

DJ Clue F/ Memphis Bleek

"Thugged Out Shit"

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Geah, What?
Niggas Bleek, Duro
We live
Thugged out
Marcy, Smoked out
Yeah

Uh, yo, yo
Im on now
Therefore your ready rock
Compare to this fishtale baggin rocks
Now give me Bill Gates money
A little strait money
Big or small faces its been in all places
I was schooled by them older guys
They showed me how to drive these ???
Chop dueces and old rubers
Have a nigga rocked up then knocked up
Plenty y'all wit his chest out gettin stocked up
We trade war stories back on the streets
When we played em messhall
Niggas get'em on his eats
Im a foul little nigga, wild little nigga
Dedicated to these streets a pump valve little nigga
You hear about my wherabouts?
Bitches I don't care about
Money Im a man about
Drama Im a air it out
Niggas hate Bleek cause I live right
You'd love to see me broke frontin
Wit no chips right?

CHORUS: 2x

Who wanna hear some more thugged out shit?(what)
Who wanna hear that get smoked out shit?(geah)
Who want to hear some real live type shit?(huh)
Who want it wit that oh, chest out shit?(what)

But this Bleek life my young niggas I tell ya
I went from a failure, holdin paraphernalia
Weight scales, twelve-twelves, dimes and fishtales

Cooked up and bagged up
My life was fucked up, but I looked at it this way
If I dont make it this way, then im a do it this way
Blaze my heat, while Im after them nickels
Fuck six I chase nine fucken zeros
Digits I got four of them, want five more of them
Bitches when I told'em flies bring more of them
I fuck'em never call'em, my dough must have spoiled
em
Nigga blew roll wit'em but now im ignoring them
This street life kept Bleek tight with heat right
On the ten-speed herbed up, nigga word up
You saw me, but if not your man did
I know I pull gats on y'all for crack shit
Yeah uh-huh

CHORUS:2x

My niggaz roll dice in the back park
We sip bacardi darked wit sprite all night
Till the sky get bruised or thug nigga lose
Pull out two-two's only catch two, hundred
Half the crowd skated ?when? which you wanted
This nigga got shaky and panic when you fronted
When he saw the black kron
I thought the nigga wore a thong
The way he froze his arm
Dukes said its on
He stripped to his drawers when he heard one raw
Took off half ass when the nigga spit more
And we all spit game you niggas ?heard free? game
By soft motherfuckers, you lame mothefuckers
I fall, I get back
To test my worth
I tell heads to hit that, its raw get rid of that
My worker take thirty off a bundle
Dodging the bikers, and'em D's
When they rush the jungle
So we stash in the fences
Sit low on the benches
Keep a small gun in case its on in the trenches
Yo

CHORUS:2x

We live
For the thugged niggas, Marcy
What? We out

