

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"Same Ol' Thugs"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Yeah, Freedom of Speech

Somethin' I gotta say to my black women

Matter fact, all the, all the race of women right now

Goin' through it with they man, holdin' them down

knowhatimsayin', word up

[Chorus: Hell Razah]

Yo, I know you tired of them same ol' thugs

I know you tired of them same ol' thugs

I know you tired of them same ol' thugs

It be them same ol' faces, in them same ol' clubs

With them same ol' drinks, and them same ol' drugs

That kick the same ol' game, just to claim your love

I know you tired of them same ol' thugs

I know you tired of them same ol' thugs

[Hell Razah]

Spiritual girl, born in the material world

Think she'd hear wisdom, instead of some pearls

Rose petal drop, he loves me, he loves me not

Sittin' in the Benz drop-top, a traffic cop

Tried to talk to her, like his game was hot

She drove off, left him standin' there with dust to cough

Miss New York, intelligent, loved to talk

She could hold a conversation with conscious thoughts

Delicate was her heart, plus her touch is soft

She don't care about a diamond ring, or what it's cost

She took a lost, last time, a nigga chain was floss

She remind of me of Diana Ross, brown and short

Excuse me, you dropped your passport, inside of the court

I could tell she was feelin' me, but playin' it off

I'm a lawyer on the third floor, I seen you before

Matter fact, I traced it back, it was up in The Source

I gotta go, here's my card, hope you need a divorce

I lit a cigarette, and laughed, and preceded to walk

[Chorus]

[Hell Razah]

The second time I've seen her, it was up in Club
Cheetah's
Like Solomon and Queen Ashibah, but I be cheaper
Watched her before I greet her, she kept dissin' all the
fake thugs tryna meet her
Blowin' they reefer, askin' her to write down they cell
phone and beeper
From here I can read her, but damn, she is a diva
A primadonna, might be an anaconda
I crept up from behind her, tapped the shoulder
She turned around, noticed it's me, played me closer
Sippin' on a cold Corona, this ain't a place for an older
Mature like woman, who stay sober, we left before the
party's over
I know a better place to chill and build about our black
culture... word up

[Chorus]

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