

## Esther Phillips

### "I'm a Thug"

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Yeah yeah

This is a money-motivated song, man, right?

If you're allergic to paper

You might not fit in when niggaz gon' have do a caper,  
man

Yeah

We ain't allergic to paper, man

So we gon' try to turn you niggaz around, man

Yamean?

Yeah

We gon' try to motivate y'all to get your money

Cause we money-motivators

[Verse 1: Dubee]

The way I steer up out this here bitch, so detrimental  
how a

PS real click with that double r ( ? ) partner

530, I'm dirty, hate to say it

Represent turf tight and tight with major players

With mo' seasoning, suckers be sneakin in the circle

Urkle niggaz soakin every line, still ain't with the  
verbals

Get to hoppin hurdles like Jesse Owens in the fast

Return-type tactics so quick shakin that past

In they entourage bitches be hazy like the samurais

Get the mullah, stay savage and suave

Now is that savage? Well certainly

Still I keep it global

Multiple skyscraper paper, unknown total

Who we? Who that be? Dubee, ask your peoples

I leave Sasqwatch footprints and keep it off the heezo

Cizzo please, it ain't no need in hawkin

Ain't no please believe, I breathe ( ? ) back - yamean?

[Chorus]

The way I feel about loot

Ooh, it ain't no doubt about it

I'm a thug

[Verse 2: PSD]

Say how you do, sir?

Well, everything is everything, how 'bout you, brah?  
Man, I'm tryin to get my paws on some loot, sir  
If it ain't scratch it ain't shit, how 'bout you, sir?  
Yeah that's the truth, brah  
Say I'm a natural, call me 7-11  
Playboy, it's factual, I stay high as the heaven  
I'm like the castle  
On the chess boards slide front to backwards  
Up and down, side to side, boy, we at this  
Me, Dre and Dubee savages in the masses  
They call my type of people roguish-ass bastards  
I pull a babe in and tell her flip the mattress  
And get the cash quick  
Now player listen, this ain't no test of your broadcast  
system  
Them niggaz PSD and them be comin with em  
It ain't no puzzle how I feel about my scrillas  
Gotta feed my chil'ens

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

At the building, chilling, living anxious  
Waitin for this bitch to deliver some papers  
The same routine every day  
Get hit then I split the Chevrolet  
The 4 15's shake the mirror  
When the EB's quake couldn't sound no clearer  
Feelin so cool in my old school  
Ain't trippin off a bitch, I need some mo' loot  
Oh, you ain't know you better check my file  
I get stupid doo-doo dumb, don't sweat the style  
Me and my niggaz represent the real  
Don't think we kill? Bet a 100 dollar bill  
I'ma leave a body, no leads or clues  
Clepto committee, bitch, we some fools  
Killas for the scrilla, sucker, can't you tell?  
The real motherfuckers representin Vallejo

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