

Trick Daddy

"Thug Life Again(feat. Money Mark of Tre+6)"

Visit "[Thug Life Again\(feat. Money Mark of Tre+6\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Money Mark]

It's hard for a nigga just to breathe in the streets
Let alone trying to make cheese in the streets
Nigga's bleeding in the streets
So I don't go, unless I'm chillin' on the low with my
middle finger up
And I'm ridin' for Buddy Roe
Cause he jammed in it
My dog got slammed in it
I even lost Bam in it, wait a damn minute
This the street life, cracker think a nigga fadeless
Cause I'm tryin' to make it out the matrix, fuck this
nigga
Nigga's life for dope and nigga's die for dope
And nigga's die cause they live on dope
And I remember when I told 'cha Roe
I would've shed blood for ya'
A nigga still got much love for ya'
Nigga, believe that, and yeah Money Mark mean that
Until the day a nigga lean back
This how a nigga show you real love
A dedication to them real thugs
Cause we the last one's livin'

[Chorus: (repeat 2x) Trick Daddy]

All I need to get on is a few good men with big guns
We can break Buddy Roe out the pin
And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh

[Verse 2: Trick Daddy]

I'm 'bout a G short, not bees
One of my (???) got caught with three ki's
And he ain't taking no pleas
Ride or die, holla thug life
I know the feeling, I know exactly what it look like
Buddy Roe you better hold on
Cause when the crackers catch ya' they'll hide 'cha ass
for so long

And they'll ship ya' ass so far
They'll probably (???) turn round duce things in yo' car
Hell, I rather the go to war with 'em
They got guns but my guns skreeting mo' with 'em
Bullets that explode in 'em
Huh, and I don't see no vest
But cha'll know the rest
That rapid fire hit 'em right in the chest
His mammy gotta right 'em a check
For the rose for the dead man
Huh, you understand, nigga it's thug life again

[Chorus: repeat 4x]

All I need to get on is a few good men with big guns
Just to break Buddy Roe out the pin
And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh

[Trick Daddy talking:]

Thug life nigga fuck nigga's die in thug life
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never be shit, ain't gone never
succeed
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never have no money
Cause them real nigga's can take it
Fuck nigga's can keep calling the police
You fuck nigga's can keep crossing ya'll (???) on a
nigga
This motherfucking thug life you pussy ass cunt
dick sucking, dick licking ass,
dick in the bootie, fuck flaunging ass nigga,
ya'll nigga's know who ya'll is
Fuck ya, one time, for them motherfucking killers
One time for the dope dealers
One time for any motherfucker in America, who 'bout
some war
'Bout some legal getting money shit, tax free biiitch!!!

[Chorus comes back on to repeat 2x]

Visit [Trick Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.