

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