

Brandy F/ Ray J

"Still Thuggish Ruggish"

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(Verse 1)

Niggas stay hashed out, hashed out
Mash on these niggas til we passed out, passed out
Laugh at these niggas cause we assed out, lets bow
These niggas smacked me in the fast lane
last thangs I need is enemies, is that fame?
Well that shit is lame oh no
Original bang bang gotta maintain the main thang baby
Lately always runnin from ladies
cause no one's thinkin bout my babies
Just maybe I'll be lonely left, cause y'all gone crazy
Got everybody out here wonderin if I'm broke, I don't
play that
And we pray, and we pray
let everybody say that, and you can do what the fuck
you wanna do
Not like way back, hey
Got mail from the payback, it's evil all around
Now, here we are, praise God, don't hold us down
Praise God, don't hold us down
Praise God, don't hold us down
If you got to get your clown on wit'cha
top down when ya hear the cop sound
I gotta go punch em, calm down
And when you're in the club drunk and you think you
see a punk
he just might have a pump in the trunk, and ready to
fuck you up(up)
You niggas can't get near me by not carryin the
load(load)
as soon as you get babies, she can't wait to say, hello
These niggas think they Panthers, keep movin, go get
some Pampers
any questions get on your knees and get the answer
Evidently everyday

(Chorus)

Who the only nigga you know?
Who the only nigga you know, that's thuggish ruggish?
Ooh ain't shit changed

Who the only nigga you know?
Who the only nigga you know, that's thuggish ruggish?
Ooh ain't shit changed

Who the only nigga you know?
Who the only nigga you know, that's thuggish ruggish?
I still do the ditches with my song still fuckin with the
lights on
Sit up and real enough to look at the kids
and tell em momma ain't with us, us, us, us ...

(Verse 2)

It won't be easy believe this
We were birth inside the fetus
ghetto mamas still caught up in ghetto drama think of
Columbine,
pop pop, what if it happened to mine?
Will I get paid and keep quiet, or say, fuck that and
start a riot?
Niggas lyin to me demons keep flyin to me
chuckin many in the street pimpin me fakin lets make
history
My people keep the flame in me help me make this
money on my family
I can feel it even if I died burn me
They can't kill it if they wanted to my spirits keep on
hauntin you
Can't wait cause I'm the realest
I come with the wickedness and pillage the village
Stick with runaways
Fuck these house niggas and grab your crotch nigga
You slouch rat mouse, niggas bounce, niggas bounce,
niggas bounce

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

And my daddy, daddy, daddy's on the chain gang
tell em bout the gunline boss the same thing
And I hope they took a good picture somebody's out to
get ya
Lay me down shit's gonna happen right up wit cha
I've seen murder on the news burnin smellin up the
room
And the bang won't let me sleep
I put in me latch, latched with a broom
Strategize like, ahh, and it will materialize
Fantisize like, ahh, and never materialize
What am I the dead weight? It'll be okay
I'm hopin that choo choo ride out the real chance, real
here

So all my people with AIDS we can sit down and play
some spades
I ain't afraid to to die smoked with Eazy everyday

(Chorus till fade)

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