

## Snoop Dogg "In Love With A Thug"

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Yeah, this shit right here sound like a love song  
(She was in love)  
A gangsta love song, you feel me? Check it out  
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)

Have you ever had a pretty, young saditty  
Black female with chips from the city  
Her momma got ends, and her daddy got ends  
And she liked to give me ends when I'm out with my  
friends

Good girl, why do good girls like bad boys?  
When I was a kid, growin' up, I never had toys  
And I think that she can figure that shit out  
Cause every time she came to pick a nigga up  
Shit, she'd take a nigga out

Roll around town, ask the pound, they know, look  
Baby was my thang, nah, she was my low-low  
Bought my first Rol-O, and then we took a photo  
together  
Man I hope this thang last forever

We've been together six months, and we ain't argued  
yet  
She lovin' a nigga, steady buyin' me shit, and don't say  
shit  
When I dip with my click and understand  
When I'm down and out may need some help with  
some chips

Her mother approved of me, but her father he don't  
He probably won't, shit Pops ain't no punk  
Daddy's little girl be in a gangsta's world  
Buyin' me houses, hoes and khaki blues, California  
curls

No matter what her father say, baby gon' see me  
It's like a jungle sometimes, that makes me Wonder  
like Stevie  
Believe me, when I say that baby was in love with a

thug  
In love with a thug

(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
Daddy, I'm in love with a gangsta  
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
Momma, I'm in love with a gangsta

(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
Daddy, I'm in love with a gangsta  
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
Momma, I'm in love with a gangsta

I'm caught up in the middle and I don't know what to do  
I caught eight months in the joint, behind my crew  
That I gotta do and I'ma miss you, Boo  
But I'ma write you every night and call you on the  
phone too

Whatchu gon' do? You know I'm gon' stay true  
But I'ma go ahead to college like my father want me to  
Well um, off to my cell withcha body on my mind  
And I'ma call you back tomorrow round the same time

I'm on the mainline, 9500 for short  
On another phone line, holla 'n at my other hoe  
This bitch ain't sayin', ?Shit?, 'cause the bitch ain't shit  
Old fat gold diggin' ass county check receivin', beotch

I bail up in The Day Room and get in a scrap  
Niggaz watchin' Soul Train and I wouldn't turn it back  
Never caught slippin', always on strap  
And now I'm back in the hole with no motherfuckin' get  
back

Sit back and contemplate, and think about baby  
And hope she don't get caught up in the world that's so  
crazy  
But while I'm up in Wayside, and she off in college  
She gettin' a little mo' than a schoolgirl knowledge

'Cause gangsta ass niggaz go to school nowadays  
I tried to make you wait, but I can't change yo' ways  
She fell in love with the local G  
And now they both in the penitentiary, she didn't  
mention me

(She was in love, with a thug, in love)  
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