

We Thugs (my Niggas)

Styles P

All for one, one for all
This is motherfuckin' beautiful
Talk to 'em baby

This for the cold D's that won't snitch
For the murderers that won't miss
For the hustlers that'll front bricks
For the hood rats that want chips

For the stick-up kids creepin' with they pump's ripped
For lil' shorty with his rhyme books
Black girls going to school, carryin' like 9 books

For the hood niggas that go to work because parole
But they tryin' to be good niggas
For all the poor mothers that's always goin' through the struggle
Still screamin' at the Lord, love us

For the ghetto life, for havin' to hold your medal tight
Lookin' for a better life
For the family, for if I'm rich you rich
And that shit's a guarantee, for the best of life
For if I ride you ride the motherfuckin' rest of life

We thugs, my niggas, ride to the death with my man
'Cause I motherfuckin' love my niggas
We ghetto, my niggas, anytime, any place
We don't give a fuck we bust metal, my niggas

We gangsta my niggas, you oughta keep your mouth shut
Watch what you sayin' 'cause we shank you my niggas
We D-Block niggas, we don't play games
We just hit you in your frame 'cause we pop niggas

Aiyyo, yo, Imma shed blood for mine, that's one ritual
That's how you keep the love unconditional
That's why we the only one the thugs listen to
Bitches buy records but niggas do what bitches do

I know a few dudes doin' life bids in jail
And they way smarter then the white kids in Yale
But that how life is and that how the gun and the knife is
It's a shame but it's real when your enemies like ya

When ya come through and fishtail in Hennessey Viper
Listen, it ain't the rappers, it's the rats that worry me
Double R for life, D-Block til they bury me
Scared niggas shed offer, stand in the back

And aim they gat up in the air and let off
Througho niggas tear nigga head off
Then let the blood keep drippin'
And just wipe the sweat off

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Fuck with P, the thug'll come out, the slug'll come out
You don't put in enough work, I got chu, no doubt
They don't want Sheek to wild, betta cover ya child
With two guns out the sun-roof, stop us now

Who that kid? Black mask on with the latch on, the AK
Swing on my shoulder like a Louie bag
You get it in a hurry all up in your Burberry
Through your assistant, you'll be set fuckin' secretary

All y'all do me a favor, walk with me
If you want money or drugs, talk with me
Know I got my niggas my guns, now hawk with me
Guess who? Jada, P and The Sheek

Three bricks, three whips, three motherfucking ouies a week
Ten spots OT, two blew off late
My niggas cop, pop and talk and we applying the pressure
So when you address us, it's boss, boss and boss

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