

J. Holiday "Thug Commandments"

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Don't choke on that, homeboy, blow it out
Don't sip on that drink, pour a little out
Let your life reflect what comes outta your mouth
And never pull out your piece unless you dumpin' out

Never fear no man but know when to run
Leave no man standin' till the battle is won
And when it's gettin' real good, better pull it out
When niggas front, don't give up, my brother, sweat it
out

And don't smoke what you don't roll up
And act right if you know you can't fight
Take a test if you're unsure if it's yours
There's a one percent chance that it might be another
man's

And we know the life we been livin', that one day we
might fall
And the only choices we give is got our backs against
the wall
And I know we're all God's children, He's got love for
us all
Still we're livin' these thug, these thug commandments

Stop cuffin' that young girl, let her breathe
Be a father to your kids, not hell disease
No doo-rags in the Lord's house
Trust in the Lord, but keep a glock in your house

When you talkin' to a man, look him dead in his eye
Never get high, come on on your own supply
Gotta think fast, stash your little cash
Watch them snake niggas, they slither in the grass

And don't smoke what you don't roll up
And act right if you know you can't fight
Take a test if you're unsure if it's yours
There's a one percent chance because it might be
another man's

And we know the life we been livin', that one day we

might fall
And the only choices we give is got our backs against
the wall
And I know we're all God's children, He's got love for
us all
Still we're livin' these thug, these thug commandments

We fall down but we get up
We sell out and we reap up
And we keep watch from the roof tops for the cops
Hive snitches, tap telephone switches

And we get paid but we won't sell
Right back slang, new story to tell
Goes around and 'round like [Incomprehensible]
And never changes, that's all the game is

And we know the life we been livin', that one day we
might fall
And the only choices we give is got our backs against
the wall
And I know we're all God's children, He's got love for
us all
Still we're livin' these thug, these thug commandments

We fall down but we get up
We sell out and we reap up
And we keep watch from the roof tops for the cops
Hive snitches, tap telephone switches

And we get paid but we won't sell
Right back slang, new story to tell
Goes around and 'round like [Incomprehensible]
And never changes that's how the game, kid

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