

Uncle "Thug World"

Visit "[Thug World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What?! Let's Go, lets ride
Fuck wrong with this nigga?
Fuck this nigga tryin ta do somethin?
Gimme the motherfuckin keys, let's go
Got this nigga right, y'all mothafuckaz ready to ride
We gonna take this bitch downtown
By 7 mile west to east, pull up to the club
Park this bitch on the curb, its like

UH, another day another hit
I'm on some other shit
Um, stay up off my maw buckin dick
Too, if you got issues with me, don't make me diss you
Tell yo bitch to come here, I like what her lips do
Gangsta mental, never sentimental
Hollar out the window bitch what you tryin ta get into
I got minimal love for women who fuck
Ride wit me tonight, bitch and hit me when ya grow up
Suckas lookin at me mean, cause my shit clean
I'm sick a this scene, but not sick a gettin me screens
Its in my blood now, sex money and drugs now
Its fucked up now, the world is run by thugs now

(CHORUS)
HO! HO! HO!
Its fucked up "Its fucked up"
The world is run by thugs now
HO! HO! HO!
We like what now? "WHAT?!"
The world is run by thugs now

Aw shit the nights young, disciples done
Might as well clear out, the cops might come
Fuckin blue lights, with the red in em
The shit we do at night? Cops say fuck it cause we done
scared em
How they expect us to ride, turn this thug shit off in
known light
Jeckyl and Hyde shit for the rest of my life
I'mma be reckless and high, check the eyes
Better be some bitches on the set when we arrive

Quick to say this party dead, too many hard days
The only thing that starts is a carnival of carnage
And I just came to gain, see what this hoes talkin bout
Get into a gang a thangs
Y'all suckas ain't sayin shit can't see me
Who you talkin to? Don't let me hafta buck at you
Break somethin off in you
I'm down for that Detroit dogshit
We could destroy all this if you call it
Y'all talk shit I'm walkin c'mon

(CHORUS)

I'm worth bout 10 in the industry 20 mil in the streets
That Natas nigga with the hottest product dealin the
sweets
We make ya head hurt when he network this punk
Mastamind and I pledge to kick this bitch on junk
The party don't start without me don't diss or doubt me
When I'm in the house its all about me, mothafucka
Put my shit on the curb, when I finish the swerve
Hop out bumpin that Natas shit ya heard
We make it sound like the ground might break
We get down like the biggest niggas holdin down
weight
Its a duty to me I raise my right hand and truly believe
Nothin but that wicked shit rule the streets

(CHORUS)(4x)

Visit [Uncle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.