1982 f/ Lil' Fame

"Thugathon"

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[Intro] Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr Show off, show off... (AHHHH~!) Yeah, yeah!! Termanolo-GY! S, T! Mo P'S! [Lil' Fame] Yeah, F-izzay, M-izzay, block hugger shit That ol' gutter shit, fuck all that other shit These niggaz soft with them whack-ass love songs Them and they baby moms cut 'em with, suck a dick Who you fuckin with? Y'all ain't fuckin with Jamal Y'all see how I'm up in this bitch, and I got my rubber on If you really wanna thug it, C'MON~! Fuck it we can thug it let's turn this bitch into a thugathon My street cred is good fuck goin in my account I can get your head popped off with no money down That one-eight-seven is the hometown's favorite Inhale the gunsmoke that's the fo'-pound fragrance {*inhales deeply*} And your LP was upset Shoulda named that shit "Press Eject" So apologize to your fans for the disrespect It's Mo P's, and S-T, nigga we gets respect C'mon, it's the thugathon! [Termanology] You get killed quick, 'bout time the ill spic and my ill clique get bitches wet like Will Smith Yo it's T-Eezy, R-M, Gambeezy My three-eight put mad bullets in yo' weezy Flow master, psycho, foe blaster Flow plasma clear, you can't come after Throw half your body, in the Charles River My squad hit up mad drug spots and shoot shit up Sauce nasty, S-T, gun flashin Mashin out any pussy niggaz that's askin Throw staples in they head, dump lead My guns spread all over Mass. and shake feds Fuck coppers, guns rock ya much shotters Blow your fuckin brains out like old mobsters Don't gotta, John Gotti, Joe Pesci The mo' guns I got that mean the mo' messy Nigga BLAOW~! [scratches by Statik Selektah] "Who that?" "Lil' Fame" "Who that?" "Termanology" "Who that?" "Statik Selektah" "Let 'em know nigga" "Termanology" "and Lil' Fizzy" "From B.K. pah where we still bang Biggie" "Right now bye-bye" "1982" "It's the world renowned"

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