

## Spice 1

### "Thuggin'"

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f/ Kokane, Tray Deee

\* send corrections to the typist

(Spice 1)

I been thuggin' since my adolescents  
All of my homies and peers tucked in the killers  
And pimps perfectin' their profession  
Never confessin', or tellin' when they police possession  
Snitches and bitch ass niggas pleadin' police  
protection  
We turn the globe till the day we die (die)  
Spinnin' the world on my finger like Alan Eye  
Cali's finest, real motherfuckers fo' sure  
And they don't make real niggas like us no mo'  
It's a rare breed, I been thuggin' since eighty-five (five)  
At the age of fifteen, yeah my draws hella high  
With a thirty-eight snub (snub) bangin' on other  
pushers (pushers)  
I even had the t-a-tech nine in the bushes  
But now I'm pushin' Cali trucks and six hundreds  
stand blunted, givin' slugs to niggas who got it comin'  
We ain't ridin' for nothin' (shit) they don't front forever  
thuggin'  
Suckers cross the game and suffer the re-percussions

(Chorus: Kokane)

Thuggin' makes the world go, around and round  
And around... mayn, thuggin' makes the world go  
Thuggin' makes the world go, around and round  
And around... mayn, thuggin' makes the world go

(Tray Deee)

I'ma start mine checkin' with the hard time records  
Lower class known to mash born to blast any second  
It's that criminal, original, Tray Deee the imperial  
Gangsta's spit anger through your motherfuckin'  
stereo  
Doghouse style with the chucks and curl  
Off a bottle with my motto strictly fuck the world  
As I bust a pearl and the chrome at your cranium

Whoever get wounded shoulda knew where I was  
aimin' them  
Haulin' out the set fingers seen on my neck  
But no comin' fourth to court cause my team is on deck  
Insane to the fullest with the bullets to prove  
Ninety-nine point nine per cent of you can't stand in my  
shoes  
I gang bang for a hobby, murder, robbery and kidnap  
And gettin' in my business, point this way you can get  
clapped  
Now sit back and peep gangsta's fool  
Now sit back and peep gangsta's fool

(Chorus: Kokane)

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(Spice 1)

Teflon and clutsey glass, S-Class and escalade  
Forty-five, calacoals, jewels and french braids  
Niggas mean mug, I'm in the nature of a thug  
Finna room to a tomb we boss playin' and blowin' blood  
It's West Side mental, extra mash is my mentality  
Niggas bite the bullet and end up with chest cavaties  
Gradually fo'-fo' gon' make niggas define gravity  
Got one foot in the grave and I feelin' my angels  
grabbin' me (damn)  
Stablishly vicious up in the game  
Seen a lot of raw and uncut shit up in these sterets  
mayn  
"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto"  
Pac died in ninety-six and I still can't let go  
My fallen soldiers, love you niggas for stayin' real  
I hope you see me thuggin' still rollin' with heat of steel  
(steel)  
But it don't stop (stop), money, hoes I'm still rushin'  
Still high as fuck, still heat and still bustin'

(Chorus: Kokane)

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