

Thug Life Again (feat. Money Mark)

Trick Daddy

Verse 1: Money Mark It's hard for a nigga just to breathe in the streets

Let alone trying to make cheese in the streets

Nigga's bleeding in the streets

So I don't go, unless I'm chillin' on the low with my middle finger up

And I'm ridin' for Buddy Roe

Cause he jammed in it

My dog got slammed in it

I even lost Bam in it, wait a damn minute

This the street life, cracker think a nigga fadeless

Cause I'm tryin' to make it out the matrix, fuck this nigga

Nigga's life for dope and nigga's die for dope

And nigga's die cause they live on dope

And I remember when I told 'cha Roe

I would've shed blood for ya'

A nigga still got much love for ya'

Nigga, believe that, and yeah Money Mark mean that

Until the day a nigga lean back

This how a nigga show you real love

A dedication to them real thugs

Cause we the last one's livin' Chorus: (repeat 2x) Trick Daddy All I need to get on is a few good men with big guns

We can break Buddy Roe out the pin

And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh Verse 2: Trick Daddy I'm 'bout a G short, not bees

One of my (???) got caught with three ki's

And he ain't taking no pleas

Ride or die, holla thug life

I know the feeling, I know exactly what it look like

Buddy Roe you better hold on

Cause when the crackers catch ya' they'll hide 'cha ass for so long

And they'll ship ya' ass so far

They'll probably (???) turn round duce things in yo' car

Hell, I rather the go to war with 'em

They got guns but my guns skreeting mo' with 'em

Bullets that explode in 'em

Huh, and I don't see no vest

But cha'll know the rest

That rapid fire hit 'em right in the chest

His mammy gotta right 'em a check

For the rose for the dead man

Huh, you understand, nigga it's thug life again
Chorus: repeat 4x
All I need to get on is a few good men with big
guns

Just to break Buddy Roe out the pin
And then it's thug life again nigga, thug life nigga, huh
Trick Daddy talking:
Thug life nigga fuck nigga's die in thug life
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never be shit, ain't gone never succeed
Fuck nigga's ain't gone never have no money
Cause them real nigga's can take it
Fuck nigga's can keep calling the police
You fuck nigga's can keep crossing ya'll (???) on a nigga
This motherfucking thug life you pussy ass cunt
dick sucking, dick licking ass,
dick in the bootie, fuck flaunging ass nigga,
ya'll nigga's know who ya'll is
Fuck ya, one time, for them motherfucking killers
One time for the dope dealers
One time for any motherfucker in America, who 'bout some war
'Bout some legal getting money shit, tax free biiitch!!!
Chorus comes back on to repeat 2x

Songwriters

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