

Thuggin

Nipsey Hussle

Look, now I got
Big burners on my lap, I ain't gonna talk it out
A rich killer, bet a thousand that I chalk him out
Since I'm the most talked about, on this block I walk about
Gotta keep that biscuit like Rosco's Waffle House
Last squabble, knocked him out
Last shootout, shot him out
Last nigga in the club talked shit, we stomped him out
Champagne bottle to yo head like Steve Stout
Makin' sure my enemies dead, that's we 'bout
Makin' sure my peoples straight 'fore I leave out
Crooked letter-i-x-t-y what I scream out
Wishin' I could break my niggas Black Sam and Steez out
So we could back the matching black-on-black twelve-v's out
My spot rollin', so as I get it I'm tellin' 'em, "we out"
My Glock loaded, if I show it, I'ma squeeze out, believe that
Money on my mind, look I need that
I'm pissin' Hennessy and Kush is what I breathe out

Big money, big pistol's how I'm comin' 'cause I'm
Thuggin', thuggin', thuggin', thuggin'
You talkin' loud, but you ain't sayin' nothin, bitch I'm
Thuggin', thuggin', thuggin', thuggin'
Fly ass sag, stupid ass swag, outfit's sick, pocket full of cash
Posted on the block, marijuana and the crack, bitch I'm
Thuggin', thuggin', thuggin', thuggin'

I'd like to welcome everybody to my state of mind
Murder my enemies one at a time, bitch I'm on the grind
Since I was small dog, man I been slangin'
Runnin' though the alleyway, totin' AK's
A million ways to get paid, how you dog?
You got a bike? You got a car? You got a yacht dog?
You got a 'Vette, or do you fly in a jet?
I am ain't mad get your money, represent your set
Nigga's ain't learn the fuckin' g-code yet?
Nigga snitch, you gon' die, how we rock on that Southside
Yours lookin' at me crazy, my teeth don't come out
This ain't no grill right here, me and my niggas pop pills
And I ain't afraid to say, pouring in the jungle, so nigga I ain't scared
Really thuggin with a ? around his wrist
I'm behind him in a Phantom with no shirt on in that bitch

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All I know is the block and how to get it hard
I serve it hard, flippers boy, I'm a whipa' boy
Talkin' loud? Get your issue, I'll whip you boy
Christmas time all year, 'cause I keep a toy
Since Pac hollered, "Thug Life", shit, I been thuggin'
That explains all these golds and why I'm mean muggin'

The soft boss, when I talk, shit, it means somethin'
Why's you talkin' 'bout what you did, but you ain't seen nothin'
Been a G, 'fore the O, shit, I had a beef
Known hood niggas who retired off of pushin' d
Straight dog, ain't no muafuckin puss in me
I told the muafuckin' judge, "I ain't rattin', throw the book at me"
The g-code, what I live by, my own zone
I'm headfirst, like puttin' muafuckin clothes on
The lead burst down here in the traps
That explains why we thuggin' like that

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