

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Thug Stories"

Visit "[Thug Stories](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Thug stories, you wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

I knew this nigga that used to be large on the
boulevard
This nigga was ballin' y'all, big house driveway full of
cars
This nigga would pull up in brand new Caddies,
packed-up full of broads
Bossin', flossin', all his ghetto superstar

Until some young niggaz decided they was gon' pull
his card
And one night when he came home, they was in the
bushes in his yard
As soon as he pulled up, they jumped out the bushes
And let out off they ammunition, but they didn't hit him,
they missed him

So homie ducked and rose backed up buckin' off his
shit
And hit one of them niggaz back off in the skillet
Left him with his wig-split and one of the niggaz
He dropped his gun and started to run
As soon as he took one step, that nigga was done,
done, he was done

He took a shot to the abdomen as he blasted the last
one
He'll survive it, but they won't be alive to tell that
Thug story livin' in the city is really no nuts, no glory
No nuts, no glory

Thug stories, you wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

We come with the ones, we come with the guns
We come with the heat that go bang!
Backin' them brains, deep in the hood
It still is an everyday thang, shit

Just last week, a nigga was comin' from work
To feed his kids
Got caught in the crossfire
We couldn't take the shit he did

Always the innocent feelin' the losses in the ghetto
And if you're from here, you probably is a rebel
That been through some shit, seen some shit you
couldn't bear
Only a few make it out, niggaz dead or in jail

I figured that I would just give you my story
Forever I'm thuggin', it's the only thang for me
Been shot, stabbed, kicked, punched, every night,
gettin' drunk
Prove I'm not a punk, sellin' my lilell on the first of the
month

Smokin' sherm, sticks and blunts, known for layin'
niggaz down
Anything you want, I'll get it, I'ma claim the whole town
I'm a nigga, you's a nigga, she's a nigga, we some
niggaz
Wouldn't you like to be a nigga too? We got some, we
got some

Thug stories, you wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

I remember hustlin' down on the corner, that's what
thugstas do
Then it got too hectic, wanted my money got all my own
crew
Why work so hard, let these other niggaz stack mine up
And snatch shit? Everything was good at the few licks
But niggaz got greedy, aw shit

Recruited the law, that's when, thangs went downhill
All she had to do was swipe his keys
Dump 'em and put 'em right back there
But I guess he seen her, 'cause we got that heat
He was waiting right there, there, waitin' right there

Shots went out, everybody runs except baby girl
I, turn around to see your boy get one in baby girl
And we can't leave her, not like that, not like that
But damn, I think she gone, here come the po-pos and
we scrap

So we made our getaway, and had to lay low
But it ain't over, till one of us sees that crossroads
But damn, Carmern comes right back, comes right
back
Same old niggaz shot dead over six eight and craps,
damn

Thug stories, you wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories
You wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.