

Life Of A Thug

MoneySign Suede

When I was sitting in that cell, you wasn't seeing me
I loved you but that shit is now just history
You said you hate me but I know deep down you missin' me
Ain't in my feelings but I know you niggas feeling me
Lost child from the 6, bitch don't intervene
I know these niggas wanna kill me, that's just jealousy
Ain't gotta tell me, seen it coming, know they envying me
Niggas that I call brothers turned to enemies

I'm getting money, I don't care about your comments
Everything I step on, I got racks, see my Robins
These niggas wrapper rappers, niggas don't be robbin'
I'm from the city full of people that be actin' like Robin
If I get busted again, is you gon' visit?
I heard when I was in you was dissin'
Ay, me and Lil' Peysoh big trippin'
Pull up on a nigga, all of the sudden he was kiddin'

The way my nina kick
If feel just like some therapy
High off gun powder, shoot a shot before they bury me
If shit go left, is you gon' be there for me mentally?
Trauma got me feeling sick, and baby girl you was my remedy
I ain't good with feelings so just listen to this melody
Went from straight F's and ditching class to a celebrity
Remember stressin' out, and abusing hella ecstasy
Now a nigga up, and I mean that shit humbly
I know where you at, and I know just how you feel
I was once there too, but I said nah and hit the field
Watch how far you put your feet up nigga
Told this shit get real
Went from just tryna pass and know you waiting for a PO
That's the life of a thug
You just gotta roll the dice
Give it it up, you said nah
Now you fighting for your life
Was that chain really worth it?
I know them bullets burn
Died for a couple bands nigga
What a waste of sperm

I was just talkin' to my nigga
Ain't easy thuggin' like that
Niggas don't got straps
Niggs ain't really got no racks
I like that I'm ambitious and I'm tryna make some stacks
I was born for this shit, I would've still made it without racks
Heard these niggas want me dead, why they taking so long?
I been waiting on these niggas so I can put em in a song
I should prolly sit back with the bullshit, I got fans now
But I ain't gon' lie, I'm still sliding with my strap out
Nigga like me, I ain't ever got a fucking handout
A nigga poppin', she gon' wanna put her pants down
She used to hate me, used to curve me, she a fan now
They ain't never thought \$uede would stand out
Dead homies, you ain't even got now dead homies
So why you say that like you do?

You a lame brodie
I'm a ignorant lil' nigga, I'll fuck your main shortie
Keep it a secret, that's what your main told me
"Keep it a secret, don't let my nigga know"
But did I tell you that it's a secret that I fucked your hoe?
Sorry that she fell in love with it, she love my strokes
Every time I was doing bad, she come back for more
She come back for more cause damn I be going deep
Before you go and cuff a bitch, boy you better think
You gon' waste all that time just for her to leave
She gon' see me doing better, she gon' want to cheat