

50/50 Twin f/ Yung Ro, Mista Madd**"All My Thuggz"**

Visit "[All My Thuggz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

50/50, Yung Ro, Mista Madd

Bringing you, some mo' thug ish

Yeah, all about this green cheese

This for my thugs, feel me on this

No, feel us on this ay

[50/50 Twin]

50/50 got grind, cause he was born with it

I thank God all the time, that I was born fitty

I don't call pshycic lines, or get palm reading

I put a rain coat on my spine, when I see the storm
reaching

Um briefly, I must describe a hustler with heart

From his greens cheese, to God struggled apart

Dump his main squeeze, you know why she bugging
him a lot

Over petty things, like why we never go chill at the park

If it's cash, he get it five dollars and up

He don't flash, but really got Impalas and trucks

The stash, gon fill it ten thousand dollars and up

Sleep fast, enough chilling now it's time to get bucks

Roll one deep, that way he don't have to split nicks

Roll one sweet, that way he can stash it really quick

Clothes come cheap, that way he ain't attractive to
chicks

Four hundred G's, practically he having them bricks

[Hook]

All my thugs, bust your guns

Represent your shit, throw up your hood you from

Fire up the hydro, if you holding some

Grind and get your million, that you're focused on

Soon as you get some bread, here the roaches come

If they have they hand out, give em no response

Matter fact, watch the hoes cause those the ones

Try not to spend shit, even fold your ones

[Yung Ro]

You niggaz got me fucked up, bucked down and
sideways

Pain In Full starving artists, and I ain't ate in my five days
I got five ways to get do', I'ma give you three
Pimping hustling, and rapping on beats
I'm grinding in these streets, Boogie D a crack cutter
A B county headbuster, serving them crack suckers
We got crack for crackheads, that'll crack your head
Pregnant smokers take a puff, and crack they eggs
And if they late paying us, Cat'll crack your legs
We so deep in this shit, we gotta tap the FEDs
You never know what niggaz wearing, so I aim for the head
And always check my clientele, in case they came with the FEDs
I'ma slowly torture you, until you tell me who hired you
Put a bullet in your head, if I feel they wired you
Where my thugs at grinding, surran brick wrapping
I'm at cross relationships, trying not to quit rapping

[Hook]

[Mista Madd]

I ain't gon say they saved the best for last, it was out of respect
A bunch of killers on my payroll, so you don't wanna flex
I never do dirt, I got dirty cats that get dirty
And they already know, I got a ton of attorneys
Paid In Full is the streets, but call me the Don
Y'all little tricks in the game, I done this for way too long
I use to be Mista Madd, cause local rappers made me pissy
Now you niggaz wanna sign, you niggaz use to diss me
Twin call me the mob boss, but Marcus calls me pa
That there, that's the um B I just bought
Don't hate me little daddy, cause I love myself
Sometimes I wanna jump back, and kiss myself
This little broad on my brain, she gon kiss myself
I do em two at a time, uh-uh I don't need no help
See I'm heavy in the game, moving weight but not weight
These c.d.'s I serve the cookie cutters, mad so I bake
Giving five orders shake, Paid In Full is my faith
The million dollar deal turned down, it's what I already made
See you jumped on the first deal, your label would offer
That's why your label's like the legend, of that boy Jimmy Hoffa
No one can find ya, man tell me where you are

All you saw was the stars, and you ain't even a star
Hey look at that dude there, in that color changing car
Admit it it's hard, but Mista Madd just went hard

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [50/50 Twin f/ Yung Ro, Mista Madd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.