We Thuggin

Kool Savas

(Ooohhh, mmm)
Yea, uh, uh (Fat Joe and the R)
That shit y'all (Breakin shit down)
Shake that, funky, funky, funky (Yeah)
Sticky, icky, icky - yeah uh
I got that shit y'all
I got that shit y'all
Uh yo yo

Crackman and I'm at it again
Niggas had they run, now it's time for change
When we step in the club, nigga tuck ya chain
Got the mink on - same color the Range
Uh, pour liqour for my nigga that's gone
Big Pun! Then we party like we just came home
Fuck a bitch if she act to grown
I don't need that shit, I got my wife at home
Uh words slurrin, dirty urine
Drunk off of Henny and the 'jo keep burnin
Dancin with shorty and her friend keep flirtin
I don't always crush two but tonight seems certain
Party hard like "Fuck all y'all!"
Bottles in the air like we stuck up the bar
Terror Squad man you know who we are
Cruise through ya block and them drop-top Bentley Azures

Yeah, we thuggin, rollin on dubs and
Off up in the club, whylin like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, mami don't stop
Throwin up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops
We take a puff of 'dro and be aight

Bitch warte, rede nicht, ich starte durch
Und bring euch Idioten den Terror wie Bin Laden
Fucka, mein Flow is Poisen, du kannst ihn nicht deuten
Du kannst nicht mehr auf Parties gehen ohne mindestens zehn Leute, no!
Du bist selber schuld, du willst es so
Bist bald nur noch Geschichte wie Bel Biv Devoe
Was glaubst du wer du bist? Jigga und ?, Fifty und Em?
Mittlerweile sind deine größten Feinde die Fans
No Respect, dein Album ist übel und wack
Flaschen fliegen wie Flugzeuge jetzt über dich weg
Gonzo, gut gemacht, du bist hoch in den Charts
Und kannst nicht mehr wie ein Baby alleine raus in die Straße
Punk, dis ist nicht mehr schön, ich mein es nicht persönlich
Ich will dir nur zeigen, dass ich der Größte bin
Ich kann dich nicht dissen, du disst dich selbst, fickst dich selbst
Fuck it, Homie! Gib mir dein Geld!

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Yea uh, yea yea yo
Everybody wanna know where the crib's at
Niggas just now gettin ice, so we get that
Mami starin at me like she wanna get kidnapped
Money lookin happy with his wife but we triz that
Along with Lisa, Aisha, Shonda, Renee
Even ran through the dorms down in Morgan State
In Miami, pool-party off the chain
Gettin brains in the water on Memorial Day
Uh, grand-mami all cool and shit
It's ya birthday, show me what I'm foolin with
Like no doubt, pokin doll out, pull ya g-string down south
Owww! Pass that, give shorty a shot
Soon enough we gon' see if she naughty or not
I'm on E feelin ready and hot, I give 'em twenty a pop
You wanna roll, leave the panties atop

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Fat Joe, R. Kelly we proper
Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland what the fuck what
Fat Joe, R. Kelly we proper
Uh, uh, Rockland, Terror Squad what the fuck what

Some of these kids is doin they own thing
But none of these kids stack chips like us
Some of these cats is doin they own thing
But none of these cats run tricks like us

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