

# Naughty By Nature, Thugs & Hustlers

(feat. Krayzie Bone, Mag)

[Intro: Mag]

Aw shit! Here we go!  
Aw there go my niggas over there!  
Yeah there go my thugs over there!  
There go them bitches over there!  
Look out for shots for my real niggas!

[Chorus:]

Where my thugs, where my hustlers at?  
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at? Say what?  
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at?  
Where my thugs, where my hustlers at? Say what?  
The Henny's in me, you can't change that  
Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?  
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at  
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at  
The Henny's in me, you can't change that  
Crack the blunt, roll that bitch up, where my thugs at?  
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at  
Where my thugs at? Show me where my thugs at

[Mag]

Now why should locs give a fuck?  
What? Nigga my mental's stuck  
I gotta be dirty damn near all the time, strapped the fuck up  
Post the fuck up, Smoked the fuck up, locced the fuck up  
When the po po come we don't choke the fuck up, punk  
Bitch ass niggas know they can't run with me  
Real ass niggas they get it done with me  
Because they want with me  
Ha, it's just the low life I live  
Shit forever we ride, dub sac, my homey done died  
My head stays busted  
All motherfuckin day, off that Henny blessed with Alhezay  
Hey, what, gangstafied, bout it bout it til I die nigga  
Bounce to this and if you dig it press rewind

[Treach]

See now my thugs do the gangsta and the killin and stealin  
While my hustlers do the bankin and the dealin for millions  
My pimps be curlin, crimpin, straight pimpin and illin  
My gangsta thugs on this club on the motherfuckin realin  
See, some motherfuckers got loot to get  
It's just some motherfuckers can't shoot for shit  
So my hustlers call my thugs for the slugs for the hit  
And yeah my thugs roll and shoot in the hoop like a six  
Came from east to the west playin steelo with Beelow  
Niggas fought drinkin corpse, too much cut on the kilos  
So we took every jewel that he just bought from Tito  
Then Beelow rolled him through the desert  
Left him bleedin in Reno, without a C-note  
A section or a solid to sell it  
Ain't married fuck a ring, save the carats for rabbits  
Cuz a pimp and a thug and a hustler know  
You trick your grip, the bitch got rich and you's the hoe, woah

[Chorus]

[Krayzie Bone]

You see them packin niggas goin in the club, token, smokin bud  
Ain't no security at the door so they ain't even get touched  
Now they better tear this motherfucker up

If you one of them niggas, us  
Straight to the parkin, lift them nigga what  
We all thugged out, got on khakis, fatigues and boots  
Just watchin all the loud talkers floss they cheese and jewels  
Clean diamond rings and suits, we ain't hatin nigga we hungry  
And we'll rob your ass with the quickness if you show me the money  
Call it whatever my nigga but I call it being a thug and a hustler  
And you gotta have the nuts to be both  
And I gotta roll with the raws  
And get with the steady regardless  
Fuck, how much your bitch and how many niggas you with  
See we the ones that like to crash the party  
Drink all the forties up and disrespect every nigga in there  
Cuz we don't give a fuck (we don't)  
Just cuz I be rappin and all my records went platinum  
Don't exactly mean I had to get rid of my Thug Mentality  
But I know some niggas be fakin themselves  
That's cuz they hoes  
And when they get caught up in confrontations they be scared as hell  
Ain't nothin wrong with bein a thug, but y'all got to keep it real  
So don't you get your ass on wax tellin lies about how you live  
Now I dedicate this to my real strugglers  
Make em feel ya, fuck makin em love ya  
And y'all gon learn, them thugs and hustlers  
Hustlers, hustlers