

Kool G. Rap And Dj Polo "Thugs Anthem"

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[Kool G. Rap]

Strictly for all the chicks that's on the strip to get loot
For all my niggas that don't ever trip to hit ?
For all my people copping bricks to get the quick loot
For all my niggas in the ground that got their wig blew
Strictly for all the chicks that's on the strip to get loot
For all my niggas that don't ever trip to hit ?
For all my people copping bricks to get the quick loot
For all my niggas in the ground that got their wig blew

[Kool G. Rap]

Don't know who is this kid, you better check the formula
Before I have to send these busters, just to warm you
up
Man, Homicide be looking for whoever tore you up
Flood up the whole block with paramedics and coroners
I can roll up all by myself and make a street close
Yo you could be twenty deep and still get your feet rose
Believe me, ain't none of them running up when heat
blow
You sleep though, you're whole sweet and low
Free to go, deeper than six feet low
This wiseguy's enterprise, we emphasize who ever die
Never sympathize, still on the rise, no matter how many
we minimize
we send ? chicks with bricks inside their inner thighs
Some real thugs conduct the drug traffic in the skies
Never high, we lay low, stay unidentified, it's all live

Chorus

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[Johnny 2 Gunz]

Yo it's the radical, mathematical, fanatical
Magnifico, money making myth in Mexico
You try to fuck me, yo, I'll bust you in your cherry whole
Still run the streets and now you feeling me in stereo
I felt the graces from the highs to the very low
One day your counting money, next yo you digging

holes

Don't try to do this at home, this is professionals
Congressional, street medal, award winners
Making a point that's hollow, do you follow, wanna
meet tomorrow?

What, greet the heffer with the pink pucker, sucker
Cut out your luck with a wink of an eye
Make ya die, make ya fly in the sky, you asking why?
While your souls floating over me, you owing me
You shouldn't been owing me, not blowing me
Now your life's a big mystery, a casualty
Another faded memory, that's awful Bee
'cause I'm still breathing steadily

[Pokaface]

You think that Pokaface is bluffing, nigga ante up
And unless you ramming me with that iron, put your
jammie up
You pointedly regret, I'll blaze you and your family up
You on your ass for showing trying to show it, pull your
panties up
Me and these cats we making a living making sure you
don't
Information's not to be given, making sure you won't
Shit's real, now wanting to be dead, goes off in play it
clothes
ATF here, but scared to get close, like in WACO
Nickel plate pros made men who make those
My red eye don't ? but best believe it shakes those
Reflex reaction if i hear you disrespect the fashion
Fuck these niggas, like menage, giving them double
action
Up to no good fellas, making out a faux pas
Savage niggas, turn your cabbage into cole slaw
Using my dome, causes to notify your next of kin
The snitch you looking for, he's in the trunk I left him in

[Chorus]

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