

## Fat Joe "We Thuggin"

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Ooh, mmm  
Yeah, 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

Crack man 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 liquor 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 Henry 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

Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and  
Off up in the club, whylin' like what  
Got Cris' on pop, Henry 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

Yeah uh, yeah yeah 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 ya'll 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  
Oww! 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  
You wanna roll leave the panties atop

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

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Yeah uh  
You know what this is  
Chi-town, BX  
What the fuck what?  
Out

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