

Jay-Z F/ Jermaine Dupri

"Rags to Riches"

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[Trick Daddy]
Until the day a nigga D-I-E-
I'll be forever thuggin baby
Ever since I fucking
These bitches loved it baby
Still got the chron son
I used to be drug dealer
X-men, Ex-con, forever thug nigga
Around here we smoke a bitch I still book 'em heavy
Cause I bought that benz,(uh-huh)
That don't mean I sold my chevy
I love my seven-trey , I talk to 'em everyday
I ride around 'em cool, I walk be 'em yesterday
I'm from the southwest, where niggas drive chevys at
Come through with that bullshit,
My niggas don't gonna handle dat
I fuck with no bustas, my game is straight must-a
So if you fuckin with us
We'll hit you up with K Cutters
I feels no niggas
But I pitch no hittas
Throw curve balls at they ass
They gonna watch 'em go get em
I'm now the coo guy up the street up the block from em'
I used to up my glocks on em, then take they blocks
from em'
Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this
Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
When my niggaz and bitches
Go from rags to riches
It'll be thug life and y'all still with me
When my niggaz and bitches
Go from rags to riches
It'll be thug life again, so ride with me

[Tre-6]

(Uh-ohh)

C-O, betta known as Mr. Piscopo

Pull out my dick and piss on hoes

In ya face while I spit these flows

Like you ain't know, nigga we kick down doors to get
that dough

Hit your hoes, bend your doors, smoke your dough

And we gonna get mo'

For sho', you know dat cheddar make it betta

And its thug life forever, and we all in dis togetha

Like dun-a Dun-a

Nigga dem rags to riches

Wit' your boy C-O Money Mark, T double-D so bitch
don't go

[Money Mark]

So nigga rolls, so every motha fucka get down the
floors

Get away from all your doors and windows

Cause a nigga done passed wit' a .44

And im'a let it go, like --boom--

Betta break ya-self, I can't take myself

But killa, nigga, won't have to make myself

And i'll come to ya wake myself

I won't send no dogs, no friends, no loot,

No fool, no car, no clothes, no suit

Just a note that say, he.. through

Now, now thanks to you,

Me and tre gotta make up for these times lost

We bout' that cash, we on that ass

So let them 9's off

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

So mutha-fucking sicka, stupid hoes and fuck niggas

Snitches and bitches, yo hold on I'm gon' kill 'em

And I'm just chillin bustas, she fought for me to keep
em

So I just peep em', lay back and I book my reefa

I'm a thug nigga, so ya know I gots to keep my pistols

I got the choppers that i'll bring down and won't miss ya

You want a nigga that gives a fuck about a bitch

Unless you sucking the fucking ho and tryin' to get rich

I need a bitch that can ball a nigga out

Who can shoot a nigga best

A bitch about stacks ho

All this complaining ho, bitch about that

Ever since I hold a benz, bitch be all in my face

Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent

You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this
Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this

[Chorus]

Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this
Nigga this is thug shit, thats all I represent
You don't believe me, ask them niggas I bets they love
this
Thug life again so ride wit me
Thug life again so ride wit me

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