

Bob Martin

"Thug Love"

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[Hook - Both]

I got love for my Bloods, got love for my Crips
Got love for my thugs, and we don't trip - we get rich
Love for my disciples, love for my lords
Pitchforks and fivestars, street soldiers for sure
Got love for Latin kings, and love for MEXICO!
S.A.'s and L.K.'s joint, coast to coast
Love the everyday hustlin, bustlin, musclin but what
When we war, we stay strugglin

[Treach]

I got a plan, a pound, a payment; let's roll
I'm seein red, the blue, the brown, black, and gold
Time to stand as one and snatch back the soul
Gangsters, we all can jack back control
Got the bitches comin with the booty and bubbly
Time to discuss streets cuz shit got ugly
I thought they all facin enemy to enemy
Cuz ain't a motherfuckin thang here industry
Who in here bangin over money, or a bitch that you
ain't sure to get
Or soon as you get it, split it
Over a block that's hot, or a chain that he got
The nigga he popped, or over the dimes that HE
dropped
Either way we got a bil' a day
Cuz nowadays it's kids that spray, they feel that way
And if we chill and wait, and don't delibrate
You see they feel that way, and then they kill that way

[Hook]

[Vinnie]

I love my niggas to the death of me
I think it's my motherfuckin destiny
My homies bringin out the best in me
Shout to my people out on the streets who don't be
stessin me
See what you fake niggas can't feel
Is that the real recognize real
Niggas who rob and steal,

could give a fuck about image and sex appeal
So when they see you on the streets (Nigga you know
the deal)
Ayyo these so-called gangsters, as so-called hard
I seen 'em rollin with a million man entourage
But then they still get touched on by the law
That makes me think, what the fuck they even hired
'em for
You see we all in the same gang
Because we've all hit the same thang
But now it's time niggas game changed
And while he's sleepin callin us "lost souls"
We send a million O.G.'s straight to the pole

[Chorus]

[Treach singing] 2x
You got my back, I got yo' back
You got yo' strap, I got my strap
We got it, and you know it
We got it, and you know it

[Treach]
As our people with a purpose, see the shit surface
They get us, cuz the feds is the nigga you do the dirt
with
Sick of pleading "Your Honor" fuck you, contempt on
gettin calmer
Sick of these warrants, and drinkin and drivin drama
Time to, get connected, and stop makin them records
Bout slangin and bangin, but they can't hold it when it
get hectic
Alotta niggas live soft and act hard
Alotta rappers be claimin they be gangsters but
trackstars
Alotta cops kick ass, for quick cash, and fast cars
The bottom of the beaten niggas with the last scars
I'ma do Diallo, I feel dawg he was hollow
If we don't fight today, it's nothin to fight for tomorrow

[Chorus] 2x

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