

C-Murder, Thug Boy

(talking)

Say Ty, (what's up)

I'm feeling you yeah (is that right)

But they say I'm too ghetto for you (oh, ha ha)

Let's chill out from the club scene right now (aight then)

Let's do our ghetto love thang (that's right you my thug boy)

[Chorus]

I don't wanna go to the club

I wanna stay home with my thug

You might want ghetto love

But I just can't get enough - 2x

What you want, I want my ba-by

What you want, I want my thug boy

What you need, I need my ba-by

What you need, I want my thug boy

[C-Murder]

I'm C-Murder Miller, straight up killa

When I met you you say you liked thug figgas

Well here I'm is, I'm a thug lord

With a vest with many tattoos on my chest

So forget the rest, I'm all you need

When I met you I was playing bout 50 some g's

Other be in contact with 50 some ki's

Think back, remember them trips overseas

Now everything I ride be sitting on d's

Leather interior, two T.V.'s

Break you off proper, get you asleep

You said you never had sex on sanded sheets

Never had rough sex till you met me

Want a thug want a rough neck sex with P

Gucci, Prada, Lubitone

And other designers

Ludacris say what's your fantasy

All I wanna know is do you want a thug like me

[Chorus]

[C-Murder]

Nothing lasts forever

Not even love, that's why I'm a thug

That's why I do things just because

It's in my blood my daddy was

Straight from the projects, and a cut-cut boy

If you got it, got to give it up boy

You see me, I'm gone pro-tect you

And everybody in the hood gone respect you

I won't neglect you, and at times

I might have to check you

All I want from you is a ride or die

Stand by my side sometimes get high

Fly with me to Jamaica

Subtract yourself from these fakas

I told you, when we first met

Good times bad times you won't forget

And you'll see more cash then you ever could get

And you'll have nice things I wanna see you with

But you got to be strong, hold on

Stay true, other playas want a piece of you

But you could get with this or you could get with that

But I'ma step back and let me see where your mind at

[Chorus - 2x]

(talking)

Yeah, now that's why I love my baby

She gone chill at home instead of go and run the streets

That's thug love, that's ghetto love

That's something you can't get enough of

You know, it's like that, L.T. he hitting it

You heard me, thug love, No Limit

C-Murder, Ty, TRU Records respect us

2001, 2002, 2003, you heard me, peep game

Straight up, what's up, peace out