

Crooked Fingers

"How To Thug"

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The cops hate my skin
So they wanna do me in
Shove me in the pen
Have me serving 5 to 10
I grew up in the city where the itch you gotta sin
Now just wanna be like mu suburbia friends
But instead I got a thug, yeah
I got a thug, I got a thug
The streets taught me how to thug

Wait a minute, my mother's flat broke
And my father ain't around
My whole family starving, man I gotta hold us down
I loaded up my chopper, hit that other side of town
Robbed that dealer for a couple of pounds,
My nigger learning how to thug, learning how to thug
I had to learn how to thug, how to thug

I ain't finished, society hates me but that hate is really
fear
I'm praying every day that that hate would disappear
They treat me like I ain't shit and the message is very
clear
While the devil is whispering in my ear

When it come to thuging I got a master degree
Sitting here in this county jail imagining me
The future me, not the one that's always trapped in the
streets
Not the one that see his own family wrapped in them
sheets
I'm like the president of thugging, as I practice my
speech
Simultaneously I'm thinking I'm the cat to...
Even when I'm sleep, I don't see no actual peace
I'm dreaming, I'm bleedin', after squeezing after police
Nobody gives a fuck about a nigger broken in pain
You see him in front of the liquor store won't even
throw him some change
When he die, john doe is his name
Is that my destiny, I'm going insane

Load up my chrome in the rain
Erase a pain for future, that's what I can do with my
glock 9
Should I pop it or just call the suicide hot line
Tears rolling down my face is do or die, stop crying
Green light, I'm dead or it's music my stop sign
I'm in a crack hotel, I'm living grimy
Sick of hitting links plus I really don't trust my crimies
Mind state is slimy, I kill you and then yell why me,
don't try me
Gotta put this life behind me
See I was brain washed, talked that I wouldn't be shit,
believed it
Now these trouble waters got me sea sick
The upper class show love like the tits nepotisms
The lower class we thug is a defense mechanism
To protect... against them
The penitentiary system fit them in and they never miss
them
Just look for better victims
And politicians never listen
Do whatever's bitching
They eat in a better kitchen
They on television, promising better conditions
It's a repetition of lies open your eyes
Either let your reckless listen
Listen, we shooting at the wrong targets
Talking out the side of our neck, believing our own
charges
I thought that I was cursed by the gods
Dropped in the ghetto, piss pour against impossible
odds
Track with these charlatans and philosophical frauds
In a place where being a... is a logical job
Change always starts with the man in the mirror
So I'm talking to myself like hey crooked I, I can hear
you
Give me your 38 stub, a mask and some gloves
I can teach the whole world how to thug
But how bout how to love?
Yeah, we need love
We need love in the hood
One time for some love in the hood
Two times for some loves in the hood...
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