

Dokken

"Thugged Out"

Visit "[Thugged Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: (Noreaga)

We thugged out, outta state on some city shit
keepin' it real while ya'll niggas on some pretty shit
what the dealy wit' you know I only smoke a Philly wit'
famalama
I got a bitch in Atlanta
and everytime I fuck her yo it's on camera
and I'm the freak type
get head then lay meat right
ya'll niggas burn bridges, I could've had ya'll tight
yo, I spit this
tellin' ya'll to live with this
I could've had you in the bank
now you lost your rank
you gotta blame only yourself, yourself to think
yo, you know me
I hate to have to do it Homey
we used to be cool, now it's like you don't know me
all that jealousy shit
new enemy shit
had me thinkin' on some foul shit, takin' a risk.

Verse 2: (E-Money Bags)

Money Bags, the mafioso type
gun holster, stripes be goin' down niggas backs
lungs collapse when I be strapped
Escobar's my witness
espionage, addictions
got me ready to pop shit up on highways, break my
peoples out the
prisons
inflictin' predictions
supervision, foreshadowed wisdom
'cause when the cards roll Ladies seem forbidden
children of the corners
get it on like in the early Morn
the rooster horn
I used to have a bitch to boost upon Macy's
Crazy Stacy, laced me in Baisley
silk robe Paisley, talkin' 'bout she want a Baby
thug or Don

I bug upon slug-a-thon's
we shrug our arms and struggle on
trials and tribulations
maintain through situations.

Verse 3: (Maze)

This is just a page of the individual Maze
the new escapades, smooth but still explosive like a
grenade
I reign officially, livin' the risky life
tipsy all night
jewels swingin', exhale from my windpipe
the game of life's like spades
first, niggas move forward just to reverse
still I'm in it, penin' it, it hurts worse
my niggas locked like there's a curse on the block
but live and direct
pocketin' loot for future prospects.

Verse 4 (Mussolini)

It's been like this for decades now, foul
since a child, all into crack valves
and cats that spent Thou's
the richer ones hardly play the streets now
catch 'em in the latest BM with the top down
I fiend for scratch
half of my team did that
got my first pack, started hustlin' crack
it didn't seem like there's was nothin' left to do
so I blew, copped out on one-five-two
yo, niggas is slidin' through
keep the God jewel
'cause the feelin' only comes in the need of healin'
thats when the heat's not concealin'
then it be a whole 'lot of cap peelin'
a whole 'lot of runnin' children
a whole 'lot of squealin'
but it still can't stop the cash from buildin'
and a bitch thats willin' to give head
leave they legs spread
no matter if diesel in the bed.

Verse 5: (Diesel)

If there wasn't all these cats puttin' shit on my name
I'd probably be somewhere outta town puttin' shit in the
game
for fame many cats be forgettin' where they came
real niggas blaze shots put holes in your frame
if you didn't know the game you should've left it alone
instead of playa hatin' me 'cause I'm ridin' on chrome
my stones make your bitch wanna leave home

even hang up the phone like her spot just got blown
be for real
do you really think we don't keep steel?
for them frontin' ass niggas tryin' to get they caps
peeled.

Visit [Dokken](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.