

# We Thugs (my Niggas)

Styles P

All for one, one for all  
This is motherfuckin' beautiful  
Talk to 'em baby

This for the cold D's that won't snitch  
For the murderers that won't miss  
For the hustlers that'll front bricks  
For the hood rats that want chips

For the stick-up kids creepin' with they pump's ripped  
For lil' shorty with his rhyme books  
Black girls going to school, carryin' like 9 books

For the hood niggas that go to work because parole  
But they tryin' to be good niggas  
For all the poor mothers that's always goin' through the struggle  
Still screamin' at the Lord, love us

For the ghetto life, for havin' to hold your medal tight  
Lookin' for a better life  
For the family, for if I'm rich you rich  
And that shit's a guarantee, for the best of life  
For if I ride you ride the motherfuckin' rest of life

We thugs, my niggas, ride to the death with my man  
'Cause I motherfuckin' love my niggas  
We ghetto, my niggas, anytime, any place  
We don't give a fuck we bust metal, my niggas

We gangsta my niggas, you oughta keep your mouth shut  
Watch what you sayin' 'cause we shank you my niggas  
We D-Block niggas, we don't play games  
We just hit you in your frame 'cause we pop niggas

Aiyyo, yo, Imma shed blood for mine, that's one ritual  
That's how you keep the love unconditional  
That's why we the only one the thugs listen to  
Bitches buy records but niggas do what bitches do

I know a few dudes doin' life bids in jail  
And they way smarter then the white kids in Yale  
But that how life is and that how the gun and the knife is  
It's a shame but it's real when your enemies like ya

When ya come through and fishtail in Hennessey Viper  
Listen, it ain't the rappers, it's the rats that worry me  
Double R for life, D-Block til they bury me  
Scared niggas shed offer, stand in the back

And aim they gat up in the air and let off  
Througho niggas tear nigga head off  
Then let the blood keep drippin'  
And just wipe the sweat off

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Fuck with P, the thug'll come out, the slug'll come out  
You don't put in enough work, I got chu, no doubt  
They don't want Sheek to wild, betta cover ya child  
With two guns out the sun-roof, stop us now

Who that kid? Black mask on with the latch on, the AK  
Swing on my shoulder like a Louie bag  
You get it in a hurry all up in your Burberry  
Through your assistant, you'll be set fuckin' secretary

All y'all do me a favor, walk with me  
If you want money or drugs, talk with me  
Know I got my niggas my guns, now hawk with me  
Guess who? Jada, P and The Sheek

Three bricks, three whips, three motherfucking ouies a week  
Ten spots OT, two blew off late  
My niggas cop, pop and talk and we applying the pressure  
So when you address us, it's boss, boss and boss

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