

# Rags to Riches

## Trick Daddy

Until the day a nigga D I E I'll be forever thuggin', baby  
Ever [Incomprehensible] these bitches love it, baby  
Still got the chron son, I used to be a drug dealer  
X-men, Ex-con, forever thug nigga  
Around here we smoke a bitch I still book 'em heavy  
'Cuz I bought that Benz  
That don't mean I sold my Chevy  
I love my seven-trey, I talk to 'em everyday  
I ride around 'em cool, I walk by 'em yesterday I'm from the southwest, where niggas drive Chevy's at  
Come through with that bullshit, my niggas don't gonna handle dat  
I fuck with no bustas, my game is straight must-a  
So if you fuckin' with us, we'll hit you up with K Cutters  
I feels no niggas but I pitch no hittas  
Throw curve balls at they ass, they gonna watch 'em, go get 'em  
I'm now the coo guy up the street, up the block from 'em  
I used to up my glocks on 'em, then take they blocks from 'em  
Nigga this is thug shit, that's all I represent  
You don't believe me, ask them niggas, I bets they love this  
Nigga this is thug shit, that's all I represent  
You don't believe me, ask them niggas, I bets they love this When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life and y'all still with me  
When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life again, so ride with me When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life and y'all still with me  
When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life again, so ride with me C O, betta known as Mr. Piscopo  
Pull out my dick and piss on hoes  
In ya face while I spit these flows  
Like you ain't know, nigga we kick down doors to get that dough  
Hit your hoes, bend your doors, smoke your dough  
And we gonna get mo'  
For sho', you know dat cheddar make it betta  
And it's thug life forever, and we all in dis togetha  
Like dun-a, dun-a  
Nigga dem rags to riches  
Wit' your boy C O Money Mark, T double D, so bitch don't go So nigga rolls, so every motha fucka get down  
the floors  
Get away from all your doors and your windows  
'Cuz a nigga done passed wit' a .44

And Im'a let it go like boom  
Betta break ya-self, I can't take myself  
But killa, nigga, won't have to make myself  
And I'll come to ya wake myself  
I won't send no dogs, no friends, no loot  
No fool, no car, no clothes, no suit  
Just a note that say, he through, now, now thanks to you  
Me and Tre gotta make up for these times lost  
We bout' that cash, we on that ass  
So let them 9's off When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life and y'all still with me  
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When my niggaz and bitches go from rags to riches  
It'll be thug life again, so ride with me So mutha-fucking sicka, stupid hoes and fuck niggas  
Snitches and bitches, yo, hold on I'm gon' kill 'em  
And I'm just chillin' bustas, she fought for me to keep 'em  
So I just peep 'em, lay back and I book my reefa  
I'm a thug nigga, so ya know I gots to keep my pistols  
I got the choppers that I'll bring it down and won't miss ya  
You want a nigga that gives a fuck about a bitch  
Unless you sucking the fucking ho and tryin' to get rich I need a bitch that can ball a nigga out  
Who can shoot a nigga best, a bitch about stacks ho  
All this complaining ho, bitch about that  
Ever since I hold a Benz, bitch be all in my face  
Nigga this is thug shit, that's all I represent  
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Thug life again, so ride wit me  
Thug life again, so ride wit me

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