

Young Jeezy "Thug Motivation"

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[Chorus - Jeezy]

Copped the new Bent, you know ya boy paid cash
Now that's Thug Motivation for your mutha fuckin' ass
Ain't nothin' to a G, shit I been here before
MR. 17.5, ya damn right it's gon' snow

Jus copped the new Bent, you know ya boy paid cash
Now that's Thug Motivation for your mutha fuckin' ass
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[Verse - Lil Cory]

New ride, suicide, Ima fly at ya haters
Supa fly, do or die, gotta try to get my paper

Gettin money everyday, yea it's feelin like the lotto.
Don't talk no shit, empty the clips of the semi auto.

I'm takin trips in my whip or chillin in tha grotto.
Fuck you bitch this my shit call it grand theft auto.

Get it how you live, yea that is always been my motto.
Why the hell would I need hoodrats if I got the models?

Family turnt they back on me, hommie slipped some
crack on me.
People want me dead I heard ya homeboy put a stack
on me.

No longer am I trafficking bricks on the triple beam.
They ask me what is happening, so I tell 'em
everything.

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[Verse - Lil Cory]

Look around what you see? Bunch of fakes on TV, when
it's me you should
See. Hypnotized in ya mind giving signs to the blind in
a world that is
Cold, I'm of men of old. Power and glory, still no one
know.
Honor and bliss long been dismissed far from the days
when fame wasn't
Shit. Now in the days when fame giving hits yall people
is tricked thinkin
Fame give ya this, they give ya that. Feel this is it.
Blood in my veins
And it's colder than rain in a world full of pain used to
be safe. Female
Gender's lost they consensus, losing they senses,
losing they mind's to
Niggas that's ignorant. Tired of the drama, tired of the
bullshit. If I
Could go back I would lose my existence.

We losing allot refusing to stop, infusing the thoughts
that we had at the
Top. Time don't exist to a man jus like this. Make ya ball
up ya fist, yall
Lookin pissed. Gnashing your teeth findin reasons to
beef instead of seekin
A reason to seek. Yall so naive yall believe in deceit. Go
ahead sell your
Soul but don't ask for receipts.

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[Verse - Lil Cory]

My mind aint gone, it's jus a lil off track.
Ya fuckin around with me and I'm breathing fire down
your back.

24/7 man I'm on this new grind.
20-12 waiting on the planets to align.

Got beef wit me? Bruh na you can't hide it.
Ima be comin into your kingdom like Ima Somalian
pirate.

Got my choice between grenades, the hammers, and
the AKs.
Put my muddy feet up on yo couch bitch I am Rick
James.

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