

# Crooked I

## "How To Thug"

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The cops hate my skin  
So they wanna do me in  
Shove me in the pen  
Have me serving 5 to 10  
I grew up in the city where the itch you gotta sin  
Now just wanna be like mu suburbia friends  
But instead I got a thug, yeah  
I got a thug, I got a thug  
The streets taught me how to thug

Wait a minute, my mother's flat broke  
And my father ain't around  
My whole family starving, man I gotta hold us down  
I loaded up my chopper, hit that other side of town  
Robbed that dealer for a couple of pounds,  
My nigger learning how to thug, learning how to thug  
I had to learn how to thug, how to thug

I ain't finished, society hates me but that hate is really  
fear  
I'm praying every day that that hate would disappear  
They treat me like I ain't shit and the message is very  
clear  
While the devil is whispering in my ear

When it come to thuging I got a master degree  
Sitting here in this county jail imagining me  
The future me, not the one that's always trapped in the  
streets  
Not the one that see his own family wrapped in them  
sheets  
I'm like the president of thugging, as I practice my  
speech  
Simultaneously I'm thinking I'm the cat to...  
Even when I'm sleep, I don't see no actual peace  
I'm dreaming, I'm bleedin', after squeezing after police  
Nobody gives a fuck about a nigger broken in pain  
You see him in front of the liquor store won't even  
throw him some change  
When he die, john doe is his name  
Is that my destiny, I'm going insane  
Load up my chrome in the rain

Erase a pain for future, that's what I can do with my  
glock 9  
Should I pop it or just call the suicide hot line  
Tears rolling down my face is do or die, stop crying  
Green light, I'm dead or it's music my stop sign  
I'm in a crack hotel, I'm living grimy  
Sick of hitting links plus I really don't trust my crimies  
Mind state is slimy, I kill you and then yell why me,  
don't try me  
Gotta put this life behind me  
See I was brain washed, talked that I wouldn't be shit,  
believed it  
Now these trouble waters got me sea sick  
The upper class show love like the tits nepotisms  
The lower class we thug is a defense mechanism  
To protect... against them  
The penitentiary system fit them in and they never miss  
them  
Just look for better victims  
And politicians never listen  
Do whatever's bitching  
They eat in a better kitchen  
They on television, promising better conditions  
It's a repetition of lies open your eyes  
Either let your reckless listen  
Listen, we shooting at the wrong targets  
Talking out the side of our neck, believing our own  
charges  
I thought that I was cursed by the gods  
Dropped in the ghetto, piss pour against impossible  
odds  
Track with these charlatans and philosophical frauds  
In a place where being a... is a logical job  
Change always starts with the man in the mirror  
So I'm talking to myself like hey crooked I, I can hear  
you  
Give me your 38 stub, a mask and some gloves  
I can teach the whole world how to thug  
But how bout how to love?  
Yeah, we need love  
We need love in the hood  
One time for some love in the hood  
Two times for some loves in the hood...  
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