Thug (DatPiff Exclusive)

Lil B

[Lil Wayne]
Squad up, squad up, fuck that nigga at the do`
Squad up, squad up, fuck that nigga at the back
Squad up, squad up, fuck y'all[Lil Wayne]
Listen
Now when we slide up in the club, we come in and do things
About every car that you name, on twenty-two things
We likely to have a few drinks, beat up a few lanes
Spitting game at a cute thing, make her get a crew brain
All the Heineken's in mo' if it ain't dro we don't want it
Cut my song on homie, yeah, that squad shit we own it
Droopy high come see the future, we livin' for the moment
Whole sucker on corners, the dance floor up pistols on it
And everybody know you fuck up, we killin' ya
The whole club familiar with my familia
Chicken heads Boriquas goin' follow where I go
I ain't got nothing for them but a dick and a taco skat
And everybody know right where the gat me when they dap
Fuck up I'll put yo eyes right when you lap me
And I ain't come to sign shit, unless it's a bar tappin'
I ain't taking no pictures unless I`m palming an ass
Where the fuck y'all?[Chorus: Mack 10]
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club[Mack 10]
L.A. let the thugs in the club
A-T-L let the thugs in the club
Chi-town let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love[B.G.]
I like shinin' but dog I'm in love with thuggin'
I like clubbin' but I get off when I`m beefin' and bustin'
I got a Bentley, Beamer, Benz, Lex
Got a bullet proof Hummer for just creepin' on sess
I got a roley, matter fact bout three or four
Got a couple of neck pieces that I wear at the show
Niggas know all the trouble that come with me
Niggas know it ain't the bluffet that come from me
Me and my click draw party every week at them crib

For hustlers and convicts, they get it, how they live
I don't need to keep it real for the block and chill
Yeah I'm happy and what cause I got a few mill
Don't thank I won't steal, wrap the K and kill
Don't thank I won't say-uh a bird and crush the pills
When it's time to bling, nigga I bling
When it comes to do the damn thing, I do the damn thing![Chorus][Mack 10]
Yo, yo
Now it ain't no secret that I'm slangin' and bangin'
And like a sack of dope rocks, my nuts be hangin'
It's Inglewood and Q.S., is the hood I`m claimin'
And I'm in already, so my colors is flamin'
It's for the project bitches who be backin' it up
And all the hardcore hustlers that be stackin' it up
And no matter where you from, represent yo city
If you a ghetto get crunk, if you's a Diddy get chicky
Get yo walk on, rib-riders if you true blue
Get yo bang on, and throw yo hood up, die move
While I buy the whole bar cause you no one know
I got a spotter and a front and a rag top fo'
I keep it ghetto, gutter, gangsta like a West Coast G
The homies trust the dopeman so we got in free
Like a stampede rust through and or we sell
Was let a stoo' bitch and get shot in the head
Ba, ba, ba, ba![Chorus]Miami let the thugs in the club
New Orleans let the thugs in the club
Texas let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Milwauk' let the thugs in the club
The Bay let the thugs in the club
New York let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Carolina let the thugs in the club
Ohio let the thugs in the club
Tennessee let the thugs in the club
Detroit let the thugs in the club
St. Louis let the thugs in the club
DC let the thugs in the club

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