

Trick Daddy "Rags To Riches"

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Until the day a nigga D I E I'll be forever thuggin', baby
Ever [Incomprehensible] these bitches love it, baby
Still got the chron son, I used to be a drug dealer
X-men, Ex-con, forever thug nigga
Around here we smoke a bitch I still book 'em heavy
'Cuz I bought that Benz
That don't mean I sold my Chevy
I love my seven-trey, I talk to 'em everyday
I ride around 'em cool, I walk by 'em yesterday

I'm from the southwest, where niggas drive Chevy's at
Come through with that bullshit, my niggas don't gonna
handle dat
I fuck with no bustas, my game is straight must-a
So if you fuckin' with us, we'll hit you up with K Cutters
I feels no niggas but I pitch no hittas
Throw curve balls at they ass, they gonna watch 'em,
go get 'em
I'm now the coo guy up the street, up the block from
'em
I used to up my glocks on 'em, then take they blocks
from 'em
Nigga this is thug shit, that's all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas, I bets they love
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You don't believe me, ask them niggas, I bets they love
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When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches
It'll be thug life and y'all still with me
When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches
It'll be thug life again, so ride with me

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C O, betta known as Mr. Piscopo
Pull out my dick and piss on hoes
In ya face while I spit these flows

Like you ain't know, nigga we kick down doors to get
that dough
Hit your hoes, bend your doors, smoke your dough
And we gonna get mo'
For sho', you know dat cheddar make it betta
And it's thug life forever, and we all in dis togetha
Like dun-a, dun-a
Nigga dem rags to riches
Wit' your boy C O Money Mark, T double D, so bitch
don't go

So nigga rolls, so every motha fucka get down the
floors
Get away from all your doors and your windows
'Cuz a nigga done passed wit' a .44
And Im'a let it go like boom
Betta break ya-self, I can't take myself
But killa, nigga, won't have to make myself
And I'll come to ya wake myself
I won't send no dogs, no friends, no loot
No fool, no car, no clothes, no suit
Just a note that say, he through, now, now thanks to you
Me and Tre gotta make up for these times lost
We bout' that cash, we on that ass
So let them 9's off

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So mutha-fucking sicka, stupid hoes and fuck niggas
Snitches and bitches, yo, hold on I'm gon' kill 'em
And I'm just chillin' bustas, she fought for me to keep
'em
So I just peep 'em, lay back and I book my reefa
I'm a thug nigga, so ya know I gots to keep my pistols
I got the choppers that I'll bring it down and won't miss
ya
You want a nigga that gives a fuck about a bitch
Unless you sucking the fucking ho and tryin' to get rich

I need a bitch that can ball a nigga out
Who can shoot a nigga best, a bitch about stacks ho
All this complaining ho, bitch about that
Ever since I hold a Benz, bitch be all in my face

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