

C-Bo "Forever Thuggin'"

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* [Chorus] "All I ever wanted was to be a thug and hustlin was all I knew"

Forvever thuggin I keep my mind focus and risin above
skys

Thug til i die slang drugs til I ride
Will I ever fly or will I die from a drive by
Witness my victims ride til they die
Dear LORD will you ever forgive a nigga's sin
Cause I stay surrounded with trigger men
I'm in pushing the finest loads
I'ma thug by nature they got these
They got me trapped in Seattle sleepness
I'll make you muthafuckas reap this
And any niggas want to ride on me
Set fourth and you could die on me
Bullets fly like the fourth of July torches in the sky

Chorus: 2x

You niggas wanna see me falled off get caught up and
hauled off

Become a victim of a sawed off
Life's been full of trifes in ways but soon I see better
days

Pass my pistol in weigh with better ways
Stay away from all this madness
Given through traffic something new
Protected by bullet proof close my eyes hoppin that is
true

Thankin the LORD for all the stress he put me through
Teaching me right from wrong don't want to spend life
from home

Cause in the water it's so hard to breath

Plus the LORD for my baby girl got to get her ready for
this crazy world

Ain't nuthin worse than a lazy girl got to get your mind
right

First and learn to love school and believe in everything
you do forever thuggin

Chorus:

It's g'z up hoes down though they slang kilos and
pounds
Stay flossin the whole town navigators and tv's in em
Can't believe it when you see me in em with the six
changing dvd's in em
Since day one always been a trife ass nigga
And ain't none changed but the change
4.6 range blew our brains, phat house on the hill
Now they call me C-boss because I be playing with
about six mills
Since my deal with warlock fuck some pork chops
Taking Lobsters tossing wine glasses with the
mobsters
Off shore bank accounts swiss have a nigga piss
Dam can you imagine this thug nigga wit my money
than
That uhh nigga and that mexican bored brotha wit a
plug nigga
I'm flooded nigga don't be crystall bud nigga beenie
kap pistol
Straight gangsta baby don't get it twisted
And this fast stack I'm hold ain't foldin all

Chorus: 2x

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