

2Pac F/ Jasmine Guy "For My Thugs"

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[Jay-Z]

This one for the future
Everybody wanna be a Roc-a-fella gangsta
Hard for the street, sicka for the club
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs

Hey yo, niggas wanna drive by the hood and dump
Come on stupid, I clap up from your hood to the trunk
Foot on the floor, back on the wall, good with the pump
Blast through your stomach, stupid, you can look
through your lunch
Is this what you want? Niggas that's clappin that priest
Runnin the streets, lawless, blastin police
Stickin Furby's out the window, snatchin your niece
And nah, we don't just rap we clap you past the seats
Me with the twin eagle, B. Sigel and Bleek
And I got the whole city ready to throw toast wit' me
I'm loved, niggas wanna throw slugs with Jigga
All they, need is a reason to show love for Jigga
Niggas wanna go back to back, till both of our gats
clack
Till we reload in three seconds flat, I'm back
Niggas ain't met ya hat till we entered through ya
shoulder
And we exit out ya back, gangsta nigga

[Chorus]

Jay-Z: I flow hard for the street, sicka for the club
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs
Bleek: To my thug niggas, slug niggas, tear the club
niggas
My "I don't give a fuck niggas."
Both: It's all love niggas

[Memhpis Bleek]

Cock and shoot it, smoke, whole city polluted
When I talk the whole block muted
Like E.F. Hutton style
Bleek not frontin now
We suit up for war with no button down
We clip up and zip up, hit your wip up

Put 4 in your cage, the other 4 in your face
And you don't want that
I catch a nigga, who ain't pump at
Send 'em to one of my custy's and bring a lung back
Me, Bean, Jay, shit you can't front that
Weed, coke, dope, Bleek nigga pump that
Stay in the game for my beef, I tote up
Sit blow in the seat, my weed I roll up
Smoke one to the head, come between my stomach
and leg
Yeah I'm the thuggin the street
You don't want nothing with Bleek
Its Roc-A, Fella for life, you know that shit
Get your guns, get your ones, nigga throw that shit

[Chorus]

Jay-Z: I flow hard for the street, sicka for the club
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs
Bleek: Where my thug niggas, slug niggas, tear the
club niggas
My "I don't give a fuck niggas."
Both: It's all love niggas

[Amil]

This goes out to my give head bitches, my suck pussy
niggas
Supply cookie niggas
Yo I live for the sheets, I die for the sheets
And I got spit for beets, like I ride for my peeps
Yo I love this glamour shit, but bitch I been gutter
Before can I get it and double excel covers
I thought I heard somebody say they want some
hardcore
I like everything from my dick to my bras raw
Now, is my street niggas no into this
Now, is my street bitches not into this
Wild loud like my thugs do up in the tunnel
You know the rock ??? itchy finger the tussle
This territory locked, no more room in this hustle
Check the sound scan we getting platinum plaques and
bundles
Verses I lye them down, they never die down
If the crowd rile down then fire another round

[Chorus]

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[Beanie Sigel
I squeeze guns that'll go through your jeep
You know I'm controllin the street
Beanie Sigel, Hove, and Bleek
I keep rope and a baby mack
Don't get your ladies snatched
Comin out that baby gat
Fuckin with a crazy cat
I know you wanna lay me flat
Shit, plenty niggas wanna pay me back
Win on stick-ups turn thou' avalanche pick-ups
For the soft and the cooked up they lost when they
looked up
Why you think I roll with the Roc?
Shit, everybody I roll wit Hash-E
Everybody I roll wit got
Ain't stopping me from takin over blocks
West coast style, S.K. with the shoulder stop
Order hour fifteen, I spur on your team
Four pound heckling cocked
Jeckle ya block, settin off Viper alarms
Strikin ya moms
Roc-a-fella dynasty gotcha right in their palms

[Chorus]

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