

# La The Darkman, What Thugs Do

(intro: la the darkman, (dj rogers & puff))

Yeah. yeah. one. two.

Yeah. yeah. yeah. (oh)

Time for another cat get his money.

Ya'nah'mean? let's just stroll alone.

(havin money, havin money)

Word life. (havin money)

(la the darkman)

Yo, yo, life is hard, so I dedicate to god

Mad cats sell coke, tryin not to starve

Young girls sell vagina from jersey to carolina

Saw moms do it, she learned it as a minor

In poverty, life expectancy is short

Kids rob spots, push crack or play sports

In projects, single parents homes and techs

Islam, bass-heads and welfare checks

I'm tryin to eat, pushin wide-bodied whip through the streets

My whole fleet is wolves disguised as sheep

In society, the poor in america are miserable

Untrained, starvin like the children in israel

First jewel since men spoke hebrew

Now niggaz drink brew, guzzle lucefer stew

Young e, only eleven, got a three-fifty-seven

And said he sold drugs by day 'cause havin cream was heaven

(chorus x2: dj rogers & puff)

What young thugs do for money

What young thugs do for money

(la the darkman)

Yo, niggaz keep eyein me, my life is like administer society

I'm old dog, many fake thugs think of tryin me

Sorry, I'm the lion in this concrete safari

My niggaz been in and out of jail since atari

The street life is the only life I know

Puff trees, v12, my medallion glow

And I'm always gotti, but cats don't know me

My peoples run the island on riker's and the coney

I keep the new fresh, planned clark's like tony

I'm married to my guns in holy matrimony

With street raps, all the bullshit, you keep that

Rhyme for my niggaz on the corner that keep gats

Since school cats, niggaz incarcerated

All praises due to allah 'cause I made it

(chorus x2)

(la the darkman)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, as an adolescent, I grew up stressin

With a lust for jewelry, clothes and metal weapons

Based on the streets, life about cream and whip

Cells with the chip, big guns and big clips

A dime piece to strip and more bricks to flip

Ghetto novel, my lex shines like the apollo

La songs, philosophies is a street aristotel

It's policticians, catholics and christians

Kids who don't listen, on riker's pissin

Life, can't play cee-lo with two dice

And you go through hell just to come out right

'cause we go through hell just to come out right

(chorus x4)

(outro: dj rogers & puff)

Thugs that get that money (get that money)

Don't let money change you (don't let it change you)

(no, no, no, no) thugs that get that money (ohhh)

Money, don't let money change you (don't let it change you)

(ohh, no, no, don't let money change you)

(I'm tellin you, don't let it change you)

(do you want the dollar? got to have the money)

(uh, got to have the money)

(ain't worth the problem...)