

# Thug Cry

ASAP Ferg

15 years of my life, I was locked in prison  
Thought shit would hold me down, but the clock kept on ticking  
Time kept on slipping, plus I just got sentenced  
Now my collect calls got your bills going ballistic  
I should've been there taking care of the children  
And I worried about all them snot-nosed women  
While I was in Carolina flipping birds in the kitchen  
You heard that wasn't the only type of birds I was flipping

I can make a thug cry, tonight  
Watch me make a thug cry, tonight  
Cause that's how true love is supposed to be, ain't it?  
When it feels so good it shakes all your belief, baby  
I can make a thug cry, tonight  
(I can make you cry tonight, tonight)  
I can make a thug cry, tonight

Then I got married to you, Richard Porter didn't do it  
He was too busy getting busy, all of which was foolish  
I know you tired of all of my "didn't do it"s  
All of my promises and all of my "I'mma prove it"s  
You knew something was up when I all of a sudden took two trips  
Two trips turned into too many excuses  
I gotta hustle two more months, babe, just two flips  
Meanwhile, you had me a child and he was toothless  
I was living wild down south, had me a new bitch  
Brought her ass a brand new car, lived in a new crib  
Hmm, second child on the way, juggling two bibs  
Then you got a call from shawty like "bitch, who this?"  
This is why it finished, baby mama, he got two kids  
Tell his funky ass that I'm leaving, fucking doofus  
Afraid to come home cause I know what I did was stupid  
And you still forgave my stupid ass, uh

There's something about you  
Baby we got to get lost in the moment  
You and me only

And now that I'm locked up, I expect you to stay  
Like somebody coming to kill you and expect you to lay  
You stopped sending commisary durags upon me  
Guess you figured that other chick'd take care of my ways  
Don't you forget you're my wife, like that meant something  
Then blow kisses in the phone like that did something  
Then you stopped my visits, heard you got pregnant  
By that nigga, I just act like "y'all been fucking"  
But I knew that wasn't true, you was just tired  
And somewhere in your heart, my love sit higher  
But a good man is what you desire  
And this is what it sound like when a thug crying, I'm crying