

Crosby, Stills & Nash

"Thuggest Enemy #1 *"

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* bonus track

[Chorus]

The streets, the spots, the thugs, the guns
Thuggest Enemy #1
The projects, the hood, the hustlers, the slums
Thuggest Enemy #1
The crills, the kizzo, the wizzy, the guns
Thuggest Enemy #1
The dramas, the murders, the shootouts, the slums
Thuggest Enemy #1

[Half-A-Mill]

No matter how much love you show, they still hate
I'm great, nobody build cake like Mill Gates
If I'm not in the Benz dunn, I'm whippin the eight
Thug Onez, hundreds of guns, I'm from the slums
Drug funds, most of my sons, is on the run
Some is in jail, be home, when they a hundred and one
Used to breakdance and windmill under the sun
The ghetto turned us out, we slang crills and pull
burners out
Project hallways, yo, I rob niggas in the doorway
Cop four-four, half a key and raw
I went from nickels and dimes, fiends askin me for
more
Niggas mad cuz I see cash, they don't want no war
I bust big guns, they never seen before
Creep up on ya building, spray submachines thru ya
door
Kidnap ya seeds and your whore, and I'll be back for
more
50 G's for sure, make grandma lay on the floor

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

Pro player, extort papi in that bodega
For number slip chips, plus he frontin bricks
The minute convict, twenty inch drums, on the six
Lookout, here he come, bop beat on hand sticks

You wanna chance this, left his brain on the stand
smiths
Pure cocaine, money is law, I play no games
Go range, don't even drive slow when it rain
Jakes on my trail, like Roscoe, Pekoe, Cold Tray
Milion be my code name, Mill Gates be my whole name
Terrorist, I'll blow you to frame
Professionalist, lick shots and never miss, cleverest, yo
I leave homicide scenes, the ho's headless
I was born, raised, inside a world wit no exit
Bitches throw hectic, put pussy juice in you breakfast
You got beef wit me, better push ya bulletproof Lexus
I sip hundred proof and shoot weapons, steppin

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

What you know about the project
Peace God, mind detect, mine direct, fire my tech
Diamond shines on my neck, iceberg sweat
First and the third, bubblin birds
Fuck what your heard, puffin some herb
For real son, none wrong wit no herbs
Whoadi outta line, whoadi get what he deserve
You got some nerve, try to slang rock in my turf
When I get through wit you, you won't need a doctor or
nurse
Or a hearse, I disintegrate, niggas who imitate
Try to infiltrate, I eliminate in your fit
I'm into kicks, makes and snakes
Brakes money, label the space
Get money, take money, fuck you think
Milliato, type of kid you like to hate
Push a six hundred, fuck the feds on the license plate
I want for this bread, some say it's gon to my head
They just mad, cuz all they chicks is all in my bed
Fake killas in your head, say I wanted them dead
Till they saw the infrared, ski mask and fake dreads
Ya niggas is coward, ya don't brake bread, I break
heads
And I don't bring a hundred niggas wit me, I bring lead
instead

[Chorus 2X]

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