

Trick Daddy

"Thug Holiday(feat. LaTocha Scott"

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[talking]

Thug holiday, go ahead you can cry this up right baby
Everything gone be gravy later, that's right
This the time when we take time to remember
All the loved ones we lost in the struggle you know
I dedicate this to my brother Hollywood, Toby, Bam
My dog Itchy and Lil Trav, I dedicate this to the struggle
Everybody in the county jail, state penn, check it out

[Trick Daddy]

Here go one for bad luck, hell against that a nigga
wouldn't have none
But when I think about it, what would I be without my
gun
How could I, get away from the po-po's, if a, nigga
couldn't run
And why was I given a daughter when I always prayed
for a son
Life is crazy ain't it, sometimes I even think the same
thing
I've been waiting on freeing the ring hell but ain't a
thang changed
And I lost my brother in the struggle, and then he lost
his mother
And I'm thinking about it who's mine's who gone raise
my brother
Not to be a thug, stay in school, don't use drugs
Who'll teach him right from wrong and show them
boys, true love
So I pray for the better days, face the bomb had a run-
a-ways
And, I put my guns away and I pray for peace on
Sundays, it's crazy ain't it

[Chorus: Latocha Scott]

Just like the soldiers, that ain't coming home this year
Just like the fellas, in prison, we miss you so much for
real
What about the children, who ran away, that ain't
coming home today
Well here's a message from coast to coast

Cause when them thugs really need it the most a thug holiday

Just like em, just like em, just like em, a thug holiday -
[2x]

[Trick Daddy]

Here go one for, all these killings and all these
conflicts in religion
See the Muslims, Jews and Christians but know they are
all God's children
There's only, one him, plus ain't none of y'all
confronting him
So blind in our own minds we wouldn't even know God
if we confronted him
And, I read your books know all your remixes to the
Bible
What about a verse for the thugs, a cure for drugs and
survival
Let's add some chapters name 'em Martin, Malcolm
and Farrakhan
In all my history books, only one died was the
Americans
And, that's point of my, who's responsible for Vietnam
And, hold on there's more, we had two World Wars
And, how come the judges make more than the
teachers is making
When they the ones raising all the taxes and got us
fighting for education
Life is crazy ain't it

[Chorus]

So many tears, through out the years
Somebody tell me what's going on
And so many liiives, but only God knows
About the pain deep inside
It gets so hard, you got to keep your head up
I know you're fed up, but stay strong
Here's a message from coast to coast
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, thug
holiday

Just like em, just like em, just like em, a thug holiday -
[2x]

[LaTocha Scott]

This is for my people in the ghetto
I'm calling out, calling out
To all my thugs in the ghetto
Calling out, calling out
It gets hard sometimes, but you

Got to keep your head up, and be strong
Here's a message from coast to coast
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug
holiday

[ad-libs]

[Thanks to monetluv2002@earthlink.net,
djraposo2002@hotmail.com, Peoplesgirl89@cs.com for
correcting these lyrics]

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