

Thugs Do

Slim Thug

We're not against rap, we're not against rappers
But we are against those thugs

I got money to make, I got hoes to fuck
I got weed to smoke, I got bottles to bust
Yeah, I know tippa come for us
When you a nigga that don't give a mothafuck
Yeah I come from the hood, yeah I used to move birds
Yeah I got me a slab and yeah I sip on that syrup
Yeah my last name thug, I make it rain in em clubs
And keep a bunch of bad bitches that stay ready to fuck
Keep new J's on my toes, keep a Rollie that's gold
Keep that Desert E on me just in case a nigga get bold
State smoking exotic, roll with some niggas that's bout it
That'd chop up yo body, if anybody get bodied
Yeah nigga to try me or I do you myself
Pussy niggas like to sueing, call police for help
I get high everyday, I remember it myself
Its fucked up, its true, but this what thugs do

But this what thugs do [x2]

I got bitches to break, I got licks to hit
I got outta time connects on bricks and shit
I ain't got time to chill, these bills comin' too quick
I'm tryna get some mo' meals I ain't through getting rich
Got bitches tryna [?] me, got haters tryna jack me
I got AK's for days, making sure they don't catch me
Feds at my crib, tryna see how I live
I just filed child support and I don't know who they is
People asking for money like I ain't work for the shit
Then they call a niggaselfish like they work for this shit
That's why I roll solo, it be yo friends that get ya
Giving niggas the world, they still stop fucking with ya
Back when they get they own, they nowhere in the picture
Turned yo back and braat, them shells gon' hit ya
Its either kill or be killed, mane ain't nothing new
Its fucked up and true
But this what thugs do

But its what thugs do [x2]