We Thuggin

Money Bagz

Ooh, mmm
Yeah, uh, uh
Fat Joe and the R
That shit y'all
Breakin' shit down
Shake that, funky, funky, funky
Yeah
Sticky, icky, icky, yeah uh
I got that shit y'all
I got that shit y'all
Uh yo yo
Crack man and I'm at it again
Niggas had they run, now it's time for change
When we step in the club, nigga tuck ya chain
Got the mink on same color the Range
Uh, pour liquor for my nigga that's gone
Big Pun! Then we party like we just came home
Fuck a bitch if she act to grown
I don't need that shit, I got my wife at home
Uh words slurrin', dirty urine
Drunk off of Henry and the 'jo keep burnin'
Dancin with shorty and her friend keep flirtin'
I don't always crush two but tonight seems certain'
Party hard like "Fuck all y'all!"
Bottles in the air like we stuck up the bar
Terror Squad man you know who we are
Cruise through ya block and them drop-top Bentley's is ours
Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and
Off up in the club, whylin' like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henry wit no chaser, mami don't stop
Throwin' up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops
We take a puff of 'dro be-atch
Yeah uh, yeah yeah yo
Everybody wanna know where the crib's at
Niggas just now gettin ice, so we get that
Mami starin' at me like she wanna get kidnapped
Money lookin' happy with his wife but we triz that

Along with Lisa, Aisha, Shonda, Renee
Even ran through the dorms down in Morgan State
In Miami, pool-party off the chain
Gettin' brains in the water on Memorial Day
Uh, grand-mami ya'll cool and shit
It's ya birthday, show me what I'm foolin' with
Like no doubt, pokin' doll out, pull ya G-string down south
Oww! Pass that, give shorty a shot
True enough we gon' see if she naughty or not
I'm on E feelin' ready and hot
I give 'em twenty a pop
You wanna roll leave the panties atop
Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and
Off up in the club, whylin' like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henry wit no chaser, mami don't stop
Throwin' up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops
We take a puff of 'dro be-atch
Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up
Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland what the fuck what
Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up
Uh, uh, Rockland, Terror Squad what the fuck what
Some of these kids is doin' they own thing
But none of these kids stack chips like us
Some of these cats is doin' they own thing
But none of these cats run tricks like us
Yeah, we thuggin', rollin' on dubs and
Off up in the club, whylin' like what
Got Cris' on pop, Henry wit no chaser, mami don't stop
Throwin' up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the drop
And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot
And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops
We take a puff of 'dro be-atch
Yeah uh
You know what this is
Chi-town, BX
What the fuck what?
Out

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