

E.S.G., Thug It Up

We thug it up (X4)

[Bun B]

Well I'ma saucy ass super throwed
Southern style gumbo
Pimp, I eat jumbo
Shrimp, make a dumb ho
Limp, cause her back broke up
Your back in the track, that poke up
Pay for the sack, the bag smoked up
Now that's gangsta, live in effect
Crystal clear, gots to keep your pistol here
(Why?) Cause Texas don't play
Don't smile, don't joke
We stay for a lick, act frog and get croaked
With a buck, blast, buck, blast your toothless
And then they say, damn they ruthless
Northside, Southside, we don't care
We don't say no to money
Too busy sayin, "YEAAA!"
Lift candy to schools, weddings, malls
Million dollar concerts, and ho's in the walls
All haters better peep like Tom
Cause my clique, my city, shit even my baby momma

[Chorus]

We gonna thug it up
Everyday of the month, anything I swang
Got to have bang in the trunk
We gonna thug it up
Til I'm dead in gone, everythang I drive
Got to be sitting on chrome
We gonna thug it up
Like a underground king, drop screens
Byzletine, and my crease styled jeans
We gonna thug it up

[E.S.G.]

Man thug it up, thug it up, wha? wha?
Man I'ma thug it up
Escalade, dub it up
B.G. gettin' paid
Big mouth, thug it up
Might as well, shut it up
Get outta line, slug it up
Codine in the cup
Diamonds bling, priceless cuts
What's up this year?
They say the rap game changed
No more rappin bout cars, and iced out chains
Boys must be insane
Real hustlers go on and get it
How the hell you gonna live it?
Money shorter then a midget
Better get some more digits
To talk about this
No more cousin, R Kelly, see walking to this
East coast to West, Mid-West to Tex
Independent, Grammy-Nominated, Now what's next?
Dirty south, give respect
We started them slangs
Screaming "Parkin-lot Niggas"
Sippin' Syrup with Bang
Big flames, stained panes

We ain't new to this game
R.I.P. Dj Screw
This for the thug in you man!

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[Slim Thug]
Slim Thug gonna thug it up, I'ma, I'ma, I'ma
I'ma thug it up
With E.S.G. and Bun B
Sippin on some Dun-P
In a stretch RV
Come see, the three
Best that never rest
Thugged out ??
With white tee's on my chest
"O yes!" Slim Thug change the code in the club
Cause when I pull up on dubbs
I get nothing but love
I hit the bar
Make the whole crowd think I'ma star
Cause I blow mo' on doe
Then you blow on your car
By far, fo sho' I'm the opposite of Po
The most ghetto boy ya know
In a six double O
I move slow, and sit low
On a 84 elbow
Spit flow, on the floor
Trunk open and close
We some Texas boys
With candy Lexus toys
Drive wreckless outta bars
When we come out hard
Give us our card
Hater's ya mouth, plug it up
Cause me, E.S.G, and Bun B gonna thug it up

[Chorus]
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We gonna thug it up, thug it up

Thug it up