

## Fat Joe

### "We Thuggin feat R Kelly"

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[Fat Joe (R. Kelly)]  
(Ooohhh, mmm)  
Yea, uh, uh (Fat Joe and the R)  
That shit y'all (Breakin shit down)  
Shake that, funky, funky, funky (Yeah)  
Sticky, icky, icky - yeah uh  
I got that shit y'all  
I got that shit y'all  
Uh yo yo

[Fat Joe]  
Crackman and I'm at it again  
Niggas had they run, now it's time for change  
When we step in the club, nigga tuck ya chain  
Got the mink on - same color the Range  
Uh, pour liqour for my nigga that's gone  
Big Pun! Then we party like we just came home  
Fuck a bitch if she act to grown  
I don't need that shit, I got my wife at home  
Uh words slurrin, dirty urine  
Drunk off of Henny and the 'jo keep burnin  
Dancin with shorty and her friend keep flirtin  
I don't always crush two but tonight seems certain  
Party hard like "Fuck all y'all!"  
Bottles in the air like we stuck up the bar  
Terror Squad man you know who we are  
Cruise through ya block and them drop-top Bentley's is  
ours

[Chorus - R. Kelly]  
Yeah, we thuggin, rollin on dubs and,  
Off up in the club, whylin like what  
Got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, mami don't stop  
Throwin up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the  
drop  
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot  
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops  
We take a puff of 'dro be-atch

[Fat Joe]  
Yea uh, yea yea yo

Everybody wanna know where the crib's at  
Niggas just now gettin ice, so we get that  
Mami starin at me like she wanna get kidnapped  
Money lookin happy with his wife but we triz that  
Along with Lisa, Aisha, Shonda, Renee  
Even ran through the dorms down in Morgan State  
In Miami, pool-party off the chain  
Gettin brains in the water on Memorial Day  
Uh, grand-mami all cool and shit  
It's ya birthday, show me what I'm foolin with  
Like no doubt, pokin doll out, pull ya g-string down  
south  
Owww! Pass that, give shorty a shot  
True enough we gon' see if she naughty or not  
I'm on E feelin ready and hot  
I give 'em twenty a pop, leave the panties atop

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up  
[FJ] Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland what the fuck what  
[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up  
[FJ] Uh, uh, Rockland, Terror Squad what the fuck what

[Both] Some of these kids is doin they own thing  
But none of these kids stack chips like us  
Some of these cats is doin they own thing  
But none of these cats run tricks like us

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[Fat Joe]  
Haha, yeah uh You know what this is Chi-town - BX What  
the fuck what? Out..

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