

# What A Thug About

Beanie Sigel

Yo Beanie Mac rap guerrilla  
I'm out for the skrilla  
Face it ain't no replacement for this killa  
Keep your hands where I can see em  
Don't make me nervous  
This 4-4 auto mat  
U don't deserve this shit  
Kids either don't make me make u a believe  
I do a lotta talkin I speak wit the heater  
I'll run up in your crib put some in your wig  
Your baby's cryin pop pop pop put some in the crib  
And I want everything not just some of the shit  
Got niggas comin home at night like you son of bitch  
Nigga done took me off yeah you shook and soft  
You can't blink around no crook  
One look you lost  
Niggas'll find your bitch to find your bricks  
See if you love your bitch or you love your chips  
4-4 snub shit sendin slugs to the whip  
Beanie Sigel desert eagle I love this thug shit

Yo what you really know what a thug about  
Locked up in the bing no grub about  
On the block doin your thing slingin drugs about  
Tell me what you really know what a thug about

A true thugs spreads his game linked up in bubble  
While niggas stay in one lane like the lincoln tunnel  
I refuse to limit my game to one hustle  
I don't only sling crack or let the cards shuffle  
I know how to play cee-lo set it off like cleo  
Ain't no tellin first union or mellon  
First nigga that move put two up in his melon  
>From the 9-2 emberetern parabellum  
And I run through cats  
I'm a true gun cat  
One nickel  
One black  
Who want that  
I done schooled my youngins  
Gave tools to my youngins  
Broke food wit my youngins  
Broke rules wit my youngins  
Spark my way outta shit and had bad run in's  
Talked my way outta shit and near death come in  
Real thugs do what they want say what they feel  
They never front they keep it real

Niggas claim to be thugs you real fuckin suckas  
Quick ass runnin good fuckin duckas  
Obey the rules when my glock unloads  
Cause when I start firin stop drop and roll  
Duck behind cars hide behind poles  
Know I live by the code anything goes  
Real thugs stand up straight they never fold  
And they don't know shit if anything ever blows  
Thugs don't wanna talk shit out

They wanna spark shit out  
Till the cops come an chalk shit out  
Blaze wit the toast a extra clip in the leg holsta  
Face off like Cage and Travolta  
If you got beef a thug gonna roast ya  
Talk behind their back a thug gonna approach ya  
Right amount of stack a thug gonna ghost ya  
Lay you out flat like a thug suppose ta