

## 50/50 Twin "All My Thuggz"

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(feat. Yung Ro, Mista Madd)

[talking:]

50/50, Yung Ro, Mista Madd

Bringing you, some mo' thug ish

Yeah, all about this green cheese

This for my thugs, feel me on this

No, feel us on this ay

[50/50 Twin:]

50/50 got grind, cause he was born with it

I thank God all the time, that I was born fitty

I don't call pshycic lines, or get palm reading

I put a rain coat on my spine, when I see the storm

reaching

Um briefly, I must describe a hustler with heart

From his greens cheese, to God struggled apart

Dump his main squeeze, you know why she bugging

him a lot

Over petty things, like why we never go chill at the park

If it's cash, he get it five dollars and up

He don't flash, but really got Impalas and trucks

The stash, gon fill it ten thousand dollars and up

Sleep fast, enough chilling now it's time to get bucks

Roll one deep, that way he don't have to split nicks

Roll one sweet, that way he can stash it really quick

Clothes come cheap, that way he ain't attractive to

chicks

Four hundred G's, practically he having them bricks

[Hook:]

All my thugs, bust your guns

Represent your shit, throw up your hood you from

Fire up the hydro, if you holding some

Grind and get your million, that you're focused on

Soon as you get some bread, here the roaches come

If they have they hand out, give em no response

Matter fact, watch the hoes cause those the ones

Try not to spend shit, even fold your ones

[Yung Ro:]

You niggaz got me fucked up, bucked down and

sideways

Pain In Full starving artists, and I ain't ate in my five days

I got five ways to get do', I'ma give you three

Pimping hustling, and rapping on beats

I'm grinding in these streets, Boogie D a crack cutter

A B county headbuster, serving them crack suckers

We got crack for crackheads, that'll crack your head

Pregnant smokers take a puff, and crack they eggs

And if they late paying us, Cat'll crack your legs

We so deep in this shit, we gotta tap the FEDs

You never know what niggaz wearing, so I aim for the head

And always check my clientele, in case they came with the FEDs

I'ma slowly torture you, until you tell me who hired you

Put a bullet in your head, if I feel they wired you

Where my thugs at grinding, surran brick wrapping

I'm at cross relationships, trying not to quit rapping

[Hook]

[Mista Madd:]

I ain't gon say they saved the best for last, it was out of respect

A bunch of killers on my payroll, so you don't wanna flex

I never do dirt, I got dirty cats that get dirty

And they already know, I got a ton of attorneys

Paid In Full is the streets, but call me the Don

Y'all little tricks in the game, I done this for way too long

I use to be Mista Madd, cause local rappers made me pissy

Now you niggaz wanna sign, you niggaz use to diss me

Twin call me the mob boss, but Marcus calls me pa

That there, that's the um B I just bought

Don't hate me little daddy, cause I love myself

Sometimes I wanna jump back, and kiss myself

This little broad on my brain, she gon kiss myself

I do em two at a time, uh-uh I don't need no help

See I'm heavy in the game, moving weight but not weight

These c.d.'s I serve the cookie cutters, mad so I bake

Giving five orders shake, Paid In Full is my faith

The million dollar deal turned down, it's what I already made

See you jumped on the first deal, your label would offer

That's why your label's like the legend, of that boy Jimmy Hoffa

No one can find ya, man tell me where you are  
All you saw was the stars, and you ain't even a star  
Hey look at that dude there, in that color changing car  
Admit it it's hard, but Mista Madd just went hard

[Hook x2]

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