## Popular Thug (feat. Nas)

## **Kelis**

You know what I am
You know what I do well at least I thought you knew
They call me Pusha

DamnI take you like a slap in the face

Every time the bass is mentioned like I had bad intentions

Listen, I thought love was given

So for you I did those things you were missingNever have to say please gimme borrow

As long as I got yay and two semi autos

And connects in the jets like wetback Carlos

I ain't askin' you to follow just think about tomorrow, pleaseI should have known

By the way that you stared

Eying passes by

Like you're rich but life ain't fairBut you make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skipI would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug

You're damn rightI would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug

You're damn right I can't help if I'm a thug and I'm popular

I think that come along with driving a shocking car

Watch the coke light up they life the rocks with stars

Had fiends talking crippled 'cuz they locked they jawPusha T you think it's cool that you deal

Bout as cool as that breeze on the beach in Brazil

As long as fiends want pain then I'm gon' slang

When my financial change then I'm gon' changeI should have seen

In the way you touched my hand

Shuffling your car keys

But sounded like a gentlemanBut ya make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skipI would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug

You're damn rightI would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

Hey, popular thug

You're damn rightI would have never talked to you
If I had known you was a popular thug
Hey, popular thug

You're damn rightYou don't know it yet, it's the life that I live that you love

And the fact that I'm thug that had you holding techs

When you really didn't know what it was

But you did it out of love, shitFar from deprived give you all of you fetishes

Like treacherous necklaces, beget etceteras

Colors coming out make your head spin like exorcist

Spending bright futures in the hood all them no good messagesI should have heard it

In the way you said my name

While I analyzed your tone

You were formulating gamesBut you make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skip

Make my record skipI would have never talked to you

If I had known you was a popular thug

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