

# Half-A-Mill, Thug Luv

Chorus:

Thug love, to all of my cats  
that went out of town to hustle and never came back  
Thug love, to all my cats  
that's in jail forever, and ain't never comin' back  
Thug love, to all of my cats  
who got murdered for stacks and ain't never comin' back  
Thug love, to all of my cats  
who got lost in the ghetto and ain't never comin' back

(Verse 1)

Sometimes I reminisce  
puffin' lye, swallowin' Guinesses  
the niggas I used to know is the niggas I miss  
some is rich and hidin' out  
some is sittin' in the mountains 'till their lifetime is out  
others got found layin' on the ground and their mind was out  
those that's still livin' I hope ya'll hear this  
cause ya'll who I'm rhyming about  
I know ya'll feel this  
ya'll probably lick shots everytime ya'll hear this  
Milion, still in this, no loses  
still winnin' this, ya'll probably pushin' gold Porsches  
cribs with gold faucets  
pimpin' Ho's who pose for portraits  
wherever ya'll at I know you're gettin' it  
wherever ya'll at I know ya'll stackin' chips, livin' rich  
I took this time out to reminisce on all the niggas I miss  
let the lye twist  
last time I seen you it was Nine-Six  
you had Five bricks and two chicks to ride wit'  
left the Eight-Fifty-I at my crib  
two bottles of Cris', I won't pop 'em 'till you return,  
won't even drive your car yo  
Yo, we Duns like Lamont and Rahlo  
as long as time flow  
I'm'a keep you in my mind yo  
and I'm'a shine so ya'll can see the sign of my glow.

Chorus -

(Verse 2)

See, I ain't fail  
to all my cats in C.I.A. jails  
Men in black Prisons  
who got caught with Karrots from Egyptians  
Semarians, contacted by Aliens  
black Elohiem trapped in the Beast  
kidnapped in the East  
now in the Western Hemisphere trapped in the streets  
here me Son  
Ya'll probably in Area Fifty-One  
division first prison is worse, cause niggas don't even know  
there's a civilization in the middle of the Earth  
we was tricked from birth  
and slave whipped from birth  
stripped from birth  
probably microchipped from birth  
project dwellin'  
we're labeled as high-tech felons  
C-74 to the shores of Broadway  
I hear the voice in the Hallway, everyday all day  
ghetto Heaven, Four-Four or the sawed-off way

for all my Duns who caught bodies and got caught on tape  
and those who got snitched on  
that little chicken-head bitch got pissed off and ran her lips off  
FEDS grabbed her up, now I heard they found her  
stabbed up with a pitch fork  
It's '99, niggas is rich in New York  
so we still livin'...I don't know  
where ya'll at or if ya'll still there.

Chorus

(Verse 3)

I won't say no names  
'cause FEDS ain't playin' no games  
for major Cocaine they sent jakes to raid your domain  
I got brains, mega ice on my gold chain  
poetic fame, laid back in the stretch Range  
paid Mack without the suede hat, just plain  
whats left to explain?  
we went from Pyramids to projects  
from projects to material objects  
still imperial, one and the same  
gunnin' the same  
floss 'till I'm a Hundred and change  
pop corks off Louis the 13th bottles of Champaigne  
Donald Goines thug  
hollow point slug  
I got a major team destroyin' you scrubs  
this is what we call love  
my Duns brawl in mess halls  
transport quarter Ki's in Lex doors  
my Son showed me the World and said "It's Yours"  
it's your choice, Sixes or Fours  
bitches or whores  
this division is yours  
just keep it real and live for the cause  
keep your steel 'cause shit is a war, this shit is a war.

Chorus -