

Erick Sermon

"Future Thug"

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"Future Thug"

(feat. 11/29, Redman)

[Verse 1: Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo everybody hands up
Run yo' bling bling, nigga boy stand up
It's E-Dub, whassup?
Yeah I'm bouncin, large amounts of cash we countin
That stand tall like mountains
To bring the drama, it takes a second man (that's it)
One wrong move, "Bring the Pain" like Method Man
It's your boy
Damn it, it's the Bandit, new Hummer in transit
Twenty-seven inches come standard (YO!)
This my people, whether drivin the Benz, the Pinto
Or the Regal, the Range Rover, the Beatle (uh)
I'm in New York now but I represent the SWATS of A-
Town
When I touch down amid grounds
Me and L-Dub and Redman, that's it mo'fuckah
You heard what I said man, that's real (what the deal)
It's E-Dub, pronounce it right
Eyes green like Kryptonite, so good night!

[Chorus:]

What y'all want? Y'all want this?
We give it to ya, we future thugs
We up in yo' crib like, we up in yo' club like
We up in yo' hood like, we future thugs

[Verse 2: 11/29]

Where niggaz be thinkin the, Cadillac's on 23's
Bitch bring with the DVD's, old school bucket seats
South Memphis to College P, Decatur to N.Y.C.
Top droppin that Benz 'til it, came with the leather seat
Back up off my whip or I jump out and cause a tragedy
St. Louis to Florida, from N.Y. to Tennessee
Them boys ride 20's, them niggaz from the hay
Them boys flickin Bentleys, Benz, Lex and Escalades
Them boys ride clean, twist and turnin in yo' face
With that chameleon paint, fresh as {? }
I pull up in a fo'-fo'-two with E-Dub

With a convertible top on the Chevy, we like what
Def Squad in this piece, you want it we give it to ya
You don't want no trouble with me, I might do ya
And tear the club up with E-Dub and that nigga [bang]
Better respect my gangsta I stay with two Rugers

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Redman]

Yo, I ain't a thug but I do thug things nigga so hold me
down
Forty round, caliber spitter, that's how the shorty crown
Run with gordy hounds for 40 miles then ignore me
now
Duck +Motowns+ than Barry Gordy found, sorry clown!
Super future thug, 12 shoe shoot you through the rug
James Bond, watch on my arm, tellin me who to truck
My God's my gun, don't need him since cerebreal cock
Beat him size ammo three to five mammal we the Gods
That'll shit on your turf, that'll get in your skirt
I heard Alicia, so my dick give what a woman is worth
I make them niggaz blow... then hide 'em inside 'em
My noggin is strange when them dogs is ridin
Cause I'm a, cheap fucker, street usher, eat supper
with
Pack of wolves that act a fool, blood on they upper lip
Need a nigga, I'm that nigga to call, nigga to draw
Chainsaws to the brawl, cuttin ya ligaments off

[Chorus]

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