

# Thug Story(Amended Version)

## Black Rob

Heeeeeerrreeee we go...

Once upon a time not long ago  
when I was outta town movin work with Zo

I used to bring my nigga B.R.

and niggas with the burna's holdin' down B-R

There lived a jealous kid that was mislead  
by anotha jealous kid who wanted me dead  
(He said) Me and you are gonna push this rock

Once we kill Rob we takin over the block

They did the job, but didnt succeed

When I got up off the ground niggas couldnt believe  
They started bustin and'a bustin filled my ribs like crusting

had the vest on so it didnt mean nothin

One kid grabbed a tech and started sprayin erratic

But he fell, two slugs from my semi-automatic

Ran two blocks there was cops all over

Then I dipped into the building ???

Banged on the door of apartment 83

Some lady start screamin like she was afraid of me

Ran to the roof like "Fuck that sista"

Ask an old man "Can you help me mista?"

Got to the roof clutchin my four-four

open up the door, yo guess who I saw (Who?)

Black and Deaf now, ain't this proper

Guns drawn full of tef toward the helicopter

Escaped alive but my ribs was shattered

Body all battered, and clothes all tattered

Deep in my heart I wanted revenge

but I let the shit slide til I saw 'em again

Pulled out my guns and released a clip (And)

Thats the way I gotta end this shit

He was only one fiend, tryin to live a thugs dream

Slugs to the chest, shoulda heard him scream

Now this ain't funny so don't you dare laugh

'Cuz anyone of us could catch the blood bath

Straight an' narrow is how niggas should live...liveGood night...good nightKnock 'em out the box BlackI just

woke up in pain, my ribs broke up

Wifey on the side like Justin, shes kept the hope up

All thats on my mind is revenge revenge

Justin and a few dogs kicked the door of the hinge  
Go with the drawers on, man its cold as shit  
Had the mag by the table, nigga hold this shit  
He was one stupid nigga tryin roll for 'Delph  
Not knowin that he might get killed himself  
Now wifey being trained by the F.O.I.  
It was horrible, stabbed the otha cat in his eye  
he was screamin tryin grab her actin like he had to have her  
Swept him off his feet but got sliced with the dagger  
Well in these times, well atleast to me  
No true niggas rollin come in sets of three  
And they won't stop rollin til you let them see  
All the permanent scars that the tech nine leaves  
Barely out the crib caught one in the leg  
Couldn't even get my boys had to leave 'em for dead (Damn)  
That's cold, yeah I know, but the cold in the streets  
the one who escaped is the one holdin the heat  
Before I breeze grab coke out the freeze  
By the time y'all hear this I'll be somewhere in Belize  
With some bad asian chick layin between my knees  
While I'm blowin off some trees, pumpin B.I.G.'s  
Greatest hits, this was my latest shit  
Watch how niggas act when they play this shit  
This a lesson, shits for real no dressing  
No ?lip? infestin, crab cats I'm addressin  
Bad Boy, the 44 Mag, fresh off the rack  
All you cowards and nasty ass hoes step the fuck back  
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh  
'Cuz anyone of us could catch the blood bath

Straight an' narrow is how niggas should live...live  
Good night...good night  
Knock 'em out the box  
BlackThats  
right

Black Rob, the craziest presentation

All you bitches

Bad Boy, Life stories

Alumni

Crumbs, crumbs

Songwriters

Ross, Robert / Combs, Sean / Walters, Ricky M L / Pierre, Harve  
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