

I'm a Thug

Mac Dre

Yeah yeah
This is a money-motivated song, man, right?
If you're allergic to paper
You might not fit in when niggaz gon' have do a caper, man
Yeah
We ain't allergic to paper, man
So we gon' try to turn you niggaz around, man
Yamean?
Yeah
We gon' try to motivate y'all to get your money
Cause we money-motivators
[Verse 1: Dubee]
The way I steer up out this here bitch, so detrimental how a
PS real click with that double r (?) partner
530, I'm dirty, hate to say it
Represent turf tight and tight with major players
With mo' seasoning, suckers be sneakin in the circle
Urkle niggaz soakin every line, still ain't with the verbals
Get to hoppin hurdles like Jesse Owens in the fast
Return-type tactics so quick shakin that past
In they entourage bitches be hazy like the samurais
Get the mullah, stay savage and suave
Now is that savage? Well certainly
Still I keep it global
Multiple skyscraper paper, unknown total
Who we? Who that be? Dubee, ask your peoples
I leave Sasqwatch footprints and keep it off the heezo
Cizzo please, it ain't no need in hawkin
Ain't no please believe, I breathe (?) back - yamean?
[Chorus]
The way I feel about loot
Ooh, it ain't no doubt about it
I'm a thug
[Verse 2: PSD]
Say how you do, sir?
Well, everything is everything, how 'bout you, brah?
Man, I'm tryin to get my paws on some loot, sir
If it ain't scratch it ain't shit, how 'bout you, sir?
Yeah that's the truth, brah

Say I'm a natural, call me 7-11
Playboy, it's factual, I stay high as the heaven
I'm like the castle
On the chess boards slide front to backwards
Up and down, side to side, boy, we at this
Me, Dre and Dubee savages in the masses
They call my type of people roguish-ass bastards
I pull a babe in and tell her flip the mattress
And get the cash quick

Now player listen, this ain't no test of your broadcast system
Them niggaz PSD and them be comin with em
It ain't no puzzle how I feel about my scrillas
Gotta feed my chil'ens

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

At the building, chilling, living anxious
Waitin for this bitch to deliver some papers
The same routine every day
Get hit then I split the Chevrolet
The 4 15's shake the mirror

When the EB's quake couldn't sound no clearer
Feelin so cool in my old school
Ain't trippin off a bitch, I need some mo' loot
Oh, you ain't know you better check my file
I get stupid doo-doo dumb, don't sweat the style
Me and my niggaz represent the real
Don't think we kill? Bet a 100 dollar bill
I'ma leave a body, no leads or clues
Clepto committee, bitch, we some fools
Killas for the scrilla, sucker, can't you tell?
The real motherfuckers representin Vallejo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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