

## New Order

### "Tough Guy"

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(chorus)

Everbody on the streets,  
This a lil thesis coming from me  
When I throw up baggets, sitting at the bar  
Or smokin a lil red life in my car  
I dont know what you came to see,  
Nigga just out here feeding my kids  
Throw up the duece and let me slide on by  
Cuz everybody wants to be a tough guy

[Verse One: Big Boi]

Crusin down the street, minding my business cuz I'm  
trill  
Stopped at the ATM, grabbed a thousand dollar bill  
Now I peel, like apples and peaches because I'm chill  
And niggas around my city respect me because I'm  
real  
But still, the things I see from day to day it hurts me  
When I'm off in the '79 Seville or the Bonneville  
Niggas wanna hurt me, absurd g  
I know it, betta believe I tote something for it  
And I got a slogan like Nike but it goes like this: "Just  
Know It"  
And I'm not the type of person be riding around yo  
block just flashy  
Just came to the store to get some black and milds and  
a lil bit of 93 gas,G  
Wanna blast me, get sassy, say negative things about  
OutKast G  
Riding all on a nigga dick, all you had to do was just  
dap me, come slap me  
You the bad man, so go ahead and touch my cheek  
then  
But we'll be burying you and your whole motherfucking  
family by the weekend  
I'm calling your bluff, go'n and buck, I got my squad we  
trapping  
AC gone slap this nigga, he aint bucking, he just  
yapping, yea!

(chorus)

[Verse Two: Bun B]

Say, we took it from packing the pistols,  
To jacking this missiles  
To stacking my crystals  
Now my torpedo's even cracking your missile  
When we start, aint no stopping us  
We too smart and too popular  
Take yo toys and we topple em  
Resort to the dopplar  
To the agent underground well known as Stankonia  
Where trill as niggas go one and bad ass bitches be  
boning ya  
I'm warning ya, niggas i'll fill the middle of yo ?moni up  
And make yo broad lick her pony up, its that platinum  
shit  
Called zonia, tell Tommy blow me up  
I aint Mariah, bitch I'm the messiah can't no  
motherfucker show me up  
UGK a set nigga, throw me up  
Fuck catching a case bitch, i'll lace you and yo homey  
up.  
Cuz we the cream coming out of the crop  
The steam coming out of the pot  
And the team coming out at the top  
Your baddest or not, these niggas getting shattered or  
shot  
Splattered for props, man you should'nt've left your gat  
at your spot

(chorus)

[Verse Three: Pimp C]

Pimp C bitch, I'm a country star  
I got a country mansion and a country car  
I got a country bitch, I made a country son  
I got some country nuts, I Keep a country gun  
I dont fuck with nobody in this shit but bun  
So if you pay me a mil, you gotta give that nigga one  
Fuck boys talk shit, but them bitch niggas know  
That UGK run the streets, and we put dick in your hoe  
Whether weed or blow, I keep an open store  
I keep my hair cut low, 44 on the floor  
You can test me, Snow, we got the glass for sho  
Get your mind on your money, cuz you playing with you  
dough  
Bitches who ready to go, say you moving to slow  
If you wasn't bout sucking it, what you fucking with me  
for  
The quarters in the side in case you didn't know,  
I'm Sweet Jones Bitch and I'm an old school pro, pro,

pro

(chorus)

[Verse Four: Dre]

Since the beginnig of time, until the present of now  
There are beauty shop playas also intelligent clowns  
Got they blue cuts with brown, booty grinding the  
ground

It's the sound thats created when we get up to get  
down.

Stimulate my imag-

-ination with exag-

-geration of stanking light

That can't be right but we laughed

To keep from crying, sighing, hugged by cutie-pie and  
Deftifying acts of a blacks not scared of dying

Y'all act like you'never take no bubble bath,

Gone to Blockbuster and act like you ain't never  
cuddled after

You poked her, stroked, soaked her, provoked her

To reach for the sky when she's high on your holster

I'm posed to, roast ya, toast ya, close ya

Motherfucking mouth for I'm almost closed to the end

So when they ask you what school do you attend?

Say Stankonia High, then throw two in the wind.

ha ha ha ha.....

(chorus) X 2

Music rides out

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