

Fat Joe Feat. R. Kelly

"Fat Joe Featuring R. Kelly - We Thuggin'"

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(Ooh, 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

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 liquor for my nigga that's gone
Big Pun, then we party like we just came home
Fuck a bitch if she act too 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
Azures

Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and
Off up in the club, whiyin' like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, mami don't stop
Throwin' up six o'clock, plus I got four hunnies 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 and be aight

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
Ow, pass that, give shorty a shot
Soon 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 proper
Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland, what the fuck, what?
Fat Joe, R. Kelly we proper
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

Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and
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Haha, yeah, uh
You know what this is
Chi-town, BX
What the fuck, what?
Out

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