What a Thug About

Beanie Sigel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo Beanie, Mac, rap guerrilla, I'm out for the skrilla
Face it ain't no replacement for this killa
Keep your hands where I can see 'em, don't make me nervous
This 4-4 auto mat, you don't deserve this shitKids either don't make me make you a believer
I do a lotta talkin', I speak wit the heater
I'll run up in your crib put some in your wig
Your baby's cryin', pop pop pop, put some in the cribAnd I want everything not just some of the shit
Got niggas comin' home at night like you son of bitch
Nigga done took me off, yeah you shook and soft
You can't blink around no crook, one look you lostNiggas'll find your bitch to find your bricks
See if you love your bitch or you love your chips
4-4 snub shit sendin' slugs to the whip
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle, I love this thug shitYo, what you really know what a thug about?
Locked up in the bing, no grub about
On the block doin' your thing, slingin' drugs about
Tell me what you really know what a thug aboutYo, what you really know what a thug about?
Locked up in the bing, no grub about
On the block doin' your thing, slingin' drugs about
Tell me what you really know what a thug aboutA true thugs spreads his game linked up in bubble
While niggas stay in one lane like the Lincoln Tunnel
I refuse to limit my game to one hustle
I don't only sling crack or let the cards shuffleI know how to play Cee-Lo, set it off like Cleo
Ain't no tellin' first union or Mellan
First nigga that move put two up in his melon
From the 9-2 emberetem parabellumAnd I run through cats, I'm a true gun cat
One nickel, one black, who want that?
I done schooled, my youngin's, gave tools to my youngin's
Broke food wit my youngin's, broke rules wit my youngin'sSpark my way outta shit and had bad run in's
Talked my way outta shit and near death come in
Real thugs do what they want say what they feel
They never front they keep it realYo, what you really know what a thug about?
Locked up in the bing, no grub about

On the block doin' your thing, slingin' drugs about
Tell me what you really know what a thug aboutYo, what you really know what a thug about?
Locked up in the bing, no grub about
On the block doin' your thing, slingin' drugs about
Tell me what you really know what a thug aboutNiggas claim to be thugs, you real fuckin' suckas
Quick ass runnin', good fuckin' duckas
Obey the rules when my glock unloads
'Cause when I start firin', stop drop and rollDuck behind cars, hide behind poles
Know I live by the code, anything goes
Real thugs stand up straight, they never fold
And they don't know shit if anything ever blowsThugs don't wanna talk shit out, they wanna spark shit out
Till the cops come an chalk shit out
Blaze wit the toasta extra clip in the leg holster
Face off like Cage and TravoltaIf you got beef, a thug gonna roast ya
Talk behind their back, a thug gonna approach ya
Right amount of stack, a thug gonna ghost ya
Lay you out flat like a thug suppose to

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