

C-Murder "Thug Boy"

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(talking)

Say Ty, (what's up)

I'm feeling you yeah (is that right)

But they say I'm too ghetto for you (oh, ha ha)

Let's chill out from the club scene right now (aight then)

Let's do our ghetto love thang (that's right you my thug boy)

[Chorus]

I don't wanna go to the club

I wanna stay home with my thug

You might want ghetto love

But I just can't get enough - 2x

What you want, I want my ba-by

What you want, I want my thug boy

What you need, I need my ba-by

What you need, I want my thug boy

[C-Murder]

I'm C-Murder Miller, straight up killa

When I met you you say you liked thug figgas

Well here I'm is, I'm a thug lord

With a vest with many tattoos on my chest

So forget the rest, I'm all you need

When I met you I was playing bout 50 some g's

Other be in contact with 50 some ki's

Think back, remember them trips overseas

Now everything I ride be sitting on d's

Leather interior, two T.V.'s

Break you off proper, get you asleep

You said you never had sex on sanded sheets

Never had rough sex till you met me

Want a thug want a rough neck sex with P

Gucci, Prada, Lubitone

And other designers

Ludacris say what's your fantasy

All I wanna know is do you want a thug like me

[Chorus]

[C-Murder]

Nothing lasts forever
Not even love, that's why I'm a thug
That's why I do things just because
It's in my blood my daddy was
Straight from the projects, and a cut-cut boy
If you got it, got to give it up boy
You see me, I'm gone pro-tect you
And everybody in the hood gone respect you
I won't neglect you, and at times
I might have to check you
All I want from you is a ride or die
Stand by my side sometimes get high
Fly with me to Jamaica
Subtract yourself from these fakas
I told you, when we first met
Good times bad times you won't forget
And you'll see more cash then you ever could get
And you'll have nice things I wanna see you with
But you got to be strong, hold on
Stay true, other playas want a piece of you
But you could get with this or you could get with that
But I'ma step back and let me see where your mind at

[Chorus - 2x]

(talking)

Yeah, now that's why I love my baby
She gone chill at home instead of go and run the
streets
That's thug love, that's ghetto love
That's something you can't get enough of
You know, it's like that, L.T. he hitting it
You heard me, thug love, No Limit
C-Murder, Ty, TRU Records respect us
2001, 2002, 2003, you heard me, peep game
Straight up, what's up, peace out

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