

## Memphis Bleek F/ Jay-Z

### "Thug Life Again"

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#### Verse 1: Money Mark

It's hard for a nigga just to breathe in the streets  
Let alone trying to make cheese in the streets  
Nigga's bleeding in the streets  
So I don't go, unless I'm chillin' on the low with my  
middle finger up  
And I'm ridin' for Buddy Roe  
Cause he jammed in it  
My dog got slammed in it  
I even lost Bam in it, wait a damn minute  
This the street life, cracker think a nigga fadeless  
Cause I'm tryin' to make it out the matrix, fuck this  
nigga  
Nigga's life for dope and nigga's die for dope  
And nigga's die cause they live on dope  
And I remember when I told 'cha Roe  
I would've shed blood for ya'  
A nigga still got much love for ya'  
Nigga, believe that, and yeah Money Mark mean that  
Until the day a nigga lean back  
This how a nigga show you real love  
A dedication to them real thugs  
Cause we the last one's livin'

#### Chorus: (repeat 2x) Trick Daddy

All I need to get on is a few good men with big guns  
We can break Buddy Roe out the pin  
And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh

#### Verse 2: Trick Daddy

I'm 'bout a G short, not bees  
One of my (???) got caught with three ki's  
And he ain't taking no pleas  
Ride or die, holla thug life  
I know the feeling, I know exactly what it look like  
Buddy Roe you better hold on  
Cause when the crackers catch ya' they'll hide 'cha ass  
for so long

And they'll ship ya' ass so far  
They'll probably (???) turn round duce things in yo' car  
Hell, I rather the go to war with 'em  
They got guns but my guns skreeting mo' with 'em  
Bullets that explode in 'em  
Huh, and I don't see no vest  
But cha'll know the rest  
That rapid fire hit 'em right in the chest  
His mammy gotta right 'em a check  
For the rose for the dead man  
Huh, you understand, nigga it's thug life again

Chorus: repeat 4x

All I need to get on is a few good men with big guns  
Just to break Buddy Roe out the pin  
And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh

Trick Daddy talking:

Thug life nigga fuck nigga's die in thug life  
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never be shit, ain't gone never  
succeed  
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never have no money  
Cause them real nigga's can take it  
Fuck nigga's can keep calling the police  
You fuck nigga's can keep crossing ya'll (???) on a  
nigga  
This motherfucking thug life you pussy ass cunt  
dick sucking, dick licking ass,  
dick in the bootie, fuck flaunging ass nigga,  
ya'll nigga's know who ya'll is  
Fuck ya, one time, for them motherfucking killers  
One time for the dope dealers  
One time for any motherfucker in America, who 'bout  
some war  
'Bout some legal getting money shit, tax free biiitch!!!

Chorus comes back on to repeat 2x

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