

## Trick Daddy "Thug Holiday"

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Thug holiday, go ahead you can cry it's alright baby  
Everything gone be gravy later, that's right  
Ah, this is 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, Lil' Toby, Bam  
My dog Itchy and Lil Trav, I dedicate this to the struggle  
Everybody in the county jail, state penn, and fed, check  
it out

If weren't for bad luck, hell, I guess that it's possible  
have none  
But when I think about it, where would I be without my  
gun  
How could I, get away from the po-pos if, a nigga could  
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 da same  
thang  
I been waitin' on freedom to ring, hell, but ain't a thang  
changed

And I lost my brotha in the struggle, Tata Head done  
lose his mother  
And I'm thinking if I lose mine who gone raise my  
brothas  
Not to be a thug, stay in school, don't use drugs  
Who'll teach them right from, show dem boys, true love  
So I pray for betta days, face da bombs and da run-a-  
ways  
And I put my guns away and I pray for peace on  
Sundays  
It's crazy ain't it

Just like the soldiers, that ain't comin' home this year  
Just like the fellas in prison, we miss you so much fa  
real  
What about the children who ran away, that ain't comin'  
home today  
Well here's a message from coast to coast  
'Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug  
holiday

Jus like, jus like, jus like, a thug holiday  
Jus like, jus like, jus like, a thug holiday

If it wasn't for, all these killings, all these conflicts in  
religions  
Muslims, Jews, and Christians would know that  
They are all God's children  
And there's only, one Him, plus ain't none of y'all  
confronted Him  
We so blind in our own mind we wouldn't even know  
God if we confronted Him  
And I, read yo books, konw all yo remixes to the Bible  
What about a, verse for thugs, cureable drugs, and  
survival, huh

Let's add some chapters, name 'em Martin, Malcolm  
and Farrakhan  
In all my history books, only one died was the  
Amerikans  
And let's point 'em out, who's responsible for Vietnam  
And hold on, there's more, we had 2 World Wars  
And, how come the judges make more than the  
teachers is making  
When they the one raising all the taxes and got us  
fighting for education  
Life is crazy ain't it

So many tears throughout the years, somebody tell me  
what's goin' on  
And so many lies but only God knows, about the pain  
deep inside  
It gets so hard, ya gotta keep ya head up  
I know ya fed up but stay strong  
Here's a message from coast to coast  
'Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug  
holiday  
Jus like, jus like, jus like a thug holiday  
Jus like, jus like, jus like a

This is for my people in the ghetto  
I'm callin' out, I'm callin' out  
To all my thugs in the ghetto, callin' out  
'Cause it gets hard sometimes  
Buy ya gotta keep ya 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, thug holiday  
'Cause we need it, gotta have it

Hmm mm, 'cause it gets hard here in these streets  
You know what I mean

In the ghetto  
I'm callin' out to all my thugs in the ghetto  
Do you hear what I am saying? Hmm mm  
Callin' my thugs from the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto  
This song is dedicated to the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto

A message from coast to coast  
When them thugs really need it the most  
A thug holiday, I said, "A thug holiday, thug hoilday"  
We need it, we need it

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