all got fat while we starved, it's my turn
Shit, I done felt how a slug burned, I still won't learn
Niggas in the 'hood a-tell ya "50 crazy"
I had your moms screamin' "They done shot my baby"
Son, I yap your shine, I clap the nine, I slap you
I'm that one of them niggas you wanna fuck with
I spit the shit that make ya keep listenin'
Keep my wrists glistenin'
I left niggas alone and they still think I'm dissin' 'em
I'm on some new shit, S-Type baby blue shit
Niggas talk behind my back but don't do shit
I ain't looking for love, duke, I'm looking for respect
I leave you with options, like die or hit the deck
I'm a thug poet, you know what I came for, the dough

Clap-clap, y'all niggas get the fuck on the floor, floor

[Nas] (Echoes to fade)

Thug Poet

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