

# Da Beatminerz, Thug Love

(feat. Naughty By Nature)

[Hook: Both]

I got love for my Bloods, got love for my Crips  
Got love for my thugs, and we don't trip - we get rich  
Love for my disciples, love for my lords  
Pitchforks and fivestars, street soldiers for sure  
Got love for Latin kings, and love for MEXICO!  
S.A.'s and L.K.'s joint, coast to coast  
Love the everyday hustlin, bustlin, musclin but what  
When we war, we stay strugglin

[Treach]

I got a plan, a pound, a payment; let's roll  
I'm seein red, the blue, the brown, black, and gold  
Time to stand as one and snatch back the soul  
Gangsters, we all can jack back control  
Got the bitches comin with the booty and bubbly  
Time to discuss streets cuz shit got ugly  
I thought they all facin enemy to enemy  
Cuz ain't a motherfuckin thang here industry  
Who in here bangin over money, or a bitch that you ain't sure to get  
Or soon as you get it, split it  
Over a block that's hot, or a chain that he got  
The nigga he popped, or over the dimes that HE dropped  
Either way we got a bil' a day  
Cuz nowadays it's kids that spray, they feel that way  
And if we chill and wait, and don't deliberate  
You see they feel that way, and then they kill that way

[Hook]

[Vinnie]

I love my niggas to the death of me  
I think it's my motherfuckin destiny  
My homies bringin out the best in me  
Shout to my people out on the streets who don't be stessin me  
See what you fake niggas can't feel  
Is that the real recognize real  
Niggas who rob and steal,  
could give a fuck about image and sex apeal  
So when they see you on the streets (Nigga you know the deal)  
Aiyyo these so-called gangsters, as so-called hard  
I seen 'em rollin with a million man entourage  
But then they still get touched on by the law  
That makes me think, what the fuck they even hired 'em for  
You see we all in the same gang  
Because we've all hit the same thang  
But now it's time niggas game changed  
And while he's sleepin callin us "lost souls"  
We send a million O.G.'s straight to the pole

[Chorus]

[Treach singing x2]

You got my back, I got yo' back  
You got yo' strap, I got my strap  
We got it, and you know it  
We got it, and you know it

[Treach]

As our people with a purpose, see the shit surface  
They get us, cuz the feds is the nigga you do the dirt with  
Sick of pleading "Your Honor" fuck you, contempt on gettin calmer

Sick of these warrants, and drinkin and drivin drama  
Time to, get connected, and stop makin them records  
Bout slangin and bangin, but they can't hold it when it get hectic  
Alotta niggas live soft and act hard  
Alotta rappers be claimin they be gangsters but trackstars  
Alotta cops kick ass, for quick cash, and fast cars  
The bottom of the beaten niggas with the last scars  
I'ma do Diallo, I feel dawg he was hollow  
If we don't fight today, it's nothin to fight for tomorrow

[Chorus x2]