

# Big Shug, Tha 3 Shugs

(Intro)

The three Shugs  
MC, ghetto nigga, P-I-M-P, ya heard?  
We 'bout to get it in ya  
Yo Shug you there my nigga?

(Big Shug)

One two, one two yeah  
It's all good nigga, yeah, yeah {\*scratched: "one";\*}

Whassup Duke, it's Big Shug again  
Here to make money, fuck makin friends  
Punches to the face, feel no ways  
Call on your team, my 9 sprays  
In this game, I'm pretty accurate  
Immaculate, leave no mess  
In through the back, out through the chest  
Fuck you nigga, fuck family stress  
Don't front, and I'll let you live  
Don't lie, and I'll let you live  
But your girl still swallow my kids  
That's just the way it is, f'real  
Who wish to du-el, for jew-els  
Step up and get that ass kicked like a mu-el  
I been there and done that  
So all you got left to do, is run that

{\*beat changes\*} {\*scratched: "two";\*}

I run up in the spot, cock, two glocks  
I yell out, gimme the ki's, or the combo  
P.O. back know  
I squeeze off I let off, I plug him in the big toe  
Now he tellin me the combo slow  
I open up the safe, a whole lot of dough  
I put it in the bag, quick I got to go  
I hear sirens so I run mad low  
Through the bushes to the getaway car  
I put the pedal to the metal, to get mad far  
I try to be discrete  
But to the kids, I'm legendary in the streets  
Shuggy Shug, I'ma put the guns down  
I got a plane ticket, so it's first class outta town  
My hustle remains strong  
Live the life of money and women, and fly rap songs

{\*beat changes\*} {\*scratched: "three";\*}

Watch out, for Big Shug Daddy  
Chicks sweat me, for the rims on my Caddy  
I've been pimpin chickens for years  
With no fears, cause I got the fly wears  
Like diamonds rings and fur coats and things  
All the riches, that the good pimpin brings  
I check trap, attack weak rap  
Player haters, stay mad at that  
I need a franchise chick  
One who dreams of mansions, not five dollar dicks  
If you ready to work, then I'm ready to talk  
Here's your chance, to start on the sidewalk  
Live the life, of a high-priced mobster  
Five pounds of shrimp, and ten pounds of lobster  
And a bottle of Mo', to go  
If anybody ask, you Shug Daddy's hoe

So get in where you fit in  
I know you smitten, by this fly pimp shit I'm spittin  
So get money; no bullshittin  
And when you come home we'll try five new positions  
Whattup?