

## Dj Clue "What A Thug About"

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Beanie Mack right guerilla i'm out for the skrilla  
Face it ain't no replacement for this killa  
Keep your hands where I can see 'em an don't make  
me nervous  
This 4-4 auto mag you don't deserve this shit  
Kids either don't make me make you a believe  
I don't do a lotta talkin' I speak wit the heata  
I run up in your crib put some in your wig  
Your babies cryin pop pop pop put some in the crib  
And I want everything not just some of the shit  
Got niggas comin home at night like you son of a bitch  
Nigga done tooked me off you shook an soft  
You can't blink round no crook one look you lost  
Niggas'll find your bitch to find your bricks  
See if you love your chick or you love your chips  
4-4 snub shit send slugs to the whip  
Beanie Seigal desert eagle I love this thug shit

(Chorus) X2

Yo what you really know what a thug about  
Locked up in the bing no grub about  
On the block doin your thing slingin drugs about  
Tell me what you really know what a thug about

A true thug spreads his game linked up in bubble  
While niggas stay in one lane like the lincoln tunnel  
I refuse to limit my game to one hustle  
I don't only sling crack or let the cards shuffle  
I nowada play c-lo set it of like cleo  
Aint no tellin first union a melon  
The first nigga that move put two up in his melon  
>From the 9-2 an beretta parabellum  
And I run through cats  
I'ma two gun cat  
One nickle one black  
Who want that  
I done schooled my youngins  
Gave tools to my youngins  
Broke food wit my youngins  
Broke rules wit my youngins  
Spark my way outta shit and had bad run in's

Talked my way outta shit and near death come in  
Real thugs do what they want say what they feel  
They never front they keep it real

(Chorus)X2

Niggas claim to be thugs you real fuckin suckas  
Quick ass runnin good fuckin duckas  
Obey the rules when my glock unloads  
Cause when I start firin stop drop and roll  
Duck behind cars hid behind poles  
Know I live by the code anything goes  
Real thugs stand up straight never fold  
And they don't know shit if anything ever blows  
Thugs don't wanna talk shit out  
They wanna spark shit out  
Till the cops come an chalk shit out  
Blaze wit the toasta extra clip in the leg holsta  
Face off like Cage and Travolta  
If you got beef a thug gonna roast ya  
Talk behind their back a thug gonna approach ya  
Right mount of stack a thug gonna ghost ya  
Lay you out flat like a thug suppose ta

(Chorus)X2

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