

Erick Sermon f/ Ludacris, Redman

"Future Thug"

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[Verse 1: Ludacris]

WITHOUT further adieu let me get this show on the road

Future thug, even my Kool-Aid jug's plated in gold
Faded & blowed, my life savings - made it in shows
& lost it on my way to Jers' 'cause I paid it in tolls
So you can kiss my hairy bean bag, FUCK the nations
& twitch your favorite titty nipples to my radio station
'Cause I say what I mean & I do what I say
I had a mind of my own the weed blew it away!
& now my lyrics got the parents all disgusted & heated
Because I'm nastier than airplane food & those that eat it
I'm never forgotten, just rotten straight to the core
Up in your 'telli with that wet towel up under the door
So need I say more? I'm just your neighborhood whore
With Coronas & blunts the size of some 4x4s
So all these other phony rappers, keep your heads to the sky
Because I'm ruining it for evryone, they wish I'd just
DIIIE!

[Chorus: Announcer]

ATL (oh!), DC (oh!), Houston (oh!)
Chi-Town (oh!), M-I-A (oh!), Detroit (oh!)
Tennessee (oh!)

[Verse 2: Erick Sermon]

Ay yo, everybody hands up
Where yo' bling bling nigga? Boy stand up
It's E-Dub what's up? Yeah I'm bouncin'
Large amounts of cash we countin', that stand tall like mountains
To bring the drama, it takes a second man (that's it)
One wrong move +Bring the Pain+ like +Method Man+
It's yo' boy damn it, it's the Bandit, new Hummer in transit
27" come standard (yo!)
It's my people, whether drivin' the Benz, the Pinto, or the Regal
The Range Rover, the Beatle (uh)

I'm in New York now but I represent the SWATS of A-Town
When I touch down amid grounds (uh)
Me and L-Dub and Redman, that's it Motherfucker
You heard what I said man, it's real (what the deal?)
It's E-Dub, pronounce it right
Eyes green like Kryptonite, so good night!

[Chorus: Announcer]
Uptown (oh!), Boogie Down (oh!)
BK (oh!), QB (oh!), "Strong Island" (oh!)
Shaolin (oh!), Y.O. (oh!)

[Verse 3: Redman]
Yo, I ain't a thug but I do thug things nigga so hold me down
40-round, caliber spitter, that's how the shorty crown
Run with gordy hounds for 40 miles then ignore me now
Duck +Motowns+ than Barry Gordy found, sorry clown!
Super future thug, 12 shoe shoot you through the rug
James Bond, watch on my arm, tellin' me who to truck
My God's my gun, don't need him since cerebral cock
Beat him size ammo three to five mammal we the Gods
That'll shit on your turf, that'll get in your skirt
I heard +Alicia+ so my dick give what +A Woman's Worth+
I make them niggaz blow, then hide 'em inside 'em
My noggin' is strange when them dogs is ridin'
'Cause I'm a cheap fucker, street usher, eat supper with
Pack of wolves that act a fool, blood on they upper lip
Need a nigga, I'm that nigga to call, nigga to draw
Chainsaws to the brawl, cuttin' ya ligaments off

[Chorus: Announcer]
ATL (oh!), Chi-Town (oh!)
To all my niggaz (oh!) that is bumpin' & dumpin' (oh!)
L.A. (oh!), New York (oh!)
To all my bitches (oh!) trippin', pay your tuition (oh!)
Fat broads (oh!), ugly broads (oh!), broke broads (oh!)
Ugly niggaz (oh!), fat niggaz (oh!), broke niggaz (oh!)
Everybody (oh!)

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