

## **Funkmaster Flex "Thug Brothers"**

Visit "[Thug Brothers](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, Nore, Big Pun, Funk Flex  
A lot of ghetto things goin' on right here  
Jess West, N.O.R.E., N.O.R.E.  
Funkmaster, Flex, Flex  
Big Punisher, Punisher  
We on some shit, Thugs

Yo, I got no license, two cars but hey  
Yo a GS gray, and a CLK  
Never, [unverified] so it can lead my way  
My first, album was dope but ain't, get no play

We smoked out, with them MLX's  
I'm underground but I sold records, for you SoundScan  
freaks  
CNN, yeah, this is like our 60th week  
Yo Flex, you got the Jeep but now you gettin' the peep

Me and you goin platinum, 'cause you fuckin' with me  
This is the final chapter, you told me, volume three  
Yo, come through, eat niggaz like you  
And tell them bitches in the back, that we wanna fuck  
too

We at the Mariott, meet us at, 12:02  
N.O.R.E., Flex and the Punisher crew  
We gonna do it for the ghetto, and the families too  
'Cause if I had friends, I wouldn't have a two door Benz

I, be on some deep shit, only coppin' cheap shit  
Thinkin' long term, not thinkin' on some weak shit  
I don't trust, no one now, cause they hate me  
Everybody known to snake me, cornflake me

Lately, I concentrated, on my decision  
I promised myself, I'd never go back to prison

Yo Thug Brothers  
Deeper than blood, my peoples is bugged  
We keep two and slugs, under deep in the clubs

Yo Thug Brothers

Big Nore and Pun, we're warriors from  
The glorious and most notorious slums

Yo Thug Brothers  
Thug shit at heart, we bugged from the start  
Rugged and smart, fuck it who want it, it's sparked

Yo Thug Brothers  
Jess West, Pun from TS  
Yo Funk Flex, Noreaga [unverified]

You brave in the heart, playin' a part amazingly smart  
Razor sharp, futuristic raps, state of the art  
Takin' New York cats past the start  
First it was Nasty Nas then watch me turn a apple into  
Macintosh

Computer chip, locomotion flow, [unverified]  
Tote the toast on low, business never personal  
Just some words to know, if you from the streets, come  
in piece  
Or leave in pieces, even Jesus was killed by the polices

They crucified him now they inject us refuse to fry 'em  
The pendulum state of death is my fate, cool I'm dyin'  
If that's my destiny it's meant to be, just remember  
To bury the motherfuckin' that bent me right, next to  
me

Aight crew? Aight then  
(No doubt Pun)  
Let's fight then, I'm hype blend, comin' with the  
thunder  
And the lightening, inviting the comp, ice on the arm  
Nights on the storm, put knives in your moms, right up  
in the Bronx

Mic in the palm, it's the Ghetto God  
I tear a nigga heart, out his frame, when I scream,  
Terror Squad  
We larger than life, my initials carved in my wife  
She'd share to starve on my diet, understand I'm like  
God in her eyes

The father of Christ, get a mere mortal  
Blessin' beer bottles by the dozen with Nore, it's  
brothers thuggin'

Yo Thug Brothers  
Thug shit at heart, we bugged from the start  
Rugged and smart, fuck it who want it, it's sparked

Yo Thug Brothers  
Jess West, Pun from TS  
Yo Funk Flex, Noreaga [unverified]

Visit [Funkmaster Flex](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.