

## **Snoop Doggy Dogg "In Love With A Thug"**

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[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah, this shit right here sound like a love song  
(she was in love)

A gangsta love song, you feel me? Check it out  
(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)  
(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)

Yeah, gangsta, uh-huh!

Have you ever had a pretty, young saditty  
Black female with chips, from the city?  
Her momma got ends, and her daddy got ends  
And she liked to give me ends when I'm out with my  
friends  
Good girl - why do good girls like bad boys? (I don't  
know)

When I was a kid, growin up, I never had toys  
And I think that she can figure that shit out (why?)  
Cause everytime she came to pick a nigga up  
Shit, she'd take a nigga out

Roll around town, ask the pound, they know, look  
Baby was my thang, nah, she was my low-low  
Bought my first Rol-o, and then we took a photo  
together

Man I hope this thang last forever  
We been together six months, and we ain't argued yet  
She lovin a nigga, steady buyin me shit  
And don't say shit when I dip with my click  
And understand, when I'm down and out  
may need some help with some chips  
Her mother approved of me, but her father he don't  
He probably won't, shit Pops ain't no punk  
Daddy's little girl be in a gangsta's world  
Buyin me houseshoes and khaki blues, California curls  
No matter what her father say, baby gon' see me  
It's like a jungle sometimes, that makes me Wonder  
like Stevie

Believe me, when I say that baby was in love with a  
thug

In love with a thug

Chorus: repeat 2X

(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)

Daddy I'm in love with a gangsta  
(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)  
Momma I'm in love with a gangsta

[Snoop Dogg]

Mm.. I'm caught up in the middle and I don't know what  
to do

I caught eight months in the joint, behind my crew

That I gotta do and I'ma miss you Boo

But I'ma write you every night and call you on the  
phone too

Whatchu gon' do? "You know I'm gon' stay true

But I'ma go ahead to college like my father want me to"

Well um, off to my cell withcha body on my mind

And I'ma call you back tomorrow round the same time

I'm on the mainline, 9500 for short

On another phonenumber, holla'n at my other hoe

This bitch ain't sayin SHIT, cause the bitch ain't SHIT

Old fat golddiggin-ass county check receivin BEOTCH

I bail up in the Day Room and get in a scrap

Niggaz watchin Soul Train and I wouldn't turn it back

(man fuck y'all)

Never caught slippin, always on strap

And now I'm back in the hole with no motherfuckin  
getback

Sit back and contemplate, and think about baby

And hope she don't get caught up in the world that's so  
crazy

But while I'm up in Wayside, and she off in college

She gettin a little mo' than a schoolgirl knowledge

Cause gangsta-ass niggaz go to school nowadays

I tried to make you wait, but I can't change yo' ways

She fell in love with the local G

And now they both in the penitentiary, she didn't  
mention me

Chorus 2X

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