

# Thug It Up

E.S.G.

We thug it up (X4)

[Bun B]

Well I'ma saucy ass super throwed  
Southern style gumbo  
Pimp, I eat jumbo  
Shrimp, make a dumb ho  
Limp, cause her back broke up  
Your back in the track, that poke up  
Pay for the sack, the bag smoked up  
Now that's gangsta, live in effect  
Crystal clear, gots to keep your pistol here  
(Why?) Cause Texas don't play  
Don't smile, don't joke  
We stay for a lick, act frog and get croaked  
With a buck, blast, buck, blast your toothless  
And then they say, damn they ruthless  
Northside, Southside, we don't care  
We don't say no to money  
Too busy sayin, "YEAAA!"  
Lift candy to schools, weddings, malls  
Million dollar concerts, and ho's in the walls  
All haters better peep like Tom  
Cause my clique, my city, shit even my baby momma

[Chorus]

We gonna thug it up  
Everyday of the month, anything I swang  
Got to have bang in the trunk  
We gonna thug it up  
Til I'm dead in gone, everythang I drive  
Got to be sitting on chrome  
We gonna thug it up  
Like a underground king, drop screens  
Byzletine, and my crease styled jeans  
We gonna thug it up

[E.S.G.]

Man thug it up, thug it up, wha? wha?  
Man I'ma thug it up  
Escalade, dub it up  
B.G. gettin' paid  
Big mouth, thug it up  
Might as well, shut it up  
Get outta line, slug it up  
Codine in the cup  
Diamonds bling, priceless cuts  
What's up this year?  
They say the rap game changed  
No more rappin bout cars, and iced out chains  
Boys must be insane  
Real hustlers go on and get it  
How the hell you gonna live it?  
Money shorter then a midget  
Better get some more digits  
To talk about this  
No more cousin, R Kelly, see walking to this

East coast to West, Mid-West to Tex  
Independent, Grammy-Nominated, Now what's next?  
Dirty south, give respect  
We started them slangs  
Screaming "Parkin-lot Niggas"  
Sippin' Syrup with Bang  
Big flames, stained panes  
We ain't new to this game  
R.I.P. Dj Screw  
This for the thug in you man!

[Chorus]

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[Slim Thug]

Slim Thug gonna thug it up, I'ma, I'ma, I'ma  
I'ma thug it up  
With E.S.G. and Bun B  
Sippin on some Dun-P  
In a stretch RV  
Come see, the three  
Best that never rest  
Thugged out ??  
With white tee's on my chest  
"O yes!" Slim Thug change the code in the club  
Cause when I pull up on dubbz  
I get nothing but love  
I hit the bar  
Make the whole crowd think I'ma star  
Cause I blow mo' on doe  
Then you blow on your car  
By far, fo sho' I'm the opposite of Po  
The most ghetto boy ya know  
In a six double O  
I move slow, and sit low  
On a 84 elbow  
Spit flow, on the floor  
Trunk open and close  
We some Texas boys  
With candy Lexus toys  
Drive wreckless outta bars  
When we come out hard  
Give us our card  
Hater's ya mouth, plug it up  
Cause me, E.S.G, and Bun B gonna thug it up

[Chorus]

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Byzletine, and my crease styled jeans  
We gonna thug it up, thug it up  
We gonna thug it up, thug it up

Thug it up