

In Love with a Thug

Snoop Dogg

Yeah, this shit right here sound like a love song
(She was in love)
A gangsta love song, you feel me? Check it out
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)
(She was in love, with a thug, in love) Have you ever had a pretty, young saditty
Black female with chips from the city
Her momma got ends, and her daddy got ends
And she liked to give me ends when I'm out with my friends Good girl, why do good girls like bad boys?
When I was a kid, growin' up, I never had toys
And I think that she can figure that shit out
Cause every time she came to pick a nigga up
Shit, she'd take a nigga out Roll around town, ask the pound, they know, look
Baby was my thang, nah, she was my low-low
Bought my first Rol-O, and then we took a photo together
Man I hope this thang last forever We've been together six months, and we ain't argued yet
She lovin' a nigga, steady buyin' me shit, and don't say shit
When I dip with my click and understand
When I'm down and out may need some help with some chips Her mother approved of me, but her father he
don't
He probably won't, shit Pops ain't no punk
Daddy's little girl be in a gangsta's world
Buyin' me houses, hoes and khaki blues, California curls No matter what her father say, baby gon' see me
It's like a jungle sometimes, that makes me Wonder like Stevie
Believe me, when I say that baby was in love with a thug
In love with a thug (She was in love, with a thug, in love)
Daddy, I'm in love with a gangsta
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)
Momma, I'm in love with a gangsta (She was in love, with a thug, in love)
Daddy, I'm in love with a gangsta
(She was in love, with a thug, in love)
Momma, I'm in love with a gangsta I'm caught up in the middle and I don't know what to do
I caught eight months in the joint, behind my crew
That I gotta do and I'ma miss you, Boo
But I'ma write you every night and call you on the phone too Whatchu gon' do? You know I'm gon' stay true
But I'ma go ahead to college like my father want me to
Well um, off to my cell withcha body on my mind
And I'ma call you back tomorrow round the same time I'm on the mainline, 9500 for short
On another phone line, holla 'n at my other hoe
This bitch ain't sayin', Shit, 'cause the bitch ain't shit

Old fat gold diggin' ass county check receivin', beotchI bail up in The Day Room and get in a scrap
Niggaz watchin' Soul Train and I wouldn't turn it back
Never caught slippin', always on strap
And now I'm back in the hole with no motherfuckin' get backSit back and contemplate, and think about baby
And hope she don't get caught up in the world that's so crazy
But while I'm up in Wayside, and she off in college
She gettin' a little mo' than a schoolgirl knowledge'Cause gangsta ass niggaz go to school nowadays
I tried to make you wait, but I can't change yo' ways
She fell in love with the local G
And now they both in the penitentiary, she didn't mention me(She was in love, with a thug, in love)
Daddy, I'm in love with a gangsta
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Songwriters

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