

# Born A Thug

Trick Daddy

Shorty's gonna be  
Shorty wanna be  
So he's gonna be  
A straight thug

His mama was a G  
And daddy was a G  
Ain't nothin' left for him to be  
But a thug

Shorty's gonna be  
Shorty wanna be  
So he's gonna be  
A straight thug

His mama was a G  
And daddy was a G  
But nothin' left for him to be  
But a thug

This is a story bout a young nigga  
Who's mama was a whore and his daddy was a drug dealer  
Ridin' 'round the corner from 'em was the spot  
They sold weed, lace, base, heroin and marijuana

His role model was an older nigga  
Who kept a wad of hundreds 'cause he had a whole lot of money  
Now keep in mind this is 'round the time that  
Miami niggas was really tryin' to put it down

That's back when the pimp game played out  
That next year crack cocaine came out  
And it all started in the suburbs  
But only rich folks could afford to go and smoke that good dope

And yo they used to call it free-base  
But when it made it to my block, me and my boys called it Crack Rock  
We used to cook it up and bag it up and sell 'em  
Nickels and dimes to any bitch that was buyin'

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But a thug

And when he first hit middle school  
He was a typical, ordinary, everyday ass dude  
Around the time eighth grade came around  
He had done made up his mind, a nigga can't lay down now

His first job, he was a watch out  
He had to scream one time every time the cops hit the block  
We used to call him Bo Brown  
'Cause when he came around, close shop nigga, shut it down

Them lil' two-hundreds  
That was a lot of money for a young nigga sittin' 'round not doin' nothin'  
Plus his mama had a newborn from an old nigga out the hood  
Who don't do shit for him

They go another bill, another mouth to feed  
Oh well, yo a nigga couldn't stop there  
He gotta keep food in his crib and keep the lights on  
Ain't like his daddy's comin' back home

Now just imagine the role of a thirteen year old  
Who playin' head of his household, now that shit's cold  
But then again I suppose  
You already know how the shit go

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He advanced from watch out man to lieutenant  
And now he got two feet waist deep in it  
And he control the whole operation  
But it's kinda different 'cause he's dealin' with some stiff competition

And everybody wants to be buddies  
All of a sudden friends but then again all they see is money  
And he ain't never too flashy wit it  
Not into cars and jewels, just nice clothes and new shoes

Half of the money went straight to his mama  
But the other half, you know, the kid had to keep it stashed  
But it's kinda hard to hide drug money  
But it's worse bein' a dope but none of this shit's worth dying for

But when it comes to livin', money's nothin'  
Bein' dead is free now tell me, what would you rather be?  
Don't tell me, tell it to your child  
Make your talk worthwhile and the rest, he'll figure it out

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Motherfuckin' thug  
Nothin' left for him to be but a thug  
Motherfuckin' thug  
Nigga forced into this shit, damn  
Over and over again

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