

Trick Daddy, Thug Money

[Trick Daddy talking]

If its bout that money
Then you gots to kill them, haha
Come here nigga, that's the only way, uh
I'mi wake Hollywood up in this muthafucka tonite

[Trick Daddy yells]
Nigga

[Chorus 4x]
Thug Money got blood on it
Plus a little residue
Boy, I'm telling you
I put my heart on it

I'm thinking back when I was younger
I usta hustle in the summer
No time for crime
I had to help my mama
And I love the rainy weather
Make me hustle better
Running into partner in na ghetto
Trying to get my shitt together
However, I'm giving these fuck niggas pillars
Robbing fake dope dealers and these fake ass killers
For my niggas
They keep they fingers on the triggers
Cause they heard about you business
And these fuck niggas trying to end this
So I'm ready, just riding dirty in the Chelli
Me and my cousin named Chopper and we stopping for that fetti
Call us foolish, cause of how we feel the way we do this
slanging, robbing, and shooting
Even neighborhood polluted
I'm ready to do this and like weed
I'm always louted with duck tape ya muted
If the shit move, I shoot it
Hold on

[Chorus]

I'm doing this one for my homies
Who left his baby mama lonely
Got chur-en dat neva saw him, got kids who don't even know him
Got to count his blessings sent
Cause one chance be his only lesson
For the homies all be missing, his son's got stronger missions
Hold on
Don't fall
Cause I've been there
And I know
Cause see all my niggas anit dope dealers
But they killers, for sure
They call us thugs, so give us our own section in the club
Allow us to use our drugs
Nigga what, nigga what
Say it

[Chorus4x]

I can't believe you haven't heard of a dog, pop, what a bird
And no clues on how the Feds got the inside word
He left his real homies home and all my thug niggas gone

And anit no telling when the boy getting back home
See everybody needs a hustle, so stay free from those bustos
Especially, when you getting in front of muscle
Cause them fools will try to touch ya
They know you dying for yours
So from day one, they don't trust ya
This whole style I be living for
Sometimes, look like I'm running fast speed
And this old bad luck taking me lower
Life's full of lies, theres too many guys
Who need to compete and God knowns a nigga tried
When it's gone get bettter, seems like never
In this life we live
Us niggas just can't stick together
However, I guess a change got to come from this
One day, but right now, I can't accomplish shitt
Patience for the frustration
Waiting to die for the troubles that I'm facing
So I'm living on the edge
I'm thugging til I'm dead, yeah
Standing free from them suckers and far away from them Feds
I say I never had no job, always rott
Living in the park, back when I was scared
And then things got better, my pockets got fatter
Went from to Jimbo, Timbo's, to Polo sweaters
Nigga came across a key and turned it into three
And got my fuck ass emenies running from me
And saying....

[Chorus2x]

Thug Money got blood on it
Plus a little residue
Boa, I'm telling you
I put my heart on it
Tha thug Money got blood on it
Tha thug Money got blood on it