

# Thug In The Street

Eve

I be the D-R-A-G dash ya niggas foot slim  
cuz bullets make your feet fast  
we throw babies in the trash  
Drag don't play with little gats  
crib like McDonalds nuttin but Big Macs  
and quarter pounds  
bitch place your order now stay in line  
I only fuck with broke niggas  
that stright depend on crime  
you straight pussy so fuck your ass cap  
cuz in jail they'll put your cap where  
your ass at you ass black  
projects thats where Drag at  
yea ya got heart  
but if I don't got my gun  
thats where ya gonna get stabbed at  
boy as a young I never grabbed that toy  
Drag was taught to grab that and ask  
"where the cash at"

you think we shoot his pocket sides  
deuce decuce and 25's  
you ain't takin' em' nigga  
you threatenin' lives  
I ain't frontin motherfucker  
I don't shoot no legs  
I'm tryna see if your brains  
really look like eggs  
or is it just that commercial  
your brain on drugs  
now it's a total different look  
from these shotgun slugs  
to get rich it could take less than two days  
I'm like them little beepers  
halfs and bullets two-ways  
fuck vests my shit go throught toupèes  
I'ma thug in New York  
and when I'm on your set  
we the apartment where they filmed  
good times at  
bitch what the fuck I'ma thug nigga

I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do  
if you fuckin with me I'ma fuck with you  
I don't give a fuck now I'm doing my thing  
like a motherfucking dog I'm doing my thang

weight on my back  
hate in my heart  
blood in my eye  
foot on the gas  
blunt in my mouth  
lovin the ride  
hand on the gun  
ear to the street  
back to the wall  
mind on my money while I'm clappin at ya'll

I got niggas in jail  
crack in the hood  
hustle in south  
fiends and customers  
that run in your house  
I got family ties  
I'm handy with knives  
I live my life in the ghetto  
nose candy and nines  
I'm deeper than most  
sleep wit it close  
wake wit a demon  
have visions of the whole  
world shaking and screaming

I was born to be a leader  
but if the game was dirty  
I was born to be a cheater  
you talking to me greasy  
I was going to get the heater

you tell me what you know about blow  
gettin dough and straight warrin' with a meaner  
frontin in a Benz or I was soarin' in a Bima

lyin in the cut  
the gun is straight running  
like a tire on the trucks  
if he is real or a liar  
put the plyer to his nuts  
or the fire to his guts

cuz niggas is too soft  
that heat make niggas cool off  
fuck ice I'm tryna cop the crew lofts

So we can be back in effect  
I throw the barrel to the back of your neck  
and hop back in the vette (corvette)

cuz everybody is a felon with loot  
cuz they say rap is like dust

and we the only ones sellin' the juice

I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do  
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bitches is so sick  
they throw up  
so scared they don't even  
come around in places that I show up  
go ahead nigga put your dough up  
me against who nigga grow up  
bitches choke can't even get their flow up  
I ain't got no fear bout you bitches in da industry  
actin all confused don't know who you supposed to be  
chickens lost steady worryin' bout  
who's dick is tossed  
stop stallin betta get this thing before it's gone

but I ain't mad  
cuz I ain't gon' pass it on  
callin' askin can you get on my shit  
cuz your cash is gone  
you won't get no sales off of me  
bitch please  
pitbull run with dogs  
I don't like fleas

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