

Naughty By Nature F/ Rustic Overtones

"Thug For Life"

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[Intro/Chorus]

I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me
I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me
I pop off guns and live dangerously
I'm lot more nigga than you aimin to be
My Range bling, platty chain hang to the knee
I'm thug for life, ain't no changin me

[Verse One]

Aiyyo, who got the drop, my gun been cocked
Spits from four-fives to flintlocks, pinky finger with the
pimp rock
Hustle on dim blocks and sip Henn-rock
Draw quick, got a second hand like Big Ben clock (ya
heard?)
Reach for that heat, put your wig in the wind pop
Fill your belly with ten shots; if I get hit
and you see blood then flood the bullet wound with gin
shots
Put beef in a Slim Jim box
Bitch you wanna pinch and win slot
Clap lead until your big friend drop
Niggaz'll front until I send chin shots
Beat the rock until they send cops (or what?)
'Til one of us'll get carried out on the thin cot
Emergency room skin chopped by ten docs
Got it locked like a bid in the state pen box
When I dares peers hangin to where my shin stop;
before I struck rich
Fucked bitches and killed 'em with a ten inch cock
(f'real)
Bitch nigga stuck him with a ten inch ock (y'know?)
Bread bloods and stiff vodka, deep in this game
Know the feds want the clique locked up
We love brain so we headhunt like witchdoctors
My lil' mamma let lead dump from big poppa
Even the Jake surrounded the spread with pig choppers
that taste preposterous; tear gas, tanks of oxygen
Like we in banks with hostages (what we want?)
All we want is minks and ostriches (what?)
Diamond cuff links and proper shit

Snitches left stinkin in carpet stiff
Or get they carcasses turned to link sausages (f'real)
Ain't nuttin sweet, we known for bangin cartridges
We got the heart for this
No matter how light or dark it is (ya heard?)
(No matter how light or dark it is, f'real)

Thug for life (what?) Rep by strips (killers)
Let loose clips (dealers) Stack mad chips (you know we)
Bag bad chicks (my niggaz) Push fly whips (all of the)
Hoes blow dick (nigga) G flows sick (what?)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

My whole life about chrome rims and stone gems
(what?)
Big boned skins, Capone brims, dick blown in my own
Benz
Quick to Scarface thugs who raise up blown brims
Dolla trickin never politickin with grown mens
Ideas of settin me up for loot I won't bend
Just make that light bulb at the top of your dome dim
(uh-huh)
Who rap-happy nigga keep the lyrics and poems grim
Get found at the bottom of the river with stone Timbs
(word)
Babyface, swimmin flash stomach and toned limbs
Wake up every mornin work out in the home gym
Reppin this rap game until my zone ends (uh-huh)
'Til mixin boards melt down, the microphone bend
(yea)
I spit about street shit but never condone sin
Kept it thug for life baby followed my own trend

[Chorus]

Kid!! Word.. thug shit
Queens shit for life nigga

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