

Thug For It

Larry June

It's 10: 30 in the morning
Sunday, March 31st
San Francisco, California
Just had to document that
Let's go

I'm back, feelin' motivated (I'm back, feelin' motivated)
Fuck fame, lil' nigga, let's play a money game (Off top)
Fuck is clout, nigga? (Fuck is clout, bitch ass nigga?)
These niggas credit card fraud, I'm a hustler, man (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
I believe in miracles (I believe in miracles, baby)
But I still grind like Tony Hawk in '98, my money straight
Dedication (Dedication, keep goin', nigga)
Talkin' numbers with the bitch (Yeah), Mastro's reservation
Add me up, player shit (Player shit, yeah)
Playin' basketball in my building with straight techies and shit (Techies and
d shit)
I like 'em low-key (Low-key)
If I bring you to my crib, baby, don't be takin' pictures and shit
What's the deal, love? (What's the deal?)
I've been peepin' your Instagram and seen that you been yourself, love
You just need a plan, baby (Tap in), check
I can be your motivation, baby (Check, quit playin')

They don't make 'em like me no more, I'm real real player with it
Count a hundred thousand, go and eat with my lady friend
Valet the whip, orange guts, this that custom shit (Off top)
That money just hit a little different when you thug for it
So long (Yeah, check)
That money just hit a little different when you thug for it
I been in this game so long (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, check)
So long
(I can shed a tear on this motherfuckin' beat
It's been a long time comin')
I been in this game so long
(Still got a ways to go, shit crazy, though
Check it out, yeah yeah, uh)

I need this fish tank in my living room vibes
You left me at my lowest, baby, I can't even lie
But it's always love, you went hard for the kid
But whoever would've thought you'd fall in love with a trick? (Goddamn)
Creating paradise with these flows, stay on my toes
Goin' hard 'til a nigga get that Rolls, after that I hustle more
They looked down, I got stronger
I'm a motherfuckin' beast, it ain't shit that can hold me
On this road by my lonely, even family turned on me
Got this blammin' thing on me, so I wish a nigga would
Bounced out lookin' clean, make sure the 'fit good
With this pineapple smoothie, bitch, you know I taste good

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