

Yes

"Thugs About"

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[Intro: Cool & Dre]

Good god, a ha ha

Yo Trick I think we done did it again man (echo: of course, of course)

Miami's finest, T Double D (haha haha)

Y'all know who we be

[Chorus: Cool & Dre]

I wanna be your homie, your homie, love, and friend

I wanna be your boy that you holla at night on the weekends (ooh baby)

I wanna be the 'G' that your girlfriends brag about, that's what talkin' bout

Ohhh girl come and let me show you what a thug's about

[Verse 1: Trick Daddy]

I ain't the type of nigga, who get a little bit of cheddar
And start hanging on the beach and think he better
than the next nigga (next nigga)

Though I'll prolly go to Bay Harbor about Gucci, Louis,
or Prada

For my wife son or daughter, yeah (wife, son, or daughter)

They gon talk about us, you should expect that
Look at them bitches, they broke, they can't afford this
They still livin' with they momma and they wonder why
niggaz fuck em'

And won't do nothin' for 'em

Pump ya brakes lil' mama, some are down to bitch

Stay out my face if you ain't got shit good to say

And my wife don't like ya (don't like ya)

Matter of fact when she see ya, she might wanna fight
ya

Ho, I tried to keep it real witcha' (keep it real witcha')

But by ya runnin' ya mouth and takin' pills, I can't deal
with ya

Bitch you got real issues (real issues) and I'm a real
nigga

Deal wit' 'em and I wanna chill witcha'

[Chorus] (w/ adlibs from Dirtbag)

[Verse 2: Dirtbag]

Now you ain't neva had a stunna
You ain't neva had a gunna
You ain't neva had a dirty ass gangsta motherfucker
Now you glad you did
First you was scared
Poppin champagne bottles, go on take a swig
You see this life I live is for the real and not the fake
So when we walk the streets girl I'll make ya feel safe
(huh)
I know you lovin how I'm thuggin all dayyy
Your momma hate me but she thank me when the rent
payyyed
Say my name and watch how ya friends act
I got a brother and a cousin they can get at
First you was shuddered wit niggaz that get in trouble
Then I got you in the cover no other did it so betta
Tropical colors on ya dresses impresses me
I ain't worryin' about yo 'exes' come flex with me
YEEE!! Girl what's goood
You lookin' for love and now you found it in the hooood

[Chorus] (w/ adlibs from Trick Daddy)

[Verse 3: Trick Daddy]

You see the problem is
You accept too many promises (too many promises)
And you subject yourself, where you can't help yourself
But I'm here to help (I'm here to help), so tell the busta
to step
And baby have no fear cuz "Thug Life" is here
And I got a remedy for you to get replenished in
But hot showers, clean towels, and a double hennessey
And I hope you got plenty energy
Cuz' when K-9 these felines, shit gets finicky (whoa,
haha)
Anyways, I got plenty ways, to make ya stay
But Im'a keep it straight, it's better that way
I'm better gettin' wetter that way
And I'm bigger than ya last, and we gon' need
"Magnum"
In fact I'm ready right now (right now)
We can get butt naked and I'll hit it right now (right
now)
But we homies, so let's stay homies (stay homie)
Conversation only
Okay homie (okay homie)

[Chorus] (x2)

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