

Dj Clue "Thugged Out Shit"

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Geah what?
Niggas bleek duro
New shit, new shit
We live
Thugged out
Smoked out
Remember where you heard it first
Yeah
DJ Clue
Yo, yo, yo

I'm on now therefore your ready rock
Compare to this fish tale baggin' rocks
Now give me Bill Gates money
A little strait money

Big or small faces it's been in all places
I was schooled by them older guys
They showed me how to drive these
[Incomprehensible]
Chop deuces and old rubbers

Have a nigga rocked up then knocked up
Plenty y'all wit his chest out gettin' stocked up
We trade war stories back on them streets
When we played 'em messhall, niggas get 'em on his
eats

I'm a foul little nigga, wild little nigga
Dedicated to these streets a pump valve little nigga
You hear about my whereabouts?
Bitches I don't care about, money I'm a man about

Drama I'm a air it out
Niggas hate Bleek 'cause I live right
You'd love to see me broke frontin'
Wit no chips right?

Who wanna hear some more thugged out shit?
(What)
Who wanna hear that get smoked out shit?
(Geah)

Who want to hear some real live type shit?
(Huh)
Who remember that ol' chest out shit?
(What)

Who wanna hear some more thugged out shit?
(What)
Who wanna hear that get smoked out shit?
(Geah)
Who want to hear some real live type shit?
(Huh)
Who remember that ol' chest out shit?
(What)

But this bleek life my young niggas I tell ya
I went from a failure, holdin' paraphernalia
Weight scales, twelve twelves, dimes and fishtales
Cooked up and bagged up

My life was fucked up, but I looked at it this way
If I don't make it this way, then I'm a do it this way
Blaze my heat, while I'm after them nickels
Fuck six I chase nine fuckin' zeros

Digits I got four of them, want five more of them
Bitches when I told 'em flies bring more of them
I fuck 'em never call 'em, my dough must have spoiled
'em
Nigga blew roll wit' em but now I'm ignoring them

This street life kept bleek tight with heat right
On the ten speed herbed up, nigga word up
You saw me but if not your man did
I know I pull gats on y'all for crack shit yeah

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Who remember that ol' chest out shit?
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Who remember that ol' chest out shit?

(What)

My niggaz roll dice in the back park
We sip Bacardi Dark wit Sprite all night
Till the sky get bruised or thug nigga lose
Pull out two two's only catch two, honey

Half the crowd skated when which you wanted
This nigga got shaky and panic when you fronted
When he saw the black kron I thought the nigga wore a
thong
The way he froze his arm, duke said it's on

He stripped to his drawers when he heard one raw
Took off half ass when that nigga spit more
And we all spit game you niggas heard free game
By soft motherfuckers, for you lame motherfuckers

I fall, I get back, to test my worth
I tell heads to hit that, it's raw get rid of that
My worker take say thirty off a bundle
Dodging the bikers and 'em D's

When they rush the jungle
So we stash in the fences
Sit low on the benches
Keep a small gun in case it's on in the trenches yo

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(What)

We live

For the thugged niggas, Marcy

What? We out

