

# DJ Clue, Thugged Out Shit

Geah, What?  
Niggas Bleek, Duro  
We live  
Thugged out  
Marcy, Smoked out  
Yeah

Uh, yo, yo  
Im on now  
Therefore your ready rock  
Compare to this fishtale baggin rocks  
Now give me Bill Gates money  
A little strait money  
Big or small faces its been in all places  
I was schooled by them older guys  
They showed me how to drive these ???  
Chop dueces and old rubers  
Have a nigga rocked up then knocked up  
Plenty y'all wit his chest out gettin stocked up  
We trade war stories back on the streets  
When we played em messhall  
Niggas get'em on his eats  
Im a foul little nigga, wild little nigga  
Dedicated to these streets a pump valve little nigga  
You hear about my wherabouts?  
Bitches I don't care about  
Money Im a man about  
Drama Im a air it out  
Niggas hate Bleek cause I live right  
You'd love to see me broke frontin  
Wit no chips right?

[CHORUS: x2]

Who wanna hear some more thugged out shit?(what)  
Who wanna hear that get smoked out shit?(geah)  
Who want to hear some real live type shit?(huh)  
Who want it wit that oh, chest out shit?(what)

But this Bleek life my young niggas I tell ya  
I went from a failure, holdin paraphernalia  
Weight scales, twelve-twelves, dimes and fishtales  
Cooked up and bagged up  
My life was fucked up, but I looked at it this way  
If I dont make it this way, then im a do it this way  
Blaze my heat, while Im after them nickels  
Fuck six I chase nine fucken zeros  
Digits I got four of them, want five more of them  
Bitches when I told'em flies bring more of them  
I fuck'em never call'em, my dough must have spoiled em  
Nigga blew roll wit'em but now im ignoring them  
This street life kept Bleek tight with heat right  
On the ten-speed herbed up, nigga word up  
You saw me, but if not your man did  
I know I pull gats on y'all for crack shit  
Yeah uh-huh

[CHORUS: x2]

My niggaz roll dice in the back park  
We sip bacardi darked wit sprite all night  
Till the sky get bruised or thug nigga lose  
Pull out two-two's only catch two, hundred  
Half the crowd skated ?when? which you wanted  
This nigga got shaky and panic when you fronted

When he saw the black kron  
I thought the nigga wore a thong  
The way he froze his arm  
Dukes said its on  
He stripped to his drawers when he heard one raw  
Took off half ass when the nigga spit more  
And we all spit game you niggas ?heard free? game  
By soft motherfuckers, you lame mothefuckers  
I fall, I get back  
To test my worth  
I tell heads to hit that, its raw get rid of that  
My worker take thirty off a bundle  
Dodging the bikers, and'em D's  
When they rush the jungle  
So we stash in the fences  
Sit low on the benches  
Keep a small gun in case its on in the trenches  
Yo

[CHORUS: x2]

We live  
For the thugged niggas, Marcy  
What? We out