

DJ Clue Feat. Noreaga "Thugs R Us"

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Them niggas really think that it's a game but it's not
Niggas kept frontin', Brown got popped
Word on life, word on my clique
All a niggas really got in his life is his word and his dick

And I stay true to them like both of them laws
Niggas talk shit, my clique's not ridin' them dogs
Niggas hate me 'cause broke and can't floss
Yo, I cop coke, cook it up or buy it cooked already
Like a '98 six, wild like a Chevy

Yo, I floss now, look how much my jewels cost now
I'm realizin' that you [unverified], so I hate y'all too
So both sides is hate, so it's mutual
Beautiful, my guns make it shootable

Shoot at you, send staff to clap you
Yo, my name's Nori but only fam calls me 'Poppi'
That nigga's homo like the cat who killed Versace
Homo thug, yo, I shoulda know sooner
My clique stay in jail like Robert Downey Jr.

Like outlaw in the beacon, nigga, we can fuck wit
niggas
Think they live while y'all weaklings
I'm from Iraq, play the cut, smoke mad trees
Buy my own business, concentrate on my cheese

Yo, the door lock, four knocks and one symbol
I'm like '98 Live, you like Double Dribble
Ay yo, thugged out, no rules, playin' the game
Every man for hisself, just receivin' the pain

It's like you tall, 21, no out, just go hard
Rest in peace, I gotta say to Yammy and Taj
It's like bitches never learn, money to burn
Yo, I'm leavin' like me and Nate
(I'm leavin')

Let me say this
I used to rock to G U E with the S S
Now I'm in the '98, black GS

Golden with kid in my shit, on some full grits
headlights

Shit shine from Def Jam to Crown Heights
Now my clique keep guns, time to fight
Open the flip, on the star-tech and check the message
Cock ten, Sprint phone's caught a deal
What, one and the same like thugged out and Ill Will

It's all real, still from Iraq

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