

Thug Stories

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Thug Stories, you wanna hear some thug stories?
We got some real thug stories!
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I knew this nigga that used to be large on the boulevard
This nigga was ballin y'all, big house driveway full of cars
This nigga would pull up in brand new Caddies, packed-up full of broads
Bossin, flossin, all his ghetto superstar
Until some young niggaz decided they was gon pull his card
And one night when he came home, they was in the bushes in his yard
As soon as he pulled up, they jumped out the bushes
And let out off they ammunition, but they didn't hit him, they missed him
(oh shit, hot damn!)

So homie ducked and rose backed up buckin off his shit
And hit one of them niggaz back off in the skillet, left him with his wig-split
And one of the niggaz, he dropped his GUN and started to RUN
As soon as he took one step, the nigga was DONE, DONE, he was DONE!
He took a shot to the abdomen, and as he blasted the last one
He'll survive it, but they wont be alive to tell that - thug story
Livin in the city is really, no nuts, no glory, no nuts, no glory, glory glory...

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We come with the ones, we come with the guns, we come with the heat that go bang!
Backin them brains, deep in the hood, it still is an everyday thang, shit!
Just last week, a nigga was comin from work, to feed his kids
Got caught in the crossfire, we couldn't take the shit he did
Always the innocent feelin the losses in the ghetto
And if you're from here, you probably is a rebel!
That been through some shit, seen some shit you couldn't bear
Only a few make it out, niggaz dead or in jail
I figured that I would just give you my story!
Forever I'm thuggin, it's the only thang for me!
Been shot, stabbed, kicked, punched, every night, gettin drunk
Prove I'm not a punk, sellin my llell on the first of the month
Smokin sherm, sticks and blunts, known for layin niggaz down
Anything you want, I'll get it, I'ma claim the whole town
I'm a nigga, you'sa nigga, she's a nigga, we some niggaz
Wouldn't you like to be a nigga too? We got some, we got some

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I gotta story for your ass...
I remember hustlin down on the corner, that's what thugstas do!
Then it got too hectic, wanted my money got all my own crew!
Why work so hard, let these other niggaz stack mine up and snatch shit?
Everything was good at the few licks, but niggaz got greedy, aw shit!

Recruited the law, that's when, thangs went downhill
All she had to do was swipe his keys, dump 'em and put 'em right back there
But I guess he seen her, cause we got that heat
He was waiting right there, there, waitin right there!
Shots went out, everybody runs except baby-girl
I, turn around to see your boy get one in baby girl
And we cant leave her, not like that, not like that!
But damn, I think she gone! Here come the po-pos and we scrap, scrap!
So we made our getaway, and had to lay low, law low!
But it ain't over, till one of us sees that crossroads!
But damn, carmern comes right back, comes right back
Same old niggaz shot dead over six eight and craps, damn!

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