

Thug Cry

Rick Ross

I just wanna be the one
I just wanna be the one you love
I just wanna be the one you run to when you're down
I just wanna, I just wanna fly

I'm a show you tonight
That I'm a put it on you baby
Take you past the sky...

Wake up in the world and I'm just another nigga
Call it public housing when you next door to the killers
On them corners it gets better as you go
Grind that motherfucker 'till it's yellow brick road
Free as a bird, spoken word in my verse
On my knees praying, niggas shooting in the church
Wake up out my sleep in another cold sweat
I lived on Billboard, where the fuck to go next?
Go against the odds, youngin' go and get a job
Another country boy they want back on the farm
So far from my goals but I'm close to my kids
Gon' cry for Mac Dre throwing up the Thizz

Well let me light one for my problems
Smoking on that loud, pumping up that volume
Get it cracking like an eggshell in this motherfucker make omelettes
Get a bad bitch that posts up like comments
They don't know what I been through, don't know what I'm going through
As long as I get through that's what I look forward to
Richer than a bitch but still I can't afford to
Let these niggas play with me need to be remorseful
I swear I got that silencer on that Mac 9 and I kill these niggas with silence
My head stay in the clouds, I really feel like a giant
Can't trust none of these niggas, I murk one of these niggas
Then bury one of these niggas, still got dirt under my fingers, that
Ain't a threat that's a bet cause they coming at my neck like the best a man can get
To make a long story short I need a shoulder because the devil on one
The other one I'm looking over
Tunechi...

Niggas hating like it's Salt Lake City
No tints on that pretty ass Bentley
Want you to know that them comments don't offend me
Cause your baby mama so friendly
I proceed with the plan, weed in my hand
Ciroc in my cup, quick pic for a fan
Money over bitches, first nigga with a wraith
Double M, we handle business
Cause them niggas getting raped
Go get the yellow tape, it's well orchestrated
200 acres estates, a young nigga made it
Came from the hood, ain't nothing changed
Still lemon pepper on my motherfucking wings

Sometimes I ask myself, do thugs cry?
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