

In Love With A Thug (Prod. Meech Wells)

Snoop Dogg

[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah, this shit right here sound like a love song

(she was in love)

A gangsta love song, you feel me? Check it out

(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)

(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!) Yeah, gangsta, uh-huh!

Have you ever had a pretty, young saditty

Black female with chips, from the city?

Her momma got ends, and her daddy got ends

And she liked to give me ends when I'm out with my friends

Good girl, why do good girls like bad boys? (I don't know)

When I was a kid, growing up, I never had toys

And I think that she can figure that shit out (why?)

Cause every time she came to pick a nigga up

Shit, she'd take a nigga out

Roll around town, ask the pound, they know, look

Baby was my thing, nah, she was my low-low

Bought my first Rolo, and then we took a photo together

Man I hope this thing last forever

We been together six months, and we ain't argued yet

She loving a nigga, steady buying me shit

And don't say shit when I dip with my click

And understand, when I'm down and out

May need some help with some chips

Her mother approved of me, but her father he don't

He probably won't, shit Pops ain't no punk

Daddy's little girl be in a gangsta's world

Buying me house shoes and khaki blues, California curls

No matter what her father say, baby gon' see me

It's like a jungle sometimes, that makes me Wonder like Stevie

Believe me, when I say that baby was in love with a thug

In love with a thug[Chorus: x2](she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)

Daddy I'm in love with a gangsta

(she was in love, with a THUG, in love!)

Momma I'm in love with a gangsta[Snoop Dogg]

I'm caught up in the middle and I don't know what to do

I caught eight months in the joint, behind my crew

That I gotta do and I'ma miss you Boo

But I'ma write you every night and call you on the phone too

What you gon' do? "You know I'm goin' stay true
But I'ma go ahead to college like my father want me to"
Well um, off to my cell with ya body on my mind
And I'ma call you back tomorrow round the same time
I'm on the mainline, 9500 for short
On another phone line, holla'n at my other hoe
This bitch ain't saying shit, cause the bitch ain't shit
Old fat gold-digging-ass county check receiving bitch
I bail up in the Day Room and get in a scrap
Niggas watching Soul Train and I wouldn't turn it back (man fuck y'all)
Never caught slipping, always on strap
And now I'm back in the hole with no motherfucking getback
Sit back and contemplate, and think about baby
And hope she don't get caught up in the world that's so crazy
But while I'm up in Wayside, and she off in college
She getting a little mo' than a schoolgirl knowledge
Cause gangsta-ass niggas go to school nowadays
I tried to make you wait, but I can't change yo' ways
She fell in love with the local G
And now they both in the penitentiary, she didn't mention me[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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