

Chris Gaines

"Real Thuggs"

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(*talking*)

50/50 Lil' Twin, I'm in here with Slim Thugger the Boss
And the cocky copy machine King Koopa
We off this Nawfside of Houston
We just wanna put it down for all the thugsters
And the gangstas naw I mean, dig these blues cutty
what

[Slim Thug]

Slim and 50 gon drop classics, to the day they drop our
caskets
Some folks got that magic, and us three have it
Dropping hits our fans blasting, over a million cashing
Five years I'm still lasting, foot to the flo' I'm mashing
Guarding traffic not crashing, controlling the wheel
Independent holding a mill, without a holding a deal
50/50, Slim and Chamill, getting it grown man style
Our pockets to y'all pockets, like a man and a child
Paid In Full and Boss Hogg, stay controlling the crowd
You know the click you hear the speakers, and cars
banging loud
You know the click that represent, and have H-Town
proud
You know the click that live they life, like outlaws
We the untouchable two, it ain't much we don't do
If you try to touch our crew, well reach out and touch
you
(don't make us) fill you with slugs, for grilling us with
your mugs
Make doctors fill you with plugs, you dealing with thugs

[Hook]

If you ain't no real thug, go ahead give it up
If you are a real thug, where your sets put 'em up
Your life seem full of hard times, really rough
Put the sad songs to the side, grind and get bucks
Don't eat with your eyes, stack cash then stunt
Dump your problems in the ash tray, fire up you
some'ing
Why try to play catch up, breathe easy stay humble
Cutty your time is coming, are you hungry do you want

it

[50/50 Twin]

I get down on the dice like what, better set of thugs
Put some 20's on my mama car, let her Perelli's run
50/50 slumped down, in a awkward machine
Four screens six 15's, don't look directly at my ring
Matter fact I got a ticket, for causing distractions
I'm like officer my head itched, sir I was scratching
I swang watch me swing, black Rover sitting clean
Niggaz on my side mirrors, crawling European
And a European dime, playing hide the ding-a-ling
My chest don't bling-bling, hell I can't describe the
things
Four/five ice trays on your chest, you understand just
what I mean
Got plex naw I mean, P-shooter with two beams
Boss Hogg Outlawz, Paid In Full, Rock 4 Rock
My twin brother is on lock, and I gotta get him out
The boy blue with Slim Thugger, and my I'm 50-Feezie
My hustlers and my thugsters, holla back breathe easy

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

My candy frame got readjusted, (and why is that) it
isn't wait
I'm sitting straight on spinning plates, I hit the breaks
they getting scraped
Mo' showing love some niggaz hate, we get it now they
get it late
We put it down we innovate, can't keep us out we in the
gate
You hungry Twin go get a plate, I'ma tell you how much
we finna make
If niggaz hate that nickel plate, make sure they face
disintegrate uh
Y'all niggaz is agitating, your gat is a fashion
statement
You ain't gonna blast you faking, ha-ha (go ahead) I'm
waiting
I don't hear no shells falling, I don't hear no pistols
popping
Matter fact give me that gat, I'll take that witch you
watching
Niggaz be wish she-watching, you know you won't do
nothing
You ain't gon shoot and just gon sue, you better go get
you Cochran
No baller rapper, I'm a all-of-rapper
We did all of that already, and y'all did all-of after

Matter fact to be exact, the fact is more then half of
Y'all rappers new I'm through, I'ma give y'all that
chapter Koopa

[Hook - 2x]

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