

Thuggin'

Boldy James

I admit I got some bad habits
Never been afraid to get out here and take a stab at it
60 in the love seat, 80 in the sofa cushion
Quarter in the closet, half a ticket in my craft medic

Been betrayed by those who never thought to back-stab me
Fresh out the hole in the county eatin' bag nasty
Sold my soul to the house on the strip
Thinkin' when if I get out will I quit

All this shit I was goin' through
Should've listened when they told me to go to school
Knowin' that I couldn't quit if I wanted to
Addicted to drug money, immune to the fast-livin'
My funeral passed through, I prayed for my past victims

She was on her other foot, what would you have did this?
Swally died the only day that he ain't have his strig with him
Chopper got the bus and blew his back through his stomach
Them the constant repercussions of your actions when you thuggin'

Runnin' careless with the rebels, shorty quick to up it
Livin' fearless in the ghetto, loyal to his brothers
All them tears that we done shed it, and them corners we was huggin'
Now it's carats in the bezel, pointers on me bustin'
They know you from runnin' errands, they know me from thuggin' it
The narrator of my life would be the story of a hustler
Moral of the story, on them corners we was cuttin'
Now it's carats in the bezel, pointers on me bustin'

Can't even focus on no bitch, I got too many vices
Can't get put through him in his whip on his suspended license
Shot a bag through the mountains, we be really hikin'
Still smashin' punk as niggas still cashin' 50 slices
Never bare him off until I see that shit in writing
Still pill-stashin' niggas still clashin' with the titans
Savage lifin', tryna wrap me up in M-Bison
Brody got indicted, touchin' more keys than a triton

Catch a rhythm in the tin, finna paint it orange
Had a brick, he smack it with the Rizzy, cut it with the Dorms
Bust Diddy Rolo, buffs genuine horns
Stick like a pogo, I get the bouncer like a pawn

There's a thin line between love and dick-suckin'
Was that the fire from the drum on my wrist bustin'?
Not the one to bench press, we be bungee jumpin'
I turn that swine princess into a ugly dougla

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