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 3Blowin' 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 relapseAttitude 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' lifeI 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 goNot 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 lieNot 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 lieBlood 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 totingPosted 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 itThis 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 lieNot 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, what's up?So fly, so high
So fly, so high
So fly, so high
So fly, so high

Songwriters
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