

Svala

"We Thuggin"

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[Fat Joe]
Ha, ha, ha, ha
Uh, uh, uh, yeah, uh
For my dirty, dirty
D.C. what?
Uh, yeah, uh, T.S.
Remix y'all

[Remy Martin]
Remix y'all

[Fat Joe]
Remix y'all

[Remy Martin]
The remix y'all

[Fat Joe]
Crack is back again (ooo-oooh)
Had to rip this track again (ooo-oooh)

[Remy Martin]
And when it's packed like The Garden
You know it's the Squadron

[Fat Joe]
The god, Fat Joe

[Remy Martin]
And that bitch, Remy Martin

[Remy Martin & R. Kelly]
We thuggin'

[Fat Joe]
You know the rest
Got the tank top on that show the vest

[Remy Martin]
I know some chickens that be strippin' and they show
they breasts

And they all think Joe the best

[Fat Joe]

Well it's on if they got no regrets
Bring them hoes to the low crib by the lake on the
coldest sect
I got chicks butt-naked feelin' no redress

[Remy Martin]

Okay, I'm on my way with a load of cess
But, I got four niggas in my truck

[Fat Joe]

And if you bring 'em to my crib, they gettin' fucked up

[Remy Martin]

I'ma sneak 'em in the back as soon as y'all drunk

[Remy Martin & Fat Joe]

We take a puff of dro and be like (oo-oo-oooh)

[R. Kelly]

Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs, and
Off up in the club, wildin' like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, and mami don't
stop
Throw it up, six o'clock, 'cause I got four hon-eyes in the
drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full of honeys, panties with no tops
We take a puff of dro and be like (oo-oo-oooh)

[Noreaga]

Ay, yo, twin ho days and we makin' it hot (say what?)
Numero uno on your billboard spot (what, nigga?)
Since the days of flow Joe, we be makin' it hot
Before Superthug, niggas sold crack on the block
You see, uh

[Noreaga & R. Kelly]

We thuggin', rollin' on dubs, and

[Noreaga]

Niggas say they still in them bricks, but they wasn't
Me and Big Pun ran trains on mad cousins
Mami took an E and a half and three wasn't
And nigga, yeah, I'ma stay right here (ain't goin'
nowhere)
It's thugged-out Miller-tainment, and it's somethin' to
fear
And I ain't got time for diss records (no time for that)

Catch me in the streets, and I'ma leave your
muthafuckin' bitch naked
FJ 560, the five ride with me (we got honeys, y'all)
I got some mamis in the club wanna slide with me
Ho's at, I drunk 'nough y'all yay
Me and my Joe, Hennessey doubles and lattes (hey!)

[R. Kelly]

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[Busta Rhymes]

In 2001, we move fast
I had to fuck a couple fat bitches all in they ass
Yes, I get busy and know and I do all I can (can)
Had to meet up with them Terror Squad niggas, my
man (man)
Yeah, I see a couple of niggas that look real bugged
In the corner frontin' like a bunch of real, live thugs
Frontin', stackin' my ones and I'm countin' these figgas
Got a cooler bitch that's mo' thug than some of these
niggas
Fuckin' me now, suckin' my ass late
Straight drinkin' the Henny, sippin' with no chaser
When my bitches be thuggin' niggas that catch vapors
Lovin' how my bitches be givin' me paper
One by one, watchin' y'all niggas drop off
You wack niggas will feel when you hear my gun pop
off
Get my rocks off, that's when I'm quick to knock your
block off
And hold a gat when I'm fuckin' and never take my
socks off

[R. Kelly]

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