

Howie Day

"Do Ya Thug Thang"

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Ooh,we fend to (Plus Connect)
make a mess with this right'chea
(Camp Life, In the LSR my nigga) Uh
It's young Minelli nigga, young Minelli nigga
(Camp Life my nigga, My thuggggg thangggg)

[Verse One]

If you got it, let it slap (Do ya thug thang)
Mane 'Lac chrome on black, with headbussa's in the
back
I'm a sav' out the box (Do ya thug thang)
Thirty-one colors, hard tops, whole wood, ridin' chops
Let me set the Camp off (Do ya thug thang)
I'm a drop yo tramp off, beatin' harder than y'all with
my amp off
Holl'in' "I'm a fool" (Do ya thug thang)
I'm so cool, I walk slanted like fat people's shoes
So thowed in the game (Do ya thug thang)
And if a nigga blowed in the game, then I sold him a
thang
I ain't fenna to stop shit (Do ya thug thang)
My shit
Hot shit
Hit ya cut
Stack, cop shit
Like oooh..

Hustlas count a grand to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
I was cool on the cut, cause I had to be
I still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me
I'm hollin' at my hustlas, count a grand to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
Ain't a nigga fenna slang shit after me
Still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me

[Verse Two]

And all my homegirls shakin' to the beat (Do ya thug
thang)
If he tryin' to hit, make him lay you on hundred dollar
sheets

And ride you on leather seats (Do ya thug thang)
Take you on trips to the beach, pretty face, pretty feets
Bounce 'till it get numb (Do ya thug thang)
And watch every nigga from my hood get retarded and
dumb
Now put'cha white cups up (Do ya thug thang)
Catch me bailin' out of court Monday morning, keep my
case on the tuck
Like you don't know nuttin' (Do ya thug thang)
And if it don't leak, I'ma hit you up and we can blow
somethin'
I'm a pimp to my bones (Do ya thug thang)
Man I left my ho's at home, watchin' Jenny Jones
Like oooh..

P-Poppers shake ass to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
I was cool on the cut, cause I had to be
I still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me
I'm hollin' at my P-poppers, shake ass to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
Ain't a nigga fenna slang shit after me
I still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me

[Verse Three]

Pants saggin' till 'ey touchin' the floor (Do ya thug
thang)
Pssht, you too concerned nigga, stop handcuffin' them
hos
I have 'em touchin' they toes (Do ya thug thang)
Come and kick it wit'cha dog, I'm a hog, so you cuttin'
fa show
And trickin' ain't my style (Do ya thug thang)
Mane, I kick mo' bitches out than Destiny's Child
Who they askin' fuh?
Ridin' on passenger?
We'll Jack yo shit and sell it back to ya
We hustle hard in the bricks (Do ya thug thang)
Still the same click, standin' in the front yard, slangin'
zips
Tryin' to let my cake stack (Do ya thug thang)
Make that
Trick shake that
Like that
Take that
Like oooh..

Hustlas count a grand to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
I was cool on the cut, cause I had to be
I still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me

I'm sayin' say P-poppers, shake ass to this
I'm so motherfuckin' not a ham with this
Ain't a nigga fenna slang shit after me
I Still smoke a lot, even though it's bad for me
Like

[Max Minelli Talking]

(I'm gone)

Southside, Northside, Eastside, Westside, Your side
Thug nigga, uhh. Gangsta bitches, hoodrats, and hos
It's goin' down like..

For that 'Ville, uh, Layfair, uh. Goin' down motherfucker

Baton Rouge my nigga, uh

H-Town, yeah, New Orleans, yeah

Mississippi hah? yeah

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