

Everyday Thugs

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

T-H-U-G (U-G, U-G)

T-H-U-G

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday thugs
Everyday thugs we be Bone Thugs, ah
(4x)

Nigga thug all day any day, even when I'm in L.A. I roll with the thugs
Better creep to the city and look for the weed spot
Stop cause I gotta get bud
Wanna get a pound of that floatin' stuff, some of that smoke and puff (puff)
And if you smoke enough you sure enough get P.O.D.'ed
Cleveland it's the same thang, they out there puff M. Jane
Inhale (inhale) exhale (exhale) back on the plane
Headed to the city that's sunny all year round, that's right Miami
It's like a little planet, full of sin, well we got to have it (have it)
And I'm simply tryin' to tell these motherfuckers
That we thug all day (day) we Thug always (way way)
So come to the party (party) and bring somebody (body)
And bring some weed and a tank of Bacardi (Bacardi)
It's gon' get rowdy (rowdy)

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Come and roll with the everyday thugs, stayin' "Down Foe My Thang"
Stayin' true to the game cause that's all I know
I'm a street nigga, keep the heat nigga
Gettin' street figures, all night long
I gots to go get me some money
Cause just like that, nigga gots to have it
It be greens or spinach or cabbage
Whatever you call it can do your math
And work this magic, get on the grind
In position to be the boss
Niggas can floss and talk, but I know they soft
But a nigga like me stay raw
On the D.L., cause what we sell
Ain't none of nobody's business, never was
And nigga never will be
Thinkin' I'm broke but I'm out here filthy, feelin' me?
Y'all niggas be killin' me
Brag about the money that you claim you makin'
Fuck around, catch your dumbass sleepin'
Then that money be up for the takin'
Yeah, I bring home the bacon
And nigga that's all I'm a let you know
You already know when I stole the show
Little man with the big dough run these hoes

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I'm a thug, seems like every time I come out gotta prove I'm thug
Like a nigga ain't put in work, with his blood
It's gonna be the same, cause nigga gonna stay on his game
This is how we gets down, with money man, money man

Monday Tuesday Wednesdays, I mighta been chillin'
Thursdays Fridays Saturday I'm out there kickin' it with all my villains
Go against us, you ain't goin' nowhere
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony keepin' it real for St. Clair
Anybody that want it, even if it's on my mornings
I will wake up, just in case you want it
And I ain't got shit to prove it, thirty minutes over you do it
Put it down nigga, really, now move it

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You know, we like the echo and oh
We like the Roley y'know, we like the Benz-o but oh
He the homie but no, he the enemy fo' sho'
Pull a .44 out of the holster, bust on him like real niggas supposed ta
Sticky-icky blowin' brew in my leather sofa
Little nigga, roll a spiritual soldier
Like Nat Turner, clap burner, murda mo murda
Murder motherfucker, shit as hot as the kitchen furnace
From smokers to workers, Cleveland to Cali
Ghetto in our suburbia's, Little Bizzy stay pimp in alley
And finally the vinyl be vital, and why should I flip?
I already got the title, besides my vibe is the shit
It's too many sides

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(3x)