

Binary Test Record

"Thug Joint"

Visit "[Thug Joint](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

I used to be a thug but now I'm a believer
I used to be a thug I know how it feels
I used to be a thug but now a believer
No more thug and no more deals

Ok doc my occupation was thuggin'
The whole nine, I mean the robbin' the dealin' the muggin'
The Clubin' the premarital lovin'
The type to put one in the oven but I wasn't tryin' to be the husband
Sin was Lord and I always obeyed the Master
It told me "sell drugs" just to get the paper faster
Let me go to church but would let me imitate the pastor
It only let me imitate my favorite rapper
So the deal was I grew up doin' the ill stuff
Would fight the cops 'til they threw on the steal cuffs
Go in do my bid like the mack
When it was done say, "cool out kids---I'll be back."
But lately there's been some friction
I've been feeling sort of sick from this heart condition
It's an unusual affliction, when I do wrong that's when it kicks in
(From your description, you know it sounds like conviction)
I knew something was going wrong when I bumped in
To a kid so soft I thought his name should be Pumpkin
Recognizing he was a weaker type of creature
I decided to take his beeper and his sneakers
You could tell for this kid a fight was a rare sport
Cause with ease I held him up like flights at an airport
He pleaded, "Don't take my beeper, I need it
And, "...not my sneaks, let me keep my brand new Adidas
That's when signs of the sickness manifested
My mind said, "Be nice and do what the man suggested."
I broke down like a fraction
Gave him back what I took away like subtraction
I'm puzzled and I'm struggling through this distraction

The reciprocal of my typical reaction, dag blast him!
I made tracks and then a flash back happened
That's when the rugged me kicked back in

[Chorus]

Now last week I was in my dad's black jeep
Rollin' mad deep with mad peeps smashed in the back
seat
We took a back street, a Pontiac tried to pass me
I sped up and made him crash by the trash heap
The accident was nasty if you ask me
I would have laughed but then it happened again,
the sickness harassed me
Oh no, not again. I had hurt a lot of men
But never felt bad before even when I shot a friend
For ease I thought I should step to the weed spot
Cause I was loosing my cool like melted freeze pops
My knees knocked as my conscience eaves dropped
found a weak spot
And said, "You sin too much, please stop!"
Peep the situation as it gets deeper
I started getting second thoughts about getting' the
reefer
But what scared me was the internal reasoning
It was, God sees you man, and your not pleasing Him"
This was hard to swallow like food with out seasonin'
Me believe in Him, I rather not breath again
Before receivin' Him
You would see a turtle beat a rabbit and a cheetah in
the 100m's friend
That's all that was the last straw I was ready to blast off
To a place I didn't have enough cash for
But with the swiftness, the sickness turned up the pitch
And with the quickness I felt it clutch me like a stick
shift

[Chorus]

Yea you have no idea just how absurd it is
But check the word of this witness, now get this, I heard
of this
Crew that could rip rhymes murderously, but I heard it
would be
Christian, I thought absurd as can be
And churches to me can make the hard rocks feel
nervous
But I went because I heard this would be an outdoor
service
I got there and saw mad youth noddin' to mad truth
Rockin' mad hats and suits and not plaid suits

As truth crashed through my heart ached like a bad
tooth
This hard rock got softer than brown spots on bad fruit
I came with a heart stone like a statue then the rap
group
Got under my skin like a tattoo
The rapped about a man diein' and I was cryin'
They said He died so I could be saved like Private Ryan
We all could see zoomorphically He's a lion
Coming to rule from Zion with a scepter of iron
Trying to hold back tears that wanted to flow jack
Couldn't control that, it felt like my soul cracked
In half and Jesus started lookin' much bigger than
drugs pullin' a trigger
And it was a first that I ever felt so cursed next to One
so perfect
My soul thirsted to worship
Scufflin', tustlin', my feathers, He ruffled them
I tried to duck Him and tried to get back to my hustlin'
I must have been affected more than I could have
imagined
Cause that's been all I can think about since it
happened

Visit [Binary Test Record](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.