Trick Daddy
"Born A Thug"

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This has been a Goldrush production

Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug

His mama was a G
And daddy was a G
Ain't nothin' left for him to be
But a thug

Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug

His mama was a G
And daddy was a G
But nothin' left for him to be
But a thug

This is a story bout a young nigga
Who's mama was a whore and his daddy was a drug
dealer
Ridin' 'round the corner from 'em was the spot
They sold weed, lace, base, heroin and marijuana

His role model was an older nigga
Who kept a wad of hundreds 'cause he had a whole lot
of money
Now keep in mind this is 'round the time that
Miami niggas was really tryin' to put it down

That's back when the pimp game played out
That next year crack cocaine came out
And it all started in the suburbs
But only rich folks could afford to go and smoke that
good dope

And yo they used to call it free-base
But when it made it to my block, me and my boys called

it Crack Rock
We used to cook it up and bag it up and sell 'em
Nickels and dimes to any bitch that was buyin'

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And when he first hit middle school
He was a typical, ordinary, everyday ass dude
Around the time eighth grade came around
He had done made up his mind, a nigga can't lay down
now

His first job, he was a watch out
He had to scream one time every time the cops hit the
block
We used to call him Bo Brown
'Cause when he came around, close shop nigga, shut it
down

Them lil' two-hundreds
That was a lot of money for a young nigga sittin' 'round
not doin' nothin'
Plus his mama had a newborn from an old nigga out
the hood
Who don't do shit for him

They go another bill, another mouth to feed
Oh well, yo a nigga couldn't stop there
He gotta keep food in his crib and keep the lights on
Ain't like his daddy's comin' back home

Now just imagine the role of a thirteen year old
Who playin' head of his household, now that shit's cold

But then again I suppose
You already know how the shit go

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He advanced from watch out man to lieutenant
And now he got two feet waist deep in it
And he control the whole operation
But it's kinda different 'cause he's dealin' with some
stiff competition

And everybody wants to be buddies
All of a sudden friends but then again all they see is
money
And he ain't never too flashy wit it
Not into cars and jewels, just nice clothes and new
shoes

Half of the money went straight to his mama
But the other half, you know, the kid had to keep it
stashed
But it's kinda hard to hide drug money
But it's worse bein' a dope but none of this shit's worth
dying for

But when it comes to livin', money's nothin'
Bein' dead is free now tell me, what would you rather
be?
Don't tell me, tell it to your child
Make your talk worthwhile and the rest, he'll figure it
out

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Mama was a G
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Motherfuckin' thug
Nothin' left for him to be but a thug
Motherfuckin' thug
Nigga forced into this shit, damn
Over and over again

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