

## The Blues Brothers

### "I'm a Thug"

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[Trick Daddy]

Funk, hit me up with some of that thug  
Huh.. yup, just like dat, hit 'em in the chest with it  
One time, one time again in the head  
For Buddy Ro y'all, check it out

[Chorus]

I don't know.. what this world's gonna bring  
But I know one thing.. that this is the life for me  
(Baby cause I'm a thug)  
All day every day (baby cause I'm a thug)  
Wouldn't change for the world (uh uh, cause I'm a  
thug)  
That's right you heard (baby cause I'm a thug)  
Ah hah, oh yeah (check it out)

[Trick Daddy]

Could it be my baggy jeans, or my gold teeth  
That make me different from y'all  
Ain't trippin dog, but listen dog  
I was raised a little different than y'all  
I'm just doing my thang, usin my ghetto slang  
And I'm representin thug shit  
Niggaz who I roll with  
Watch them niggaz they're gon' love this  
Niggaz who - out on bond, on the run  
And got ten years on parole  
Since you can't say it dog, I'ma say it for y'all  
Motherfuck the po-po's (uh-huh)  
Fuck the judge and C.O.'s, fuck the D.A. and P.O.'s  
Fuck the family of the victim,  
witness, and snitchin ass hoes - nigga

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

See I'm so tight, niggaz be like  
That nigga got so many hoes  
And I know he got clout, look at his mouth  
That nigga got so many golds  
Niggaz be tellin they hoes

There's some'n up with that nigga  
Bitch I've been watchin you watchin him  
You must wanna fuck this nigga  
My name alone, been known to break up happy homes  
(uh-huh) No disrespect dog  
but you ain't have no business even answering her  
phone  
("Hello? Who is this?") If your ass was home, then  
Me and her couldn'ta been gettin it on (hold on)  
And you couldn't have been hittin her right  
Cause ever since that night she been hittin the phone  
She want a thug

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

Since y'all niggaz wanna smoke the blunts, pump the  
guns  
I'ma show you how to thug it dog (thug it dog)  
Give me half a pill, and some Zephyrhill  
and I'm like fuck it dog (fuck it dog)  
Long as my ecstasy got the best of me (ec-stasy)  
Then none of you niggaz ain't stressin me  
I got one request in this bitch  
And you can have the rest of this shit (bitch)  
If a nigga drop some shit, it's wack as hell  
and don't make no damn sense (uh-huh)  
Take it back, talk about it, and tell yo' dog  
"Don't even buy that shit!"  
And I don't care who he is, or where he from  
I represent thug shit  
And you ain't gotta give me my props or nominate me  
Cause dammit I love this

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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