

## **Jennifer Lopez F/ Ja Rule**

### **"For My Thugs"**

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[Jay-Z]

This one for the future  
Everybody wanna be a Roc-a-fella gangsta  
Hard for the street, sicka for the club  
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs

Hey yo, niggas wanna drive by the hood and dump  
Come on stupid, I clap up from your hood to the trunk  
Foot on the floor, back on the wall, good with the pump  
Blast through your stomach, stupid, you can look  
through your lunch  
Is this what you want? Niggas that's clappin that priest  
Runnin the streets, lawless, blastin police  
Stickin Furby's out the window, snatchin your niece  
And nah, we don't just rap we clap you past the seats  
Me with the twin eagle, B. Sigel and Bleek  
And I got the whole city ready to throw toast wit' me  
I'm loved, niggas wanna throw slugs with Jigga  
All they, need is a reason to show love for Jigga  
Niggas wanna go back to back, till both of our gats  
clack  
Till we reload in three seconds flat, I'm back  
Niggas ain't met ya hat till we entered through ya  
shoulder  
And we exit out ya back, gangsta nigga

[Chorus]

Jay-Z: I flow hard for the street, sicka for the club  
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs  
Bleek: To my thug niggas, slug niggas, tear the club  
niggas  
My "I don't give a fuck niggas."  
Both: It's all love niggas

[Memhpis Bleek]

Cock and shoot it, smoke, whole city polluted  
When I talk the whole block muted  
Like E.F. Hutton style  
Bleek not frontin now  
We suit up for war with no button down  
We clip up and zip up, hit your wip up

Put 4 in your cage, the other 4 in your face  
And you don't want that  
I catch a nigga, who ain't pump at  
Send 'em to one of my custy's and bring a lung back  
Me, Bean, Jay, shit you can't front that  
Weed, coke, dope, Bleek nigga pump that  
Stay in the game for my beef, I tote up  
Sit blow in the seat, my weed I roll up  
Smoke one to the head, come between my stomach  
and leg  
Yeah I'm the thuggin the street  
You don't want nothing with Bleek  
Its Roc-A, Fella for life, you know that shit  
Get your guns, get your ones, nigga throw that shit

[Chorus]

Jay-Z: I flow hard for the street, sicka for the club  
Sometimes for the ladies, but this one for my thugs  
Bleek: Where my thug niggas, slug niggas, tear the  
club niggas  
My "I don't give a fuck niggas."  
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[Amil]

This goes out to my give head bitches, my suck pussy  
niggas  
Supply cookie niggas  
Yo I live for the sheets, I die for the sheets  
And I got spit for beets, like I ride for my peeps  
Yo I love this glamour shit, but bitch I been gutter  
Before can I get it and double excel covers  
I thought I heard somebody say they want some  
hardcore  
I like everything from my dick to my bras raw  
Now, is my street niggas no into this  
Now, is my street bitches not into this  
Wild loud like my thugs do up in the tunnel  
You know the rock ??? itchy finger the tussle  
This territory locked, no more room in this hustle  
Check the sound scan we getting platinum plaques and  
bundles  
Verses I lye them down, they never die down  
If the crowd rile down then fire another round

[Chorus]

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[Beanie Sigel  
I squeeze guns that'll go through your jeep  
You know I'm controllin the street  
Beanie Sigel, Hove, and Bleek  
I keep rope and a baby mack  
Don't get your ladies snatched  
Comin out that baby gat  
Fuckin with a crazy cat  
I know you wanna lay me flat  
Shit, plenty niggas wanna pay me back  
Win on stick-ups turn thou' avalanche pick-ups  
For the soft and the cooked up they lost when they  
looked up  
Why you think I roll with the Roc?  
Shit, everybody I roll wit Hash-E  
Everybody I roll wit got  
Ain't stopping me from takin over blocks  
West coast style, S.K. with the shoulder stop  
Order hour fifteen, I spur on your team  
Four pound heckling cocked  
Jeckle ya block, settin off Viper alarms  
Strikin ya moms  
Roc-a-fella dynasty gotcha right in their palms

[Chorus]

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