

We Thuggin'

Boyz N Da Hood

The whole click tote pistols
buck ya lucky charms
niggas got tats on they necks and they arms
so when you see us comin, duck cuz we bussin
flyin in the bucket, holarin fuck it cuz we thuggin
(times 2)

yeah
back in the lab, back on the block
back with them slabs, back with them glocks
run in ya drop, yeah nigga, we'll run in ya spot
take ya little chains and ya colorful watch(heh)
stackin my greens, money get locked
still on the corner i stand, trafficin on blocks
we'll pull a nigga card for real, yeah
my boys in da hood hard for real
and niggas say they ball, but what they talkin is lame
my whole clique strapped, and we off of the chain
plus alotta niggas fake, so ima say it out loud
cuz alot of niggas hate, but they dont say it out loud
i come from the a-town, we come from the playground
where niggas don't play 'round, stand and we spray rounds
still thinkin', we run from the k-9s,
got the trap bumpin like the beat in the bassline

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now, i roll wit the big dawgs. certified street hawgs
niggas run the mess hall, all day with shit, yall
niggas lined up waitin on the whistle like a kick off
then form a circle round your ass like a tip off
all of this was up to you, feelin need to lip off
you done got me pissed off, now you gettin shipped off
plus i got a charge, so it's guaranteed to jump off
got the pistol grip pumpers gaurenteed to dump off
we some real street cats, so we forever ballin
makin more than the government off these project housins
dawg, i stay thowed and blowed, i be wildin
on the set of photos with 2 hoes, im stylin
always on the scene, but rarely seen smilin
there aint a baddest pro from dallas to rhode island
boy before you do some dumb shit, boy you better think long
listen to these words close, this just aint no rap song

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aye, nowadays i just moan and groan.

i had a deal for year but still my lights aint on
feel pain, deep in my bones
and keep one eye open cuz you here then you gone
walk up on these suckas like "whats up with that"
movin like a centipede, jukin like a quarterback
poppin off up in the streets, specially where my partners at
mosta dem got 10 a piece, but fuck it we some lumberjacks
take it there (take it there), yeah we can take it there
say you got a 'k' up in da trunk, lets see you make it there
i got my mindframe focused on this paper now
tryna buy a 100 acres, fillin up my bank account
tryna shake these haters off, thats what i been about
send a prayer for every slug rap before i send them out
i got dreams on that yacht drinkin guiness stout
but now im in the hood stickin to the shit i been about (edgehanger)
what the fuck is you sayin!?
bitch good as your talk, nigga die in this bitch