

## Half-A-Mill

### "Real Thugs"

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[Intro: Half-A-Mill]

Yea, Mill Gates, yea, uh huh, (Real Thugs)  
Right, right, uh huh, to my gangstas (Half-A-Mill)  
to my hustlers, y'all know, to my murderous

[Verse 1]

uh, yea  
I tot 9 millimeter, smoke a lot of reefer  
Sell phone don't got a beeper  
Tell 'em hoes "slow your blow bitch!"  
Better learn how to keep up  
I feel ki's up, get G's up  
Empty M-3 try to stick me up  
Niggaz Envious me in the Bentley  
Oh now you wanna hit me up  
Send pot of girls to set me up  
Sex me up, then Tec me up  
Get put to rest by a slob  
I put shots in her gut  
Then my cock in her butt  
After she die then I bust a nut  
I'mma gangsta and I'mma hustler  
I rose put that chocolate up  
My clique shots shit up  
And we shot shit up  
We vow to not give up  
Got a join like dalla got lots of bucks and hottest trucks  
Ak's, grenades, those things that fire you up  
Mothafucka are you ridin or what?

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill]

Real Thugs is ridin tonight (Real Thugs, Real Thugs)  
Smokin lye gettin high tonight (Gettin high, gettin high)  
Real Thugs is riding tonight (Real Thugs, Real Thugs)  
Somebody is gon' die tonight (Gon' die, gon' die)

[Verse 2]

Observe bikes from the turn pipes  
your livin that murder life  
we neva hear of Christ observe the ice  
servin 'em flippin 'em them burns or white, right?

Livin it, gettin it, spittin it, hittin it, womens that's virigin  
tight  
Vertical types, swervin through lights  
Hype, gucci frames observin the ice  
Runnin your crib wit the oozy aim  
Snatch the skirt off your wife  
You hollerin please don't shoot me take all my  
merchandise  
Right, crime for your life, but little do you know  
Your gon' be dyin tonight, 20 bricks of china white  
I'm lightin that dynamite, diamond heist, a mil to jewels  
I got a lot of shine tonight  
Real Thugs deal drugs, spill blood, thats how we ridin  
tonight

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill]

Real Thugs is ridin tonight  
Smokin lye gettin high tonight  
Real Thugs is riding tonight  
Somebody is gon' die tonight

[Verse 3]

200 and 3, boats sellin 'round the seas  
Still got pounds in the peas  
Staffin g's, snatchin cheese  
While you snatch patch of of these  
Sleepin on pissy mattress, I got a water bed  
Bitches do back flips give me head in my bathroom  
Its sick, if peter rocks tall, check ya emails  
Smoke L while you takin a shit  
Rock til I die, rappin and shit  
Took dirty money and made it legit  
Ya'll niggaz hate I'm escapin the six  
Mill Gates, play wit the rich  
Model hoes wanna play wit the dick  
4-4, if you play wit my chips  
Waitin on 'em bricks, we slingin on strips  
Sit back pourin Cris  
niggaz talk about what they wanna shit  
Dawg I got all that on my wrist  
Real life thug flossin and shit

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] \*\*repeat 2X\*\*

Real Thugs is ridin tonight  
Smokin lye gettin high tonight  
Real Thugs is riding tonight  
Somebody is gon' die tonight

