

## Qb's Finest

### "Teenage Thug Nas Millennium Thug"

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Nas & Millenium Thug---Teenage Thug

[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin..

[Chorus]

A teenage thug (you can't tell them shit)

A teenage thug (nigga just chasin his dick)

A teenage thug (he want the world to recognize)

A teenage thug (he's a man now, fuck his size)

A teenage thug (can't stop him, they on the rise)

A teenage thug (the court of law despise)

A teenage thug

[M. Thug] Wanna fuck and puff lie

A teenage thug

[Nas]

Dreams of bein a doctor will deteriorate

Takin over the underworld was a clearer fate

Luxury cars, a hundred girls at my face

Laced the name brand, had my game plan mapped out

Lost respect for those cracked out

Most of my elders were failures

to the poison that killed Len Bias from bein Celtic

The later I would hang, the greater my slang

It took my English, replaced it with game

Only cared about, sneakers and two-two bullets

Influenced by the hood, wasn't scared to pull it

Dared to do what I would

First blunt they passed me tasted nasty

Then overwhelmed in the spell the blunt had me

Eyes red, pants saggin

My first dime cut me off for braggin

that we was home alone tappin

Experimentin liquors, doin mixes, feelin sicker

Finish the Henn, throw the bottle, hope it hit ya

[Nas]

Blacked out, I can't see shit sober, not the least bit

Hold your head little man, y'all can't tell me shit

Try to knock the pants off shorty, my hair just cut

My Timbs just bought, the chain I sport I floss  
Thugs walkin through the block party, hands on my  
drawers  
Poppin cham' corks, posin like the man of New York  
Talk to this hottie with my niggaz who quick to blast you  
if you old cats, to these niggaz, they harass you

[Millenium Thug]

Hey yo cuz, growin up, I almost shattered my plans  
Some might say, I'm young at heart, but I'm a grown-  
ass man  
Givin food to my fam, damn, remember the first time  
a street thug showed me how to pitch dimes  
Only twelve in this hell where kids die  
I want bricks off the scale and just slide, and let my shit  
fly  
My Range shift by, I peel the road up  
with my shirt up, sweatin, with the ice restin on my  
chest  
Wild as a teenage thug

[Chorus]

[Millenium Thug]

Livin and lovin this life, cap peel pump niggaz  
And since these thugs is trife, give 'em dap for that  
Yo where your mack at? I got mine  
Twist weed pop wine shift finds, at the end of the night,  
it's all fine  
Livin and lovin, cash stack cousin  
Yo' own fam blitz so quick, put clips through whips  
Six type shit let you hold it, ice roll with  
twenty below with gat golden, my hand look swollen  
Under my glove shit rocky  
Unless somebody in my life try to stop me, get popped  
papi  
A breddern, straight to the head that my medicine  
No fam of mine do time, we crime settlin  
Deliverancy unbelievable, Na'shon tracks smash people  
I chill up in the regal Eagle  
And plus it clap happy all of them hoes that's born  
happy  
I rip nappy, nature's to cut the roof off of Caddies  
You see me?

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin

Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin.. {\*fades out

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