

# Thug Life

## 21 Savage

Scrape the corner  
Buy a Rover  
Crack inside my grandmas sofa  
Sunday, family coming over  
Move the crack behind the toaster  
Carry pistols with no holsters  
Trying not to be a poster  
You was listening to your coaches  
I was listening to the vultures  
And I slept with rats and roaches  
That's why I don't smoke no roaches  
Niggas tryna knock my focus  
Wonder why I'm sick of potion  
We happy, dog but we ain't jokers  
Big bullets, we ain't poking  
In that pussy, slow motion  
Nigga ain't none of my songs wrote  
I'm thinking to myself you ain't gang, nigga, fuck you  
Feel like 2Pac, Thug Life, nigga, fuck you  
If he had the password to your phone he wouldn't have cuffed you  
Dog ass bitch, I knew I never should've trusted you  
Hoe stab a nigga in the back like the streets do  
Can't believe that you betrayed me, I used to sleep with you  
Niggas quick to say they loyal to you, they be see-through  
Gang, gang, screaming "Fuck you, they want to eat you"  
My son got asthma, grandma having spasms  
Fuck the chatter, he gon' tattle, put 'em on the platter  
Snakes plotting on my downfall like I'm hearing rattle  
(That fuck nigga gone flop man  
21 ain't even no real nigga, fuck that nigga)  
We sticking to the G code, nigga we ain't beefin' over freak ho's  
I hit her on the D low, yeah she like my steelo  
That nigga think that he a bullet, don't like credit, Deebow  
30-round hangin' out the big Glock  
Nigga, no six shots, shootin' 'til the clip stops  
You a lil' cat, I'm a big dog  
Nigga, when we pullin' up the stick's out  
Too much money got 'em pissed off  
Nigga, I'ma pull up at yo bitch house  
Fuck a niggas bitch to get a kick out it

Nigga pop percs, 'gone get a kick out it  
Drinking on syrup with my dick out  
Glock-17 with the dick out  
I'm thinking to myself you ain't gang, nigga, fuck you  
Feel like 2Pac, Thug Life, nigga, fuck you  
If he had the password to your phone he wouldn't have cuffed you  
Dog ass bitch, I knew I never should've trusted you Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho  
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho  
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho  
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho I'mma tint, presidential, like I'm Trump though  
Secret service shooters, leave 'em niggas slumped, dawg  
Denzel, I get surgical with this pump, dawg  
Busting down, breaking down, then I put it in a blunt, dawg  
Made a mess now, I got 21 washed out  
In my face, teetee and taytay in the same count  
I was down, bad and now I'm shining like a lamp  
You put a ring on her, she ain't nothing but a tramp  
The kicked me outta middle school and sent me to the house  
We 'bout that gunplay, nigga, motherfuck 'yo count  
19, I bought a Cutlass, four 12's and an amp  
Beating down Glenwood, nigga, feeling like a champ  
Nigga, we ain't takin' no deals  
Lil nigga we ain't snitchin', we ain't making no sound  
Used to jump niggas, now we jumping in a crowd  
Used to make my mama cry, but now I make her proud  
I remember rainy days but now she like the sound I'm thinking to myself you ain't gang, nigga, fuck you  
Feel like 2Pac, Thug Life, nigga, fuck you  
If he had the password to your phone he wouldn't have cuffed you  
Dog ass bitch, I knew I never should've trusted you Hoe stab a nigga in the back like the streets do  
Can't believe that you betrayed me, I used to sleep with you  
Niggas quick to say they loyal to you, they be see-through  
Gang, gang, screaming "Fuck you, they want to eat you"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>