

Thug Holiday

Trick Daddy

Thug holiday, go ahead you can cry this up right baby
Everything gone be gravy later, that's right
This the time when we take time to remember
All the loved ones we lost in the struggle you know
I dedicate this to my brother Hollywood, Toby, Bam
My dog Itchy and Lil Trav, I dedicate this to the struggle
Everybody in the county jail, state penn, check it out

Here go one for bad luck, hell against that a nigga wouldn't have none
But when I think about it, what would I be without my gun
How could I, get away from the po-po's, if a, nigga couldn't run
And how was I given a daughter when I always prayed for a son
Life is crazy ain't it, sometimes I even think the same thing
I've been waiting on freeing the ring hell but ain't a thang changed
And I lost my brother in the struggle, and then he lost his mother
And I'm thinking about it who's mine's who gone raise my brother
Not to be a thug, stay in school, don't use drugs
Who'll teach him right from wrong and show them boys, true love
So I pray for the better days, face the bomb had a run-a-ways
And, I put my guns away and I pray for peace on Sundays, it's crazy ain't it

Just like the soldiers, that ain't coming home this year
Just like the fellas, in prison, we miss you so much for real
What about the children, who ran away, that ain't coming home today
Well here's a message from coast to coast
Cause when them thugs really need it the most a thug holiday

Just like em, just like em, just like em, a thug holiday - 2x

Here go one for, all these killings and all these conflicts in religion
See the mothers, Jews and Christians but know they are all God's children
There's only, one him, plus ain't none of y'all confronting him
So blind in our own minds we wouldn't even know God if we confronted him
And, I read your books know all your remixes to the bottom
What about a, verse for the thugs curled with drugs and survival
That's asking chapels naming Martin, Malcolm and Faricon
In all my history books, only one died was the Americans
And, that's point of my, who's responsible for Vietnam
And, hold on there's more, we had two World Wars
And, how come the judges make more than the teachers is making
When they the ones raising all the taxes and got us fighting for education
Life is crazy ain't it

So many tears, through out the years
Somebody tell me what's going on
And so many liiives, but only God knows
About the pain deep inside
It gets so hard, you got to keep your head up
I know you're fed up, but stay strong
Here's a message from coast to coast
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, thug holiday

Just like em, just like em, just like em, a thug holiday - 2x

This is for my people in the ghetto
I'm calling out, calling out
To all my thugs in the ghetto

Calling out, calling out
It gets hard sometimes, but you
Got to keep your head up, and be strong
Here's a message from coast to coast
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug holiday