

DJ Clue, What A Thug About

(feat. Beanie Siegal)

Beanie Mack right guerilla i'm out for the skrilla
Face it ain't no replacement for this killa
Keep your hands where I can see 'em an don't make me nervous
This 4-4 auto mag you don't deserve this shit
Kids either don't make me make you a believe
I don't do a lotta talkin' I speak wit the heata
I run up in your crib put some in your wig
Your babies cryin pop pop pop put some in the crib
And I want everything not just some of the shit
Got niggas comin home at night like you son of a bitch
Nigga done tooked me off you shook an soft
You can't blink round no crook one look you lost
Niggas'll find your bitch to find your bricks
See if you love your chick or you love your chips
4-4 snub shit send slugs to the whip
Beanie Seigal desert eagle I love this thug shit

[Chorus x2]

Yo what you really know what a thug about
Locked up in the bing no grub about
On the block doin your thing slingin drugs about
Tell me what you really know what a thug about

A true thug spreads his game linked up in bubble
While niggas stay in one lane like the lincoln tunnel
I refuse to limit my game to one hustle
I don't only sling crack or let the cards shuffle
I nowada play c-lo set it of like cleo
Aint no tellin first union a melon
The first nigga that move put two up in his melon
From the 9-2 an beretta parabellum
And I run through cats
I'ma two gun cat
One nickle one black
Who want that
I done schooled my youngins
Gave tools to my youngins
Broke food wit my youngins
Broke rules wit my youngins
Spark my way outta shit and had bad run in's
Talked my way outta shit and near death come in
Real thugs do what they want say what they feel
They never front they keep it real

[Chorus x2]

Niggas claim to be thugs you real fuckin suckas
Quick ass runnin good fuckin duckas
Obey the rules when my glock unloads
Cause when I start firin stop drop and roll
Duck behind cars hid behind poles
Know I live by the code anything goes
Real thugs stand up straight never fold
And they don't know shit if anything ever blows
Thugs don't wanna talk shit out
They wanna spark shit out
Till the cops come an chalk shit out
Blaze wit the toasta extra clip in the leg holsta
Face off like Cage and Travolta
If you got beef a thug gonna roast ya
Talk behind their back a thug gonna approach ya

Right mount of stack a thug gonna ghost ya
Lay you out flat like a thug suppose ta

[Chorus x2]