

# Nas, Teenage Thug

[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin..

[Chorus]

A teenage thug (you can't tell them shit)  
A teenage thug (nigga just chasin his dick)  
A teenage thug (he want the world to recognize)  
A teenage thug (he's a man now, f\*\*k his size)  
A teenage thug (can't stop him, they on the rise)  
A teenage thug (the court of law despise)  
A teenage thug  
[M. Thug] Wanna f\*\*k and puff lie  
A teenage thug

[Nas]

Dreams of bein a doctor will deteriorate  
Takin over the underworld was a clearer fate  
Luxury cars, a hundred girls at my face  
Laced the name brand, had my game plan mapped out  
Lost respect for those cracked out  
Most of my elders were failures  
to the poison that killed Len Bias from bein Celtic  
The later I would hang, the greater my slang  
It took my english, replaced it with game  
Only cared about, sneakers and two-two bullets  
Influenced by the hood, wasn't scared to pull it  
Dared to do what I would  
First blunt they passed me tasted nasty  
Then overwhelmed in the spell the blunt had me  
Eyes red, pants saggin  
My first dime cut me off for braggin  
that we was home alone tappin  
Experimentin liquors, doin mixes, feelin sicker  
Finish the Henn, throw the bottle, hope it hit ya

[Nas]

Blacked out, I can't see shit sober, not the least bit  
Hold your head little man, y'all can't tell me shit  
Try to knock the pants off shorty, my hair just cut  
My Timbs just bought, the chain I sport I floss  
Thugs walkin through the block party, hands on my drawers  
Poppin cham' corks, posin like the man of New York  
Talk to this hottie with my niggaz who quick to blast you  
if you old cats, to these niggaz, they harass you

[Millenium Thug]

Hey yo 'cause, growin up, I almost shattered my plans  
Some might say, I'm young at heart, but I'm a grown-ass man

Givin food to my fam, damn, remember the first time  
a street thug showed me how to pitch dimes  
Only twelve in this hell where kids die  
I want bricks off the scale and just slide, and let my shit fly  
My Range shift by, I peel the road up  
with my shirt up, sweatin, with the ice restin on my chest  
Wild as a teenage thug

[Chorus]

[Millenium Thug]

Livin and lovin this life, cap peel pump niggaz  
And since these thugs is trife, give 'em dap for that  
Yo where your mack at? I got mine

Twist weed pop wine shift finds, at the end of the night, it's all fine  
Livin and lovin, cash stack cousin  
Yo' own fam blitz so quick, put clips through whips  
Six type shit let you hold it, ice roll with  
twenty below with gat golden, my hand look swollen  
Under my glove shit rocky  
Unless somebody in my life try to stop me, get popped papi  
A breddern, straight to the head that my medicine  
No fam of mine do time, we crime settlin  
Deliverancy unbelievable, Na'shon tracks smash people  
I chill up in the regal Eagle  
And plus it clap happy all of them hoes that's born happy  
I rip nappy, nature's to cut the roof off of Caddies  
You see me?

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Nas]

Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin  
Don't-don't-don't, don't, don't hurt nuttin  
Don't hurt nuttin.. {\*fades out\*}