

Spice 1, Thug World

[Verse 1: Spice 1]

I'm platinum while I'm gattin, now that finger's shining
It's nothin to a boss to bust wit cut diamonds
I'ma dig it, ya fiend for the verbals, I came to spit it
Big boss like a 500 Benz to a honda civic
Comin wit it, hit it, as soon as I finished, they say he shitted
Lit it up and kept the slug from the jumps, fuck a critic
Y'all opinion is like a asshole, I stick my uzi in it
Windows tinted, Took a stop at the corner for some business
I'ma take 7 suckas, Put 'em in a line
And add 7 more suckas, Who think they can time
I'ma take 7 more, Before I go for mine
Now that's 21 suckas slumped at the same time
Ain't no haters in here and it's leather wood on the steering
We ain't trippin, Stash spot heat in the ceiling
1, 2, 3, 4 TV's and 23's
You can barely see the tides, It's the chrome when it gleams
In my thug world

[Chorus]

You can get it, you can kick it, in my thug world
Hustlin and ballin till the sun go down, thug world
You can get it, you can kick it, in my thug world
Ballin and hustlin till the sun go down, thug world

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

Skis, Spread out in the glass house
Skate through the streets like ice
Skates in the 68, Town rob skate
Rob skate, Bounce break, Bounce make the earth quake
I'ma show you niggaz bout a real g, Nigga
Most g niggaz, It's still me, Nigga
Bitches all around this motherfucker
Don't make me have to clown this motherfucker
You betta sit down in this motherfucker
Cause this is my thug world, Gangsta paradise
I'm all hood, Nigga, I'm all ice
No matter what you said, I done said it twice
No matter what you said, I done said it twice
Cooked on like rice, Surround like vice
Kurupt motherfucker, And the bitch is a broad
Even dick psychic bitches like deon ward
Thug world

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Spice 1]

I keep 3 bitches wit me: Ross, Crystal, And Mary jane
Mary jane, Mary jane, You know you're my everything
Smoke a pound back to back to back like the lakers
It's nothin like a motherfuckin old school player
Like the NFL, But I don't rush the quarterback
I'll rush the whole thing back and i'll pick up another slack
Mo chips than mandalay, Rippin representin the bay
But baby keep givin me the eye like everyday
Eyes like brown and skin tone coffee
I'm sippin hennessy, Gettin drunker than nick nolte
Straight so-soldiers, Drunk not sober
Sh-shoot you in ya chest, Let ya wind free like oprah
Green ones break down, We ain't fuckin wit charlie brown
We ain't rappin for peanuts, We want the meal tickets now
Narcoleptic, Sleepin disorder, Retrospective
Some niggaz try to ball in the game and got intercepted
We do it from dusk till dawn like tarantino

Hustlin till the sun wake up, The bambino
In my thug world

[Chorus]