

Naughty By Nature "Thugs & Hustlers"

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Aw shit, here we go
Aw, there go my niggas over there
Yeah, there go my thugs over there
There go them bitches over there
Look out for shots for my real niggas

Where my thugs, where my hustlers at?
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at? Say what?
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at?
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at? Say what?

The henny's in me, you can't change that
Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at

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Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?
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Now why should locs give a fuck?
What? Nigga my mental's stuck
I gotta be dirty damn near all the time, strapped the
fuck up
Post the fuck up, smoked the fuck up, locked the fuck
up

When the po po come we don't choke the fuck up, punk
Bitch ass niggas know they can't run with me
Real ass niggas they get it done with me
Because they want with me

Ha, it's just the low life I live
Shit forever we ride, dub sac, my homey done died
My head stays busted
All motherfuckin' day, off that henny blessed with
alhezay

Hey, what, gangstafied, 'bout it, 'bout it, 'til I die nigga
Bounce to this and if you dig it press rewind

See now my thugs do the gangsta and the killin' and stealin'
While my hustlers do the bankin' and the dealin' for millions
My pimps be curlin', crimpin', straight pimpin' and illin'
My gangsta thugs on this club on the motherfuckin' realin'

See, some motherfuckers got loot to get
Well, it's just some motherfuckers can't shoot for shit
So my hustlers call my thugs for the slugs for the hit
And yeah, my thugs roll and shoot in the hoop like a six

Came from east to the west playin' steelo with below
Niggas fought drinkin' corpse, too much cut on the kilos
So we took every jewel that he just bought from tito
Then below rolled him through the desert
Left him bleedin' in reno, without a c-note

A section or a solid to sell it
Ain't married fuck a ring, save the carats for rabbits
'Cuz a pimp and a thug and a hustler know
You trick your grip, the bitch got rich and you's the hoe,
woah

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You see them packin' niggas goin' in the club, token,
smokin' bud
Ain't no security at the door so they ain't even get
touched
Now they better tear this motherfucker up
If you one of them niggas, us

Straight to the parkin', lift them nigga what
We all thugged out, got on khakis, fatigues and boots
Just watchin' all the loud talkers floss they cheese and

jewels
Clean diamond rings and suits, we ain't hatin' nigga we
hungry

And we'll rob your ass with the quickness if you show
me the money
Call it whatever my nigga but I call it being a thug and a
hustler
And you gotta have the nuts to be both
And I gotta roll with the raws and get with the steady
regardless

Fuck, how much your bitch and how many niggas you
with
See, we the ones that like to crash the party
Drink all the forties up and disrespect every nigga in
there
'Cuz we don't give a fuck, we don't

Just 'cuz I be rappin' and all my records went platinum
Don't exactly mean I had to get rid of my thug mentality
But I know some niggas be fakin' themselves
That's 'cuz they hoes

And when they get caught up in confrontations they be
scared as hell
Ain't nothin' wrong with bein' a thug, but y'all got to
keep it real
So don't you get your ass on wax tellin' lies about how
you live
Now I dedicate this to my real strugglers

Make 'em feel ya, fuck makin' em love ya
And y'all gon' learn, them thugs and hustlers
Hustlers, hustlers

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