

# Thug Soul

Uncle Murda

Yeah, we all bleed the same blood  
And we beat on the same drum  
It's not about where you at  
It's all about where you come from  
And I'm a keep on thugging till the day I die  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, call me the kid that came up  
Been through too much, can't forget where I came from  
Weather I got 100 dollars or 100 mil  
Living the Projects of Beverly Hills  
I'm the same old G, money won't change me  
I'm black, with your poor police gonna still hate me  
I'm in the ghetto community with my other ya'll  
Crackers wanna kill me like Zimmerman did Trayvon  
'Cause I'm a black ass motherfucker like Akon  
And that's why I still be moving like Avon  
But Stringer told 'em we good, we don't need them spazi  
Fuck you talking about, nigga? I'm build them blacksies  
Oh, you switching up? Niggas be thinking they white  
Oh, they really be thinking they white  
Come on, man, for example look at Oprah  
Still with us though she was white and she ain't talked over

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Told my brother our kids ain't growing up like we did  
They not in the hood, one bedroom for three kids, remember that?  
Now is three bedrooms for one kid  
They husslin bay dog, dog look at our crib  
Made it out the Projects, shit was a miracle  
It was rough but we didn't have roaches in our cereal  
That's that ghost face shit, know what I mean?  
We lived in the B's but our crib was clean, we had coffee  
My mother died when I was 13  
I was thinking about suicide when I was 13  
I thought about it, surrounded by killers, hustlers and thieves  
Wishing Martin Luther King could see all my negative dreams  
I didn't wanna be Bo Jackson or Michael Jordan  
I want it to be like niggas I saw banging at 4 in the morning  
The gangsters, you know them, old G's old has  
Grew up, realized them niggas ain't getting no grant, they broke

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