

# Thug It Out

Jay Rock

Ey,  
Ya'll niggas stop talking all dat shit in the club man

It ain't a problem we can thug it out,  
(Yo hood my hood)  
Come show me what you talking bout (talking bout)  
Right here what's goods,  
Ain't a problem so just watch your mouth,  
Talk tough till we  
Erase your face and take you out (take you out)  
It ain't a problem,

... back in the days,  
Unfortunately a lot of real niggas being replaced,  
With all the official niggas that put frowns on their faces,  
Everytime the m's come on they perpetrating,  
I guess I grew up different,  
I can't blame them, my childhood had to evolve around killers,  
Gangs and drug dealers, weed and cocaine  
Which eventually made me who I am today,  
So I don't pay attention to em,  
I don't ever listen to em,  
I just brush off their loud talk,  
Play the background waiting for something to pop off,  
Watch the same nigga run to his car,  
Lame niggas never saw guns before,  
Be the same nigga talk about his guns to blow  
He be considered a joke,  
When the hot ovens come out, it's life or death,  
Cut throat niggas run back to their mums house,  
You scared nigga.

White... on the ride,  
Model bitch on the side,  
On my lap 4-5,  
Nigga that's how I drive,  
On these streets homeboy it's do or die,  
You wouldn't know because you never came outside,  
The wise man said actions speaks louder than words,  
And you clown niggas working my nerves,  
Hop in the booth say you put work on the curb,  
Guns in the hood but never took a on the turf,  
Never mention that when you rapping ya verse,  
Nah, act tough when you yap on the chirp,  
Ain't dat some shit your homies come around and you act like you run shit,  
Then wanna question my gangsta up on some dumb shit,  
Don't do that, we won't shoot where your legs is at,  
It's either your head or the area where ya head pledging at,  
No allegiance, now breathing under God,  
Bitch,

It's funny how these niggas be so hard on a record,  
See em in the streets, these niggas soft as a feather,  
Ya'll the ones that be in the club and they get their chain snatched,  
We play for keeps so I doubt they get their chain back,  
Plus the ones that talk tough behind the microphone be the first niggas to r  
un,

When the fight is on, them niggas scary and it's easy to see,  
I ain't calling out names, got caller ID,  
Niggas want beef boy you know where I be,  
In G projects 112 street look  
Don't need to check my resume nigga I'm good,  
B.L double O D nigga I'm hood,  
Lifting weights think he solid as a rock,  
Bet I knock his ass down from a four five shot,  
So don't talk shit homie when you know your a hoe,  
Like the good Bible say boy you reap what you sow,  
Bitch nigga,