

Thug Money

Trick Daddy

If it's 'bout that money
Then you gots to kill them, haha
Come here nigga, that's the only way, uh
I'mi wake Hollywood up in this muthafucka tonight
Nigga
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
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Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
I'm thinking back when I was younger
I usta hustle in the summer
No time for crime
I had to help my mama
And I love the rainy weather
Make me hustle better
Running into partner in da ghetto
Trying to get my shit together
However, I'm giving these fuck niggas pillars
Robbing fake dope dealers
And these fake ass killers for my niggas
They keep they fingers on the triggers
'Cause they heard about you business
And these fuck niggas trying to end this
So I'm ready, just riding dirty in the Chelli
Me and my cousin named Chopper and we stopping for that fetti
Call us foolish, 'cause of how we feel the way we do this
Slanging, robbing and shooting even neighborhood polluted
I'm ready to do this and like weed
I'm always louted with duck tape ya muted
If the shit move, I shoot it, hold on
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
I'm doing this one for my homies

Who left his baby mama lonely
Got chur-en dat neva saw him
Got kids who don't even know him
Got to count his blessings sent
'Cause one chance be his only lesson
For the homies all be missing
His son's got stronger missions
Hold on, don't fall, 'cause I've been there
And I know, 'cause see all my niggas ain't dope dealers
But they killers, for sure, they call us thugs

So give us our own section in the club
Allow us to use our drugs, nigga what, nigga what, say it
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
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Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
I can't believe you haven't heard of a dog, pop, what a bird
And no clues on how the Feds got the inside word
He left his real homies home and all my thug niggas gone
And ain't no telling when the boy getting back home
See everybody needs a hustle, so stay free from those ain't
Especially, when you getting in front of muscle
'Cause them fools will try to touch ya
They know you dying for yours
So from day one, they don't trust ya
This whole style I be living for
Sometimes, look like I'm running fast speed
And this old bad luck taking me lower
Life's full of lies, there's too many guys
Who need to compete and God knows a nigga tried
When it's gone get better, seems like never
In this life we live
Us niggas just can't stick together
However, I guess a change got to come from this
One day, but right now, I can't accomplish shit
Patience for the frustration
Waiting to die for the troubles that I'm facing
So I'm living on the edge
I'm thugging till I'm dead, yeah
Standing free from them suckers and far away from them Feds

I say I never had no job, always rot
Living in the park, back when I was scared
And then things got better, my pockets got fatter
Went from to Jimbo, Timbo's, to Polo sweaters
Nigga came across a key and turned it into three
And got my fuck ass enemies running from me
And saying
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
Thug Money got blood on it plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you, I put my heart on it
Tha thug Money got blood on it
Tha thug Money got blood on it

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