

Trick Daddy, Thugs About

(feat. Cool & Dre, Dirtbag)

[Intro: Cool & Dre]

Good god, a ha ha

Yo Trick I think we done did it again man ([echo:] of course, of course)

Miami's finest, T Double D (haha haha)

Y'all know who we be

[Chorus: Cool & Dre]

I wanna be your homie, your homie, love, and friend

I wanna be your boy that you holla at night on the weekends (ooh baby)

I wanna be the 'G' that your girlfriends brag about, that's what talkin' bout

Ohhh girl come and let me show you what a thug's about

[Verse 1: Trick Daddy]

I ain't the type of nigga, who get a little bit of cheddar

And start hanging on the beach and think he better than the next nigga (next nigga)

Though I'll prolly go to Bay Harbor about Gucci, Louis, or Prada

For my wife son or daughter, yeah (wife, son, or daughter)

They gon talk about us, you should expect that

Look at them bitches, they broke, they can't afford this

They still livin' with they momma and they wonder why niggaz fuck em'

And won't do nothin' for 'em

Pump ya brakes lil' mama, some are down to bitch

Stay out my face if you ain't got shit good to say

And my wife don't like ya (don't like ya)

Matter of fact when she see ya, she might wanna fight ya

Ho, I tried to keep it real witcha' (keep it real witcha')

But by ya runnin' ya mouth and takin' pills, I can't deal with ya

Bitch you got real issues (real issues) and I'm a real nigga

Deal wit' 'em and I wanna chill witcha

[Chorus (w/ adlibs from Dirtbag)]

[Verse 2: Dirtbag]

Now you ain't neva had a stunna

You ain't neva had a gunna

You ain't neva had a dirty ass gangsta motherfucker

Now you glad you did

First you was scared

Poppin champagne bottles, go on take a swig

You see this life I live is for the real and not the fake

So when we walk the streets girl I'll make ya feel safe (huh)

I know you lovin how I'm thuggin all dayyy

Your momma hate me but she thank me when the rent payyyed

Say my name and watch how ya friends act

I got a brother and a cousin they can get at

First you was shuddered wit niggaz that get in trouble

Then I got you in the cover no other did it so betta

Tropical colors on ya dresses impresses me

I ain't worryin' about yo 'exes' come flex with me

YEEE!! Girl what's goood

You lookin' for love and now you found it in the hooood

[Chorus (w/ adlibs from Trick Daddy)]

[Verse 3: Trick Daddy]

You see the problem is

You accept too many promises (too many promises)

And you subject yourself, where you can't help yourself

But I'm here to help (I'm here to help), so tell the busta to step

And baby have no fear cuz "Thug Life" is here

And I got a remedy for you to get replenished in

But hot showers, clean towels, and a double hennessey

And I hope you got plenty energy
Cuz' when K-9 these felines, shit gets finicky (whoa, haha)
Anyways, I got plenty ways, to make ya stay
But Im'a keep it straight, it's better that way
I'm better gettin' wetter that way
And I'm bigger than ya last, and we gon' need "Magnum"
In fact I'm ready right now (right now)
We can get butt naked and I'll hit it right now (right now)
But we homies, so let's stay homies (stay homie)
Conversation only
Okay homie (okay homie)

[Chorus (x2)]