

For My Thugs

Lil' Flip

Lil Flip, Trick Daddy...

I'm doing this one for the thugs

And them boys down South, much love for the thugs yes sir

For the thugs, and them boys in the city

Much love for the thugs, yes sir

From city to city, state to state

Me and my niggaz on the road, trying to make this cake

Cause if you don't work, you don't eat

So right now I'm in the studio, bringing the heat

And I've been doing this rap thang, for a long time

I went from flipping them dimes, to kicking them rhymes

From one tat, to twenty five tats

I went from one sling shot, to twenty five gats

And all I want, is twenty five placks

And if you want a show, I need twenty five stacks

Fuck a dat, I got a playback machine

One mic one stage, and a ounce of green

And I'ma show you, how we do it down here

And if you ain't from round here, get the hell from down here

And just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet

It's Lil Flip, Trick Daddy and my boy Greg Street

When I'm thugging like Pac, when I'm hugging my block

If you run to the cops, I'ma come with my glock

If you play with my do', I'ma spray at your hoe

So if the shit ever happen, don't act like you ain't know

Cause I got niggaz on my team, that'll pop the steal

And make your body disappear, like David Copperfield

And I got family in Miami, that'll ride for me

I got some homies in Atlanta, that'll die for me

And I'm a pimp, so my hoes never lie to me

They get taped with my cane, and go fly for me

So bring daddy his cash, so I can re-up quick

Then supply my customers, when I flood the strip

Fuck a drought I got that work, like a booking agent

I got bricks in the attic, and pounds in the basement

And that's how we hustle, around my way

We living like Denzel, on Training Day, cause I'm a thug

I'm doing this for Houston, Dallas, College Station

To all my young thugs, who still on probation

For my niggaz locked up, with no parole

And to whoever bought my tape, cause my shit went gold

And we thugging, rolling on Dubs and

We valet, when we come to the club and

I stay strapped up, cause I got shot this year

And I'm about to go quadruple, like Pac this year

That's one million, two million, three million, fo'

And after that, I'ma put red in the do'

So just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet

And watch me put these hoes, on the ecstasy

Yeah nigga...