Half-A-Mill, Thug Luv

Chorus:

Thug love, to all of my cats
that went out of town to hustle and nevercame back
Thug love, to all my cats
thats 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 thats still livin' I hope ya'll hear this
cause ya'll who I'm rhymin' 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 -