

R. Kelly **"We Thuggin"**

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[Fat Joe (R. Kelly)]
(Ooohhh, mmm)
Yea, uh, uh (Fat Joe and the R)
That shit y'all (Breakin shit down)
Shake that, funky, funky, funky (Yeah)
Sticky, icky, icky - yeah uh
I got that shit y'all
I got that shit y'all
Uh yo yo

[Fat Joe]
Crackman and I'm at it again
Niggas had they run, now it's time for a change
When we step in the club, nigga tuck ya chain
Got the mink on - same color the Range
Uh, pour liqour for my nigga that's gone
Big Pun! Then we party like we just came home
Fuck a bitch if she act to grown
I don't need that shit, I got my wife at home
Uh words slurrin, dirty urine
Drunk off a Henny and the shit keep burnin
Dancin with shorty and her friend keep flirtin
I don't always crush two but tonight seems certain
Party hard like "Fuck all y'all!"
Bottles in the air like we stuck up the bar
Terror Squad man you know who we are
Cruise through ya block and them drop-top Bentley's is
ours

[Chorus - R. Kelly]
Yeah, we thuggin, rollin on dubs and,
All up in the club, wildin' like what
We got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, mami don't
stop
Throwin up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the
drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops
We take a puff of 'dro be-atch
Ooooooohhhh

[Fat Joe]

Yea uh, yea yea yo
Everybody wanna know where the crib's at
Niggas just now gettin ice, so we get that
Mami starin at me like she wanna get kidnapped
Money lookin happy with his wife but we triz that
Along with Lisa, Aisha, Shondra, Renee
They ran through the dorms down in Morgan State
In Miami, pool-party off the chain
Gettin brains in the water on Memorial Day
Uh, grand-mami all cool and shit
It's ya birthday, show me what I'm foolin with
Like no doubt, pokin doll out, pull ya g-string down
south
Owww! Pass that, give shorty a shot
True enough we gon' see if she naughty or not
I'm on E feelin ready and hot
I give 'em plenty a pop, you wanna roll? leave the
panties and top

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up
[FJ] Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland what the fuck what
[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up
[FJ] Uh, uh, Rockland, Terror Squad what the fuck what

[Both] Some of these kids is doin they own thing
But none of these kids stack chips like us
Some of these cats is doin they own thing
But none of these cats run tricks like us

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[Fat Joe]
Haha, yeah uh
You know what this is
Chi-town - BX
What the fuck what?
Out...

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