

Thugga, you know what I'm talking bout
Nigga talking bout punchin, nigga I'm old school nigga
It's that nigga zoom James he a fucking genius
Jack up in that pretty yellow bones, all my payments
I stay like the planet, yeah Venus
And if them laws come man you never seen us

Yeah I stay stuntin when I'm on I'm gettin it
Hit the boulevard and I got the trunk hidden
On that drink everyday I stay sippin
Like back in 04 I'm still tipsy
Like back in 04 I'm still tipping
You still broke aww man you tripping
Catch a hater hatin I'm give that ass a whipping
Like back in 04

Thug house band he the king of the city
Everywhere we go we keep a fleet that's pretty
I ain't gotta tell you that cause you slinging with me
Still in the club tryna fuck up my kidneys
Still drink drink like hit you with the Sprite
And in H Town we be living that life
35 years old and the boss still getting it
Like back in 04 I'm still tipping
Thug and fuck niggas stay talking bout me
Who the hell would you be if you was without me
Only way you are who you are is cause you copy
Only time you get paid's when you play Monopoly
Thugga is a true one, thugga not a new one
Only come through when you know I'm hitting a blunt
With new slap yeah you know I ride caddy
Young bad bitches like to call the boss daddy
Niggas stay stuntin and be live on stage
Throwing big faces gotta show em getting paid
Put an A+ like I'm making good grades
And I'm a be that way until I lay up in the grave
With my real name staged and a nigga got it made
Top down through the town with Adidas shades
Used to do the braids switched it up to the fade
Been balling for a minute I'm a second death cave

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Thug life man we the king of the block
Riding that drop double R like Pac
Still kept shining even when them boys stop
I make country rap tunes, never did hip hop

That's why I ain't stop cause a hustla got slow
Here pow wow hurry up with my Moe
So slow gudda so flow oh flow
Got my sachet, shades on and the boot wherever I go
Keep a bad bitch matter of fact I keep plenty
Bad bitches I ain't hit, it ain't that many
Just wave em in just in case you get many
Got a pretty white bitch in Dallas back in 97
Old school flow make my city say man
My back on the budda same colour, Peter Pan
Waving at your bitch a hunnid thousand in my hand
Knock the window of the foreign looking so spic and span
Caught couple hundred grand if me see me on it
Wish I could send some fo so I can spend it
Everything paid for ain't shit rented
I smoke and drive so all my shit tinted
Ballin' to the limit you should see my hater's face
Knowing when I show up they back in last place
Moving at my own pace feeling too cool to race
When it comes to being a hustler put me with the greats

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Thugga!