

Thug Boy

C-Murder

(talking)

Say Ty, (what's up)
I'm feeling you yeah (is that right)
But they say I'm too ghetto for you (oh, ha ha)
Let's chill out from the club scene right now (aight then)
Let's do our ghetto love thang (that's right you my thug boy)
I don't want to go to the club
I want to stay home with my thug
You might want ghetto love
But I just can't get enough - 2x
What you want, I want my ba-by
What you want, I want my thug boy
What you need, I need my ba-by
What you need, I want my thug boy
I'm see-Murder Miller, straight up killa
When I met you you say you liked thug figgas
Well here I'm is, I'm a thug lord
With a vest with many tattoos on my chest
So forget the rest, I'm all you need
When I met you I was playing bout 50 some g's
Other be in contact with 50 some ki's
Think back, remember them trips overseas
Now everything I ride be sitting on d's
Leather interior, two T.V.'s
Break you off proper, get you asleep
You said you never had sex on sanded sheets
Never had rough sex till you met me
Want a thug want a rough neck sex with P
Gucci, Prada, Lubitone
And other designers
Ludacris say what's your fantasy
All I want to know is do you want a thug like me
Nothing lasts forever
Not even love, that's why I'm a thug
That's why I do things just because
It's in my blood my daddy was
Straight from the projects, and a cut-cut boy
If you got it, got to give it up boy
You see me, I'm gone pro-tect you
And everybody in the hood gone respect you
I won't neglect you, and at times
I might have to check you
All I want from you is a ride or die
Stand by my side sometimes get high
Fly with me to Jamaica
Subtract yourself from these fakas
I told you, when we first met
Good times bad times you won't forget
And you'll see more cash then you ever could get
And you'll have nice things I want to see you with
But you got to be strong, hold on
Stay true, other playas want a piece of you
But you could get with this or you could get with that
But I'ma step back and let me see where your mind at
(talking)
Yeah, now that's why I love my baby
She gone chill at home instead of go and run the streets

That's thug love, that's ghetto love
That's something you can't get enough of
You know, it's like that, L.T. he hitting it
You heard me, thug love, No Limit
see-Murder, Ty, TRU Records respect us
2001, 2002, 2003, you heard me, peep game
Straight up, what's up, peace out