Corporate Thuggin'

USDA

[Verse 1]
I said I'm corporate thuggin CTE
until the day I die that's the way it's gon be
thug motivation I'm bumpin number 3
blowin on some killa shit that I got from zone 3
blowin orange mound yea we call it Tennessee
I'm good in every hood everybody know me
so dont wake me up I swear to God I'm dreamin
paper on the way aint a nigga still beamin
lookin fly in the cockpit a nigga still leanin
money out here so a nigga still schemin
and I don't make music for the mother f**kin critics
they don't understand cause they aint mother f**kin lend it
and I aint trippin on the source I got a mother f**kin plug
keepin 5 mics I'm still a mother f**kin thug
now the question is can a nigga really rap
and the answer is you ever been the trap
bitch i make hits you niggas waste time
and I be goddamn if I let you waste mine
like chase more the better but I'm still strapped
trigger happy nigga don't make me relaspe
attitude like f**k it they hatin anyway
and I can give a f**k what a nigga gotta say
u still talkin blow you goddamn right
what else I'm gon say that's my mother f**kin life
I just left Jamaica I'm talkin ochas rias
sippin margaritas on the beach in my adidas
bought a few pills but that's only for the skeezers
use my black card but that's only for the reefa
What's up, Let's go

[Chorus]
Not a day go by that I aint high hit the mall everyday nigga I stay fly
26 inches yea I'm sittin up high, and imma keep it hood homie that's no lie
Not a day go by that I aint high hit the mall everyday nigga I stay fly
get it how we live yea we tryin to get by, we throw it all in the air baby that's no lie
What's up

[Verse 2]

Everybody love him blowin on Jamaica the boy corporate thuggin
glasses in the air everybody toastin gettin f**ked up nigga everybody tokin
messin wit a broad and she blacker than an African
hair down her back like she mixed with Italian
mommy so thick man she look like a stallion
introduced her to my partner yea its on so whats happenin

[Verse 3]
What's happenin
Dead presidents briefcase full
one couldnt take a chance we do it for the love
for them livin life fast we do it for the rush
rubberband stacks we do it for the touch
this shit don't stop corporate thuggin nigga til my casket drop
yams in the booth did the same on the block
don't blame me I'm just tryna get a knot U.S.D.A

[Chorus]
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What's up

Lyrics submitted by Shay.

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