

Destinys Child

"Thug Love"

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[50 Cent]

What y'all know about this fab shit, huh?

TE baby come on, uh-huh Trackmasters uh-huh

Look we can shop together mama, his and hers

Fifth Av. shit baby, Fendi furs

I ain't tight with the chips girl

I'm down to splurge

If it's ice you like I'll light up your life (Ooh)

VS2 Clarity alright

I play the block I ain't the type to punch your clock

I'm the type to put the metal to the floor in the drop

I live life in the fast lane

I make a grove of hash

Hustle hard for cash so I can spoil that ass

It's like she loves me, she loves me not

Cause her friends pump her head hull of bullshit alot

I gave jewels I imported for her

Chanel bags I bought from boosters

To the hood I introduced her

She feisty and sometimes she wanna fight me

People saying if I get knocked she ain't gon write me

The sick part is all that bullshit excites me

1 - [Destiny's Child]

A thug's what I want

A thug's what I need

Even though my friends don't seem to see

That he lace me with money

He knows when I want it

And I'm never gonna leave my baby

My thugged out no good baby

[50 Cent]

Ay yo I treat you like you need to be treated like you're special

Tie your hands to the bedpost when I caress you

When I met you it was Guess and Gap

Now it's Gucci and Prada

Took you from being a nine to being a dime

You complain that we don't spend time

When I'm OT on the grind going hard for mine

Yo when shorty say she hate me

You know she mean she love me

When she play me close at the bar

That mean she want some Bubbly

See my polygamy with another chick and shit get ugly

She wanna flip threaten to run keys across my whip

Try to burn a nigga with some Hominy Briss

That's how she on it

When I met her she was lowkey

Now she wanna OD

You know me I let her do her thing son

I say what I'm feeling

Niggas say that I'm illing

I sip Cristy so I'm pissy

Like a staircase in your building

What?

Repeat 1 (2x)

Repeat 1 & 2 till end

2 Â– [Beyonce']

A thug is what I want

And a thug is what I need

And my friends don't understand

How my baby laces me

A thug is what I want

And a thug is what I need

And my friends don't understand

And I think its jealousy

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