

Lil' Keke F/ Baby, Juvenile, Turk

"Thug Brothers"

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[Flex]

Yeah, Nore, Big Pun, Funk Flex

[Nore]

A lot of ghetto things goin on right here

Jess West, N.O.R.E., N.O.R.E.

FUNKMASTER! Flex, Flex

Big Punisher, Punisher

We on some shit

Thugs ?

Yo, I got no license, two cars but hey

Yo a GS grey, and a CLK

Never, ? so it can lead my way

My first, album was dope but ain't, get no play

We smoked out, with them MLX's

I'm underground but I sold records, for you SoundScan
freaks

CNN, yeah this is like our 60th week

Yo Flex, you got the Jeep but now you gettin the peep

Me and you goin platinum, cause you fuckin with me

This is the final chapter, you told me, volume three

Yo, come through, eat niggaz like ? you

And tell them bitches in the back, that we wanna fuck
too

We at the Mariott, meet us at, 12:02

N.O.R.E., Flex and the Punisher crew

We gonna do it for the ghetto, and the families too

Cause if I had friends, I wouldn't have a two door Benz

I, be on some deep shit, only coppin cheap shit

Thinkin long term, not thinkin on some weak shit

I don't trust, no one now, cause they hate me

Everybody known to snake me, cornflake me

Lately, I concentrated, on my decision

I promised myself, I'd never go back to prison

Chorus: Nore and Pun

[Nore] Yo Thug Brothers!

[Pun] Deeper than blood, my peoples is bugged

We keep two and slugs, under deep in the clubs

[Nore] Yo Thug Brothers!
[Pun] Big Nore and Pun, we're warriors from
the glorious and most notorious slums
[Nore] Yo Thug Brothers!
[Pun] Thug shit at heart, we bugged from the start
Rugged and smart, fuck it who want it, it's sparked
[Nore] Yo Thug Brothers!
[Pun] Jess West, Pun from TS
Yo Funk Flex, Noreaga ????

[Big Punisher]
You brave in the heart, playin a part amazingly smart
Razor sharp, futuristic raps, state of the art
Takin New York cats past the start
First it was Nasty Nas then watch me turn a apple into
Macintosh
Computer chip, locomotion flow, ????
Tote the toast on low, business never personal
Just some words to know, if you from the streets, come
in piece
or leave in pieces, even Jesus was killed by the polices
They crucified him now they inject us refuse to fry em
The pendulum state of death is my fate, cool I'm dyin
If that's my destiny it's meant to be, just remember
to bury the motherfuckin that bent me right, next to me
Aight crew? (No doubt Pun!) Aight then
Let's fight then, I'm hype blend, comin with the thunder
and the lightening, inviting the comp, ice on the arm
Nights on the storm, put knives in your moms, right up
in the Bronx
Mic in the palm, it's the Ghetto God
I tear a nigga heart, out his frame, when I scream,
Terror Squad
We larger than life, my initials carved in my wife
She'd share to starve on my diet, understand I'm like
God in her eyes
The father of Christ, get a mere mortal
Blessin beer bottles by the dozen with Nore it's
Brothers Thuggin

Chorus latter 1/2

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