

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Thugs Anthem

[Kool G. Rap]

Strictly for all the chicks that's on the strip to get loot  
For all my niggas that don't ever trip to hit ?  
For all my people copping bricks to get the quick loot  
For all my niggas in the ground that got their wig blew  
Strictly for all the chicks that's on the strip to get loot  
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For all my people copping bricks to get the quick loot  
For all my niggas in the ground that got their wig blew

[Kool G. Rap]

Don't know who is this kid, you better check the formula  
Before I have to send these busters, just to warm you up  
Man, Homicide be looking for whoever tore you up  
Flood up the whole block with paramedics and coroners  
I can roll up all by myself and make a street close  
Yo you could be twenty deep and still get your feet rose  
Believe me, ain't none of them running up when heat blow  
You sleep though, you're whole sweet and low  
Free to go, deeper than six feet low  
This wiseguy's enterprise, we emphasize who ever die  
Never sympathize, still on the rise, no matter how many we minimize  
we send ? chicks with bricks inside their inner thighs  
Some real thugs conduct the drug traffic in the skies  
Never high, we lay low, stay unidentified, it's all live

Chorus

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[Johnny 2 Gunz]

Yo it's the radical, mathematical, fanatical  
Magnifico, money making myth in Mexico  
You try to f\*\*k me, yo, I'll bust you in your cherry whole  
Still run the streets and now you feeling me in stereo  
I felt the graces from the highs to the very low  
One day your counting money, next yo you digging holes  
Don't try to do this at home, this is professionals  
Congressional, street medal, award winners  
Making a point that's hollow, do you follow, wanna meet tomorrow?  
What, greet the heffer with the pink pucker, sucker  
Cut out your luck with a wink of an eye  
Make ya die, make ya fly in the sky, you asking why?  
While your souls floating over me, you owing me  
You shouldn't been owing me, not blowing me  
Now your life's a big mystery, a casualty  
Another faded memory, that's awful Bee  
'cause I'm still breathing steadily

[Pokaface]

You think that Pokaface is bluffing, nigga ante up  
And unless you ramming me with that iron, put your jammie up  
You pointedly regret, I'll blaze you and your family up  
You on your ass for showing trying to show it, pull your panties up  
Me and these cats we making a living making sure you don't  
Information's not to be given, making sure you won't  
Shit's real, now wanting to be dead, goes off in play it clothes  
ATF here, but scared to get close, like in WACO  
Nickel plate pros made men who make those  
My red eye don't ? but best believe it shakes those  
Reflex reaction if i hear you disrespect the fashion  
F\*\*k these niggas, like menage, giving them double action

Up to no good fellas, making out a faux pas  
Savage niggas, turn your cabbage into cole slaw  
Using my dome, causes to notify your next of kin  
The snitch you looking for, he's in the trunk I left him in

[Chorus]

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