

# Timbo King, Thug Corp.

"Timbo King! Yeah!" - Jay-Z (sample) \*scratched throughout\*

(Intro: Timbo King)

Yeah, once I get in contact wit them, you know what I'm sayin'  
It's over, half that to half, yeah  
Got to see this paper, yeah, Fort Knox, blocks of gold  
Through the hood we struck oil, struck oil in the hood  
Thug Corporate, I'm lookin' at the feds right now, money, yo, yo

(Timbo King)

Top boss, ya'll just employees, yeah we live tax free  
Cuz we don't count money, nigga, we about money  
Punch you in your shit, you run, you run your mouth, money  
I, it's official funds, straight bankrupt niggas  
We corporate thugs wit brim tank truck figures  
Rock, A-1 credit, nigga, charge the game  
Cuz ya'll shouldn't have used my name out in vain  
I fire, ya'll niggas on a Monday morning  
It's nine A.M., office talk, shoot a guy wit a suit and tie  
We doin' business, here's my card  
Call my secretary, ya'll niggas secondary  
We meeting, we eatin', French benefits this weekend  
Write it off, be them niggas that'll fight it off  
This month's gross, I'm on some mill  
900 thou', we short a buck, but fuck it  
Brick face clothes over seas  
Niggas argue over g's, all we want is royalties  
D.J.'s spin it like a fee, where's the bill?  
The only Bill we know is from M.O.P.

(Chorus: Timbo King)

We the pro's in motion, without promotions  
Buy or sell, we could wire that, hour well  
Number one drive, call us the banker boys  
Corporate thugs, self employed, got game  
Certified work on the streets, nine to five  
Fuck around and get shot, my nine spit five  
Done things, C.E.O. nigga, we run things  
Yeah, run things, yeah, sun things  
From the streets to the office, thug corporate

(Timbo King)

Let off a hot one, get shot in your grill  
Shit will muthafucka, you can die wit a deal  
You see the corporate seal, official, first I'll bounce your check  
Collect that, then go smoke an ounce wit R.E.C.  
Connect with my familia, Spanish fly  
Executive class, ya'll cats standin' by  
No cash now, we pushin' off the lot  
Icy gray, let Toni Braxton play  
Work after eleven, not chapter 11  
Fuck wit us you'll be on the news after eleven  
Tailor made stitch, my shit better than yours  
Front row seat Grammy Awards, y'all them niggas wit them Honda Accords  
We Lincoln Town car, doin' highway miles  
Church Ave., Kings Highway style  
Meanwhile, females you can e-mail me  
We online, appointment at 3 o'clock, we on time  
Exchange currents, pounds to yen  
Some where in Hong Kong with Chong Fue Cheng  
From the streets to the office, thug corporate

(Chorus)

(Outro: Timbo King)  
Fort Knox, blocks of gold  
You agree, I agree, nigga