

## Filth

# "Thuggin it Up"

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Geah  
Geah  
C'mon geah (right)  
C'mon

I comes from the depths of hell  
Where - killin' niggas roam  
Illegal mobile phones, 4-5's and 9's: that's chrome  
Abbreviated sets is where they macks  
Crack sales in stacks  
Government pay no taxes  
If one times roll through they get hit up  
No bullet proof vest protects that chest  
Blood gets spit up (geah)  
You can't believe it like Aids with Eazy  
Fools be droppin when I be  
Poppin 'em straight lookin' breezy (geah)  
Damn why the fuck do they live like that?  
How come  
Every lil' park boy carry a gat? (I don't know)  
Pull car jacks and drive-by's on innocent by (I don't  
know) standers  
Intimidate niggas who can't stand us (geah)  
So baby don't be caught nappin'  
In clubs, we scrappin on blocks  
We cappin on niggas, we straight snappin' (that's right)  
The way you livin' ain't worth a fuck (geah)  
We straight thuggin' it up c'mon (geah)

Somebody say  
Geah  
Somebody say  
Geah (that's right)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon nigga

I walks around with the glocks all day  
Puttin in work that Compton way (Compton)  
Back pocket of the khakis where the rag sticks out  
One time comin fast(geah)

I hear the cluck shout, but uh...  
It's too late, I done stuffed the rocks up in my ass  
But I dash like the flash quick fast to get my cash  
Cause ain't no future in this frontin  
Corners I bend to get more ends (geah)  
On fools I'm dumpin'  
And to my homies I got clout  
Baby black's got stack and my mom's trying to figure  
me out  
Where the fuck you get that chain around your neck  
son?  
Where the fuck you get your hands on that damn gun?  
(geah)  
I said momma please  
Cause I got dreams of slangin' ki's, rollin' on D's  
Bear wit' me cause this live is fucked (geah)  
Streiht thuggin' it up, c'mon geah

Somebody say  
Geah  
Somebody say  
Geah (that's right)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
Geah  
Compton  
Yeah  
West Side (geah)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up

Shit ain't worked out to good  
Cause jealous ass fellows got my name floatin' all  
through the hood  
So now I rolls with the 9  
Watch my back for the pack and even One Time  
Mom's on nervous status  
Put her on tha midnight train like Gladys  
I see some headlights late night in the mirror  
I make 2 turns, they make 2 turns now it's time to burn  
I hits the pedal then i jet  
Duckin' while they buckin', I'm buckin' back cause I ain't  
dead yet  
I caught 2 slugs from his chrome (damn)  
But he caught 2 slugs in his dome (pop pop)  
Now it's time to take me home  
And I'm lyin on my back (geah)  
Spittin up blood, and I'm thinkin' to my muthafuckin self  
No more livin' in this life that's fucked (geah)  
Die thuggin' it up, c'mon geah

Somebody say  
Geah  
Somebody say  
Geah (that's right)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon  
Compton  
Somebody say  
WEST SIDE!  
Somebody say  
Geah  
We straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon  
Straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon geah  
Straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon sing  
My homie Short  
Casual  
Tight Loc  
Rest in Peace

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