

Thug Holiday

Trick Daddy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Thug holiday, go ahead you can cry it's alright baby
Everything gone be gravy later, that's right
Ah, this is the time when we take time to remember
All the loved ones we lost in the struggle you know
I dedicate this to my brother Hollywood, Lil' Toby, Bam
My dog Itchy and Lil Trav, I dedicate this to the struggle
Everybody in the county jail, state penn, and fed, check it out
If weren't for bad luck, hell, I guess that it's
possible have none
But when I think about it, where would I be without my gun
How could I, get away from the po-pos if, a nigga could run
And why was I, given a daughter when I always prayed for a son
Life is crazy ain't it, sometimes I even think da same thang
I been waitin' on freedom to ring, hell, but ain't a thang changed
And I lost my brotha in the struggle, Tata Head
done lose his mother
And I'm thinking if I lose mine who gone raise my brothas
Not to be a thug, stay in school, don't use drugs
Who'll teach them right from, show dem boys, true love
So I pray for betta days, face da bombs and da run-a-ways
And I put my guns away and I pray for peace on Sundays
It's crazy ain't it
Just like the soldiers, that ain't comin' home this year
Just like the fellas in prison, we miss you so much fa real
What about the children who ran away, that ain't comin' home today
Well here's a message from coast to coast
'Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug holiday
Jus like, jus like, jus like, a thug holiday
Jus like, jus like, jus like, a thug holiday
If it wasn't for, all these killings, all these conflicts in religions
Muslims, Jews, and Christians would know that
They are all God's children
And there's only, one Him, plus ain't none of y'all confronted Him
We so blind in our own mind we wouldn't even know
God if we confronted Him
And I, read yo books, konw all yo remixes to the Bible

What about a, verse for thugs, cureable drugs, and survival, huhLet's add some chapters, name 'em Martin,

Malcolm and Farrakhan

In all my history books, only one died was the Amerikans

And let's point 'em out, who's responsible for Vietnam

And hold on, there's more, we had 2 World Wars

And, how come the judges make more than the teachers is making

When they the one raising all the taxes and got us fighting for education

Life is crazy ain't itSo many tears throughout the years, somebody tell me what's goin' on

And so many lies but only God knows, about the pain deep inside

It gets so hard, ya gotta keep ya head up

I know ya fed up but stay strong

Here's a message from coast to coast

'Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug holiday

Jus like, jus like, jus like a thug holiday

Jus like, jus like, jus like aThis is for my people in the ghetto

I'm callin' out, I'm callin' out

To all my thugs in the ghetto, callin' out

'Cause it gets hard sometimes

But ya gotta keep ya head up, and be strong

Here's a message from coast to coast

Cause when them thugs really need it the most

A thug holiday, thug holiday

'Cause we need it, gotta have itHmm mm, 'cause it gets hard here in these streets

You know what I mean

In the ghetto

I'm callin' out to all my thugs in the ghetto

Do you hear what I am saying? Hmm mm

Callin' my thugs from the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto

This song is dedicated to the ghetto, ghetto, ghettoA message from coast to coast

When them thugs really need it the most

A thug holiday, I said, "A thug holiday, thug hoilday"

We need it, we need it

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