

# Corporate Thuggin'

## U.S.D.A.

I said I'm corporate thuggin', see T E  
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 Mile, yeah, we call it Tennessee  
I'm good in every hood everybody know me  
So don't wake me up, I swear to God I'm dreamin'  
Pray fo Uncle Ray, yeah, dat nigga still beamin'  
Lookin' fly in the cock pit a nigga still leanin'  
Money out here so a nigga still schemin'  
And I don't make music fo da muthafuckin' critics  
They don't understand 'cause they ain't muthafuckin' littin'  
And I ain't trippin' on the source I got a  
muthafuckin' plug  
Keep me 5 mics, I'm still a muthafuckin' thug  
Now the question is, can a nigga really rap?  
And the answer is you eva been to da trap?  
Bitch, I make hits, you niggas waste time  
And I be goddamn, if I let you waste mine  
Like change for the better but I'm still strapped  
Trigga happy nigga don't make me relapse  
Attitude like fuck it, they hatin' anyway  
And I can give a fuck what a nigga gotta say  
You still talkin' blow? You goddamn right  
What else I'm gon' say? That's my mu-fuckin' life  
I just left Jamaica, I'm talkin' Nachos Rios  
Sippin' margaritas on the beach in my Adidas  
Brought a few pills but that's' only fo da skeezas  
Used my black car but that's only fo da reefa  
What's up? Let's go  
Not a day goes by, that I ain't high  
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly  
26 inches, yeah, I'm sittin' up high  
And I'ma keep it hood, homie, dat's no lie  
Not day goes by, that I ain't high  
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly  
Get how we live, yo, we tryin' to get by  
We throw it all in the air, baby, dats no lie  
Blood raw, errbody love it blowing on Jamaica  
The boy corporate thuggin'  
Glasses in the air, errbody toastin'  
Don't get it fucked up, nigga, errbody toting  
Posted with a broad, yeah she blacker then a African  
Hair down her back like she mixed with Italian  
Mami so thick man she look like a stallion  
Introduced her to my partner yeah, it's on so what's happenin'?  
What's happening? Dead Presidents, briefcase  
full of 'em  
Couldn't take a chance we do it for the love of 'em  
Living life fast, we do it for the rush of it

Rubber band stacks, we do it for the touch of it  
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.  
Not a day goes by, that I ain't high  
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly  
26 inches, yeah, I'm sittin' up high  
And I'ma keep it hood, homie, dat's no lie  
Not a day goes by, that I ain't high  
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly  
Get how we live, yo, we tryin' to get by  
We throw it all in the air, baby, dat's no lie, what's up?  
So fly, so high  
So fly, so high  
So fly, so high

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Smith, Peter Arnaz / Falson, Bruce / Whitman, Renaldo  
Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>