

## Fat Joe

# "We Thuggin (feat. Busta Rhymes, Noreaga, Remy Martin)"

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[Fat Joe]  
Ha, ha, ha, ha  
Uh, uh, uh, yeah, uh  
For my dirty, dirty  
D.C. what?  
Uh, yeah, uh, T.S.  
Remix y'all

[Remy Martin]  
Remix y'all

[Fat Joe]  
Remix y'all

[Remy Martin]  
The remix y'all

[Fat Joe]  
Crack is back again (ooo-oooh)  
Had to rip this track again (ooo-oooh)

[Remy Martin]  
And when it's packed like The Garden  
You know it's the Squadron

[Fat Joe]  
The god, Fat Joe

[Remy Martin]  
And that bitch, Remy Martin

[Remy Martin & R. Kelly]  
We thuggin'

[Fat Joe]  
You know the rest  
Got the tank top on that show the vest

[Remy Martin]  
I know some chickens that be strippin' and they show  
they breasts

And they all think Joe the best

[Fat Joe]

Well it's on if they got no regrets  
Bring them hoes to the low crib by the lake on the  
coldest sect  
I got chicks butt-naked feelin' no redress

[Remy Martin]

Okay, I'm on my way with a load of cess  
But, I got four niggas in my truck

[Fat Joe]

And if you bring 'em to my crib, they gettin' fucked up

[Remy Martin]

I'ma sneak 'em in the back as soon as y'all drunk

[Remy Martin & Fat Joe]

We take a puff of dro and be like (oo-oo-oooh)

[R. Kelly]

Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs, and  
Off up in the club, wildin' like what  
Got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, and mami don't  
stop  
Throw it up, six o'clock, 'cause I got four hon-eyes in the  
drop  
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot  
And it's full of honeys, panties with no tops  
We take a puff of dro and be like (oo-oo-oooh)

[Noreaga]

Ay, yo, twin ho days and we makin' it hot (say what?)  
Numero uno on your billboard spot (what, nigga?)  
Since the days of flow Joe, we be makin' it hot  
Before Superthug, niggas sold crack on the block  
You see, uh

[Noreaga & R. Kelly]

We thuggin', rollin' on dubs, and

[Noreaga]

Niggas say they still in them bricks, but they wasn't  
Me and Big Pun ran trains on mad cousins  
Mami took an E and a half and three wasn't  
And nigga, yeah, I'ma stay right here (ain't goin'  
nowhere)  
It's thugged-out Miller-tainment, and it's somethin' to  
fear  
And I ain't got time for diss records (no time for that)

Catch me in the streets, and I'ma leave your  
muthafuckin' bitch naked  
FJ 560, the five ride with me (we got honeys, y'all)  
I got some mamis in the club wanna slide with me  
Ho's at, I drunk 'nough y'all yay  
Me and my Joe, Hennessy doubles and lattes (hey!)

[R. Kelly]

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[Busta Rhymes]

In 2001, we move fast  
I had to fuck a couple fat bitches all in they ass  
Yes, I get busy and know and I do all I can (can)  
Had to meet up with them Terror Squad niggas, my  
man (man)  
Yeah, I see a couple of niggas that look real bugged  
In the corner frontin' like a bunch of real, live thugs  
Frontin', stackin' my ones and I'm countin' these figgas  
Got a cooler bitch that's mo' thug than some of these  
niggas  
Fuckin' me now, suckin' my ass late  
Straight drinkin' the Henny, sippin' with no chaser  
When my bitches be thuggin' niggas that catch vapors  
Lovin' how my bitches be givin' me paper  
One by one, watchin' y'all niggas drop off  
You wack niggas will feel when you hear my gun pop  
off  
Get my rocks off, that's when I'm quick to knock your  
block off  
And hold a gat when I'm fuckin' and never take my  
socks off

[R. Kelly]

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