

La G.e.fa. Blues Band

"Thuggin'"

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(Spice 1)

I been thuggin' since my adolescents
All of my homies and peers tucked in the killers
And pimps perfectin' their profession
Never confessin', or tellin' when they police possession
Snitches and bitch ass niggas pleadin' police
protection
We turn the globe till the day we die (die)
Spinnin' the world on my finger like Alan Eye
Cali's finest, real motherfuckers fo' sure
And they don't make real niggas like us no mo'
It's a rare breed, I been thuggin' since eighty-five (five)
At the age of fifteen, yeah my draws hella high
With a thirty-eight snub (snub) bangin' on other
pushers (pushers)
I even had the t-a-tech nine in the bushes
But now I'm pushin' Cali trucks and six hundreds
stand blunted, givin' slugs to niggas who got it comin'
We ain't ridin' for nothin' (shit) they don't front forever
thuggin'
Suckers cross the game and suffer the re-percussions

(Chorus: Kokane)

Thuggin' makes the world go, around and round
And around... mayn, thuggin' makes the world go
Thuggin' makes the world go, around and round
And around... mayn, thuggin' makes the world go

(Tray Deee)

I'ma start mine checkin' with the hard time records
Lower class known to mash born to blast any second
It's that criminal, original, Tray Deee the imperial
Gangsta's spit anger through your motherfuckin'
stereo
Dogghouse style with the chucks and curl
Off a bottle with my motto strictly fuck the world
As I bust a pearl and the chrome at your cranium
Whoever get wounded shoulda knew where I was
aimin' them
Haulin' out the set fingers seen on my neck
But no comin' fourth to court cause my team is on deck

Insane to the fullest with the bullets to prove
Ninety-nine point nine per cent of you can't stand in my
shoes
I gang bang for a hobby, murder, robbery and kidnap
And gettin' in my business, point this way you can get
clapped
Now sit back and peep gangsta's fool
Now sit back and peep gangsta's fool

(Chorus: Kokane)

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(Spice 1)

Teflon and clutsey glass, S-Class and escalade
Forty-five, calacoals, jewels and french braids
Niggas mean mug, I'm in the nature of a thug
Finna room to a tomb we boss playin' and blowin' blood
It's West Side mental, extra mash is my mentality
Niggas bite the bullet and end up with chest cavaties
Gradually fo'-fo' gon' make niggas define gravity
Got one foot in the grave and I feelin' my angels
grabbin' me (damn)
Stablishly vicious up in the game
Seen a lot of raw and uncut shit up in these sterets
mayn
"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto"
Pac died in ninety-six and I still can't let go
My fallen soldiers, love you niggas for stayin' real
I hope you see me thuggin' still rollin' with heat of steel
(steel)
But it don't stop (stop), money, hoes I'm still rushin'
Still high as fuck, still heat and still bustin'

(Chorus: Kokane)

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