

R. Kelly, We Thuggin

[Fat Joe (R. Kelly)]

(Oooohh, mmm)

Yea, uh, uh (Fat Joe and the R)

That shit y'all (Breakin shit down)

Shake that, funky, funky, funky (Yeah)

Sticky, icky, icky - yeah uh

I got that shit y'all

I got that shit y'all

Uh yo yo

[Fat Joe]

Crackman and I'm at it again

Niggas had they run, now it's time for a change

When we step in the club, nigga tuck ya chain

Got the mink on - same color the Range

Uh, pour liquour for my nigga that's gone

Big Pun! Then we party like we just came home

Fuck a bitch if she act to grown

I don't need that shit, I got my wife at home

Uh words slurrin, dirty urine

Drunk off a Henny and the shit keep burnin

Dancin with shorty and her friend keep flirtin

I don't always crush two but tonight seems certain

Party hard like "Fuck all y'all!"

Bottles in the air like we stuck up the bar

Terror Squad man you know who we are

Cruise through ya block and them drop-top Bentley's is ours

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

Yeah, we thuggin, rollin on dubs and,

All up in the club, wildin' like what

We got Cris' on pop, Henny wit no chaser, mami don't stop

Throwin up six o'clock, plus I got four hun-nies in the drop

And my man Joe's got the keys to the spot

And it's full with hunnies, panties with no tops

We take a puff of 'dro be-atch

Oooooohhhh

[Fat Joe]

Yea uh, yea yea yo

Everybody wanna know where the crib's at

Niggas just now gettin ice, so we get that

Mami starin at me like she wanna get kidnapped

Money lookin happy with his wife but we triz that

Along with Lisa, Aisha, Shondra, Renee

They ran through the dorms down in Morgan State

In Miami, pool-party off the chain

Gettin brains in the water on Memorial Day

Uh, grand-mami all cool and shit

It's ya birthday, show me what I'm foolin with

Like no doubt, pokin doll out, pull ya g-string down south

Owww! Pass that, give shorty a shot

True enough we gon' see if she naughty or not

I'm on E feelin ready and hot

I give 'em plenty a pop, you wanna roll? leave the panties and top

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up

[FJ] Yeah, Terror Squad, Rockland what the fuck what

[RK] Fat Joe, R. Kelly we pop up

[FJ] Uh, uh, Rockland, Terror Squad what the fuck what

[Both] Some of these kids is doin they own thing

But none of these kids stack chips like us

Some of these cats is doin they own thing

But none of these cats run tricks like us

[Chorus - R. Kelly]

[Fat Joe]

Haha, yeah uh

You know what this is
Chi-town - BX
What the fuck what?
Out...