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F.j.o. "Thugs"

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[Magic]

OK, let the fuckin dogs come through OK? Get the fuck out the way man and let the fuckin dogs come through OK? This belongs to us man. We the fuckin thugs.

1 - We thugs

What you ain't heard of us, man we motherfuckin murderers
Nigga we thugs
A million dollars ain't easy to touch
cause us niggaz ain't scared to bust
{repeat 1 x4}

[Magic]

I do my best to keep my past in my past, I remember wearing ski masks

Running from the taz, busting at they stupid asses Coward fuckin bastards would love to see my wrapped up in plastic

With a lock on my casket

But ut uh, ain't goin be none of that Yall will see me jump in my black 'llac with the windows down busting back (Man here come the fuckin coppers)

You think I fuckin worry bitch, I got a fuckin chopper I'm the southerns finest, rewind this

And see if your shit can call me your highness

You can't find this no where else but the south I love ducking but money is what I'm bout

My career is my necessity, who could the best be

Shit, man you motherfuckers testing me

It's No Limit, I leave the war without a motherfucking blemish

Bitch I'm a soldier, I walk in the rain and I won't get wet You motherfuckers better give me respect Bitch I'm Mr. Magic, I thought you knew I was here to

cause havoc

Don't get mad, cause

2 - I'm a thug

What you ain't heard of us, man we motherfuckin murderers

Cause I'm a thug

A million dollars ain't easy to touch cause us niggaz ain't scared to bust {repeat 2 x2}

[C-Murder]

There you have it. (There you have it baby.)

This has been a Mr. Magic presentation, ya dig.

Brought to you by TRU Records.

Millions and millions respect us, ya dig.

Ain't no fakes, ain't no phonies.

Nothing but TRU motherfucking homies.

What's up, what's up P?

What's up Silkk, what's happening Snoop?

Magic, doing your thing.

You put that fucking Ninth Ward on the map too.

Damn, they goin love you for that boy.

This nigga's straight outta New Orleans.

And guess what.

TRU Records can't be stopped nigga.

What's up?

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