

Nas F/ Millenium Thug "Teenage Thug"

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[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin..

[Chorus]

A teenage thug (you can't tell them shit)
A teenage thug (nigga just chasin his dick)
A teenage thug (he want the world to recognize)
A teenage thug (he's a man now, fuck his size)
A teenage thug (can't stop him, they on the rise)
A teenage thug (the court of law despise)
A teenage thug
[M. Thug] Wanna fuck and puff lie
A teenage thug

[Nas]

Dreams of bein a doctor will deteriorate
Takin over the underworld was a clearer fate
Luxury cars, a hundred girls at my face
Laced the name brand, had my game plan mapped out
Lost respect for those cracked out
Most of my elders were failures
to the poison that killed Len Bias from bein Celtic
The later I would hang, the greater my slang
It took my english, replaced it with game
Only cared about, sneakers and two-two bullets
Influenced by the hood, wasn't scared to pull it
Dared to do what I would
First blunt they passed me tasted nasty
Then overwhelmed in the spell the blunt had me
Eyes red, pants saggin
My first dime cut me off for braggin
that we was home alone tappin
Experimentin liquors, doin mixes, feelin sicker
Finish the Henn, throw the bottle, hope it hit ya

[Nas]

Blacked out, I can't see shit sober, not the least bit
Hold your head little man, y'all can't tell me shit
Try to knock the pants off shorty, my hair just cut
My Timbs just bought, the chain I sport I floss
Thugs walkin through the block party, hands on my

drawers

Poppin cham' corks, posin like the man of New York
Talk to this hottie with my niggaz who quick to blast you
if you old cats, to these niggaz, they harass you

[Millenium Thug]

Hey yo cuz, growin up, I almost shattered my plans
Some might say, I'm young at heart, but I'm a grown-
ass man
Givin food to my fam, damn, remember the first time
a street thug showed me how to pitch dimes
Only twelve in this hell where kids die
I want bricks off the scale and just slide, and let my shit
fly
My Range shift by, I peel the road up
with my shirt up, sweatin, with the ice restin on my
chest
Wild as a teenage thug

[Chorus]

[Millenium Thug]

Livin and lovin this life, cap peel pump niggaz
And since these thugs is trife, give 'em dap for that
Yo where your mack at? I got mine
Twist weed pop wine shift finds, at the end of the night,
it's all fine
Livin and lovin, cash stack cousin
Yo' own fam blitz so quick, put clips through whips
Six type shit let you hold it, ice roll with
twenty below with gat golden, my hand look swollen
Under my glove shit rocky
Unless somebody in my life try to stop me, get popped
papi
A breddern, straight to the head that my medicine
No fam of mine do time, we crime settlin
Deliverancy unbelievable, Na'shon tracks smash people
I chill up in the regal Eagle
And plus it clap happy all of them hoes that's born
happy
I rip nappy, nature's to cut the roof off of Caddies
You see me?

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin

Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin
Don't hurt nuttin.. {*fades out*}

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