Thugs & Hustlers (feat. Mag & Krayzie Bone)

Naughty By Nature

featuring Krayzie Bone Mag[Intro: (Mag)]
Aw shit! Here we go!
Aw there go my niggas over there!
Yeah there go my thugs over there!
There go them bitches over there!
Look out for shots for my real niggas![Chorus:]
Where my thugs where my hustlers at?
Where my thugs where my hustlers at? Say what?
Where my thugs where my hustlers at?
Where my thuss where my hustlers at? Say what?
The Henny's in me, you can't change that
Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at
The Henny's in me, you can't change that
Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?
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Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at[Mag]
Now why should locs give a fuck?
What? Nigga my mental's stuck
I gotta be dirty damn near all the time, strapped the fuck up
Post the fuck up, Smoked the fuck up, locced the fuck up
When the po po come we don't choke the fuck up, punk
Bitch ass niggas know they can't run with me
Real ass niggas they get it done with me
Because they want with me
Ha, it's just the low life I live
Shit forever we ride, dub sac, my homey done died
My head stays busted
All motherfuckin day, off that Henny blessed with Alhezay
Hey, what, gangstafied, bout it bout it til I die nigga
Bounce to this and if you dig it press rewind[Treach]
See now my thugs do the gangsta and the killin and stealin
While my hustlers do the bankin and the dealin for millions
My pimps be curlin, crimpin, straight pimpin and illin
My gangsta thugs on this club on the motherfuckin realin
See, some motherfuckers got loot to get
It's just some motherfuckers can't shoot for shit
So my hustlers call my thugs for the slugs for the hit

And yeah my thugs roll and shoot in the hoop like a six
Came from east to the west playin steelo with Beelow
Niggas fought drinkin corpse, too much cut on the kilos
So we took every jewel that he just bought from Tito
Then Beelow rolled him through the desert
Left him bleedin in Reno, without a see-note
A section or a solid to sell it
Ain't married fuck a ring, save the carats for rabbits
'cause a pimp and a thug and a hustler know
You trick your grip, the bitch got rich and you's the hoe, woah[Chorus][Krayzie Bone]
You see them packin niggas goin in the club, token, smokin bud
Ain't no security at the door so they ain't even get touched
Now they better tear this motherfucker up
If you one of them niggas, us
Straight to the parkin, lift them nigga what
We all thugged out, got on khakis, fatigues and boots
Just watchin all the loud talkers floss they cheese and jewels
Clean diamond rings and suits, we ain't hatin nigga we hungry
And we'll rob your ass with the quickness if you show me the money
Call it whatever my nigga but I call it being a thug and a hustler
And you gotta have the nuts to be both
And I gotta roll with the raws
And get with the steady regardless
Fuck, how much your bitch and how many niggas you with
See we the ones that like to crash the party
Drink all the forties up and disrespect every nigga in there
'cause we don't give a fuck (we don't)
Just 'cause I be rappin and all my records went platinum
Don't exactly mean I had to get rid of my Thug Mentality
But I know some niggas be fakin themselves
That's 'cause they hoes
And when they get caught up in confrontations they be scared as hell
Ain't nothin wrong with bein a thug, but y'all got to keep it real
So don't you get your ass on wax tellin lies about how you live
Now I dedicate this to my real strugglers
Make em feel ya, fuck makin em love ya
And y'all gon learn, them thugs and hustlers
Hustlers, hustlers

Songwriters
Moore, Falonte D / Henderson, Anthony / Robinson, Donald / Gist, Keir Lamont / Criss, Anthony Shawn / Brown, Vincent EPublished by
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