

Thug Love

Da Beatminerz

[Chorus]

I got love for my Bloods, got love for my Crips
Got love for my thugs, and we don't trip, we get rich
Love for my disciples, love for my lords
Pitchforks and five stars, street soldiers for sure
Got love for Latin kings, and love for Mexico !
S.A.'s and L.K.'s joint, coast to coast
Love the everyday hustling, bustling, muscling but what
When we war, we stay struggling

[Treach]

I got a plan, a pound, a payment; let's roll
I'm seeing red, the blue, the brown, black, and gold
Time to stand as one and snatch back the soul
Gangsters, we all can jack back control
Got the bitches coming with the booty and bubbly
Time to discuss streets 'cause shit got ugly
I thought they all facing enemy to enemy
Cause ain't a motherfucking thing here industry
Who in here banging over money, or a bitch that you ain't sure to get
Or soon as you get it, split it
Over a block that's hot, or a chain that he got
The nigga he popped, or over the dimes that HE dropped
Either way we got a bil' a day
Cause nowadays it's kids that spray, they feel that way
And if we chill and wait, and don't deliberate
You see they feel that way, and then they kill that way

[Chorus]

[Vinnie]

I love my niggas to the death of me
I think it's my motherfucking destiny
My homies bringing out the best in me
Shout to my people out on the streets who don't be stressing me
See what you fake niggas can't feel
Is that the real recognize real

Niggas who rob and steal,
could give a fuck about image and sex appeal

So when they see you on the streets (Nigga you know the deal)
hey yo these so-called gangsters, as so-called hard
I seen 'em rolling with a million man entourage
But then they still get touched on by the law
That makes me think, what the fuck they even hired 'em for
You see we all in the same gang
Because we've all hit the same thang
But now it's time niggas game changed
And while he's sleeping calling us 'lost souls'
We send a million O.G.'s straight to the pole

[Chorus]

[Treach: x2]

You got my back, I got yo' back
You got yo' strap, I got my strap
We got it, and you know it
We got it, and you know it

[Treach]

As our people with a purpose, see the shit surface
They get us, 'cause the feds is the nigga you do the dirt with
Sick of pleading 'Your Honor' fuck you, contempt on getting calmer
Sick of these warrants, and drinking and driving drama
Time to, get connected, and stop making them records
Bout slanging and banging, but they can't hold it when it get hectic
A lot of niggas live soft and act hard
A lot of rappers be claiming they be gangsters but trackstars
A lot of cops kick ass, for quick cash, and fast cars
The bottom of the beaten niggas with the last scars
I'ma do Diallo, I feel dog he was hollow
If we don't fight today, it's nothing to fight for tomorrow

[Chorus: x2]

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