

# For My Thugs

## Lil' Flip

Lil Flip, Trick Daddy...[Hook: Trick Daddy - 2x]  
I'm doing this one for the thugs  
And them boys down South, much love for the thugs yes sir  
For the thugs, and them boys in the city  
Much love for the thugs, yes sir[Lil Flip]  
From city to city, state to state  
Me and my niggaz on the road, trying to make this cake  
Cause if you don't work, you don't eat  
So right now I'm in the studio, bringing the heat  
And I've been doing this rap thang, for a long time  
I went from flipping them dimes, to kicking them rhymes  
From one tat, to twenty five tats  
I went from one sling shot, to twenty five gats  
And all I want, is twenty five placks  
And if you want a show, I need twenty five stacks  
Fuck a dat, I got a playback machine  
One mic one stage, and a ounce of green  
And I'ma show you, how we do it down here  
And if you ain't from round here, get the hell from down here  
And just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet  
It's Lil Flip, Trick Daddy and my boy Greg Street[Hook: Trick Daddy - 2x][Lil Flip]  
When I'm thugging like Pac, when I'm hugging my block  
If you run to the cops, I'ma come with my glock  
If you play with my do', I'ma spray at your hoe  
So if the shit ever happen, don't act like you ain't know  
Cause I got niggaz on my team, that'll pop the steal  
And make your body disappear, like David Copperfield  
And I got family in Miami, that'll ride for me  
I got some homies in Atlanta, that'll die for me  
And I'm a pimp, so my hoes never lie to me  
They get taped with my cane, and go fly for me  
So bring daddy his cash, so I can re-up quick  
Then supply my customers, when I flood the strip  
Fuck a drought I got that work, like a booking agent  
I got bricks in the attic, and pounds in the basement  
And that's how we hustle, around my way  
We living like Denzel, on Training Day, cause I'm a thug[Hook: Trick Daddy - 4x][Lil Flip]  
I'm doing this for Houston, Dallas, College Station  
To all my young thugs, who still on probation

For my niggaz locked up, with no parole  
And to whoever bought my tape, cause my shit went gold  
And we thugging, rolling on Dubs and  
We valet, when we come to the club and  
I stay strapped up, cause I got shot this year  
And I'm about to go quadruple, like Pac this year  
That's one million, two million, three million, fo'  
And after that, I'ma put red in the do'  
So just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet  
And watch me put these hoes, on the ecstasy Yeah nigga...

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>