

# Thug Money

Trick Daddy

If its bout that money  
Then you gots to kill them, haha  
Come here nigga, that's the only way, uh  
I'mi wake Hollywood up in this muthafucka tonite  
Nigga

Thug Money got blood on it  
Plus a little residue  
Boy, I'm telling you  
I put my heart on it

I'm thinking back when I was younger  
I usta hustle in the summer  
No time for crime  
I had to help my mama  
And I love the rainy weather  
Make me hustle better  
Running into partner in na ghetto  
Trying to get my shitt together  
However, I'm giving these fuck niggas pillars  
Robbing fake dope dealers and these fake ass killers  
For my niggas  
They keep they fingers on the triggers  
Cause they heard about you business  
And these fuck niggas trying to end this  
So I'm ready, just riding dirty in the Chelli  
Me and my cousin named Chopper and we stopping for that fetti  
Call us foolish, cause of how we feel the way we do this  
slanging, robbing, and shooting  
Even neighborhood polluted  
I'm ready to do this and like weed  
I'm always louted with duck tape ya muted  
If the shit move, I shoot it  
Hold on

I'm doing this one for my homies  
Who left his baby mama lonely  
Got chur-en dat neva saw him, got kids who don't even know him  
Got to count his blessings sent  
Cause one chance be his only lesson  
For the homies all be missing, his son's got stronger missions  
Hold on  
Don't fall  
Cause I've been there  
And I know  
Cause see all my niggas anit dope dealers  
But they killers, for sure  
They call us thugs, so give us our own section in the club  
Allow us to use our drugs  
Nigga what, nigga what  
Say it

I can't believe you haven't heard of a dog, pop, what a bird  
And no clues on how the Feds got the inside word  
He left his real homies home and all my thug niggas gone  
And anit no telling when the boy getting back home  
See everybody needs a hustle, so stay free from those bustos

Especially, when you getting in front of muscle  
Cause them fools will try to touch ya  
They know you dying for yours  
So from day one, they don't trust ya  
This whole style I be living for  
Sometimes, look like I'm running fast speed  
And this old bad luck taking me lower  
Life's full of lies, theres too many guys  
Who need to compete and God knows a nigga tried  
When it's gone get bettter, seems like never  
In this life we live  
Us niggas just can't stick together  
However, I guess a change got to come from this  
One day, but right now, I can't accomplish shitt  
Patience for the frustration  
Waiting to die for the troubles that I'm facing  
So I'm living on the edge  
I'm thugging til I'm dead, yeah  
Standing free from them suckers and far away from them Feds  
I say I never had no job, always rott  
Living in the park, back when I was scared  
And then things got better, my pockets got fatter  
Went from to Jimbo, Timbo's, to Polo sweaters  
Nigga came across a key and turned it into three  
And got my fuck ass emenies running from me  
And saying....

Thug Money got blood on it  
Plus a little residue  
Boa, I'm telling you  
I put my heart on it  
Tha thug Money got blood on it  
Tha thug Money got blood on it