

# USDA, Corporate Thuggin'

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

I said, I'm +Corporate Thuggin+  
C-T-E!!

Until the day I die, dat's the way it's gon' be  
Thug Motivation, I'm bumpin' in my 3  
Blowin' on some killa shit dat I got from Zone 3  
Blowin' Orange Mile, yeah we call it Tennessee  
I'm good in err' hood, err' body know me  
So don't wake me up, I swear to God I'm dreamin'  
Pray fo' Uncle Ray, yeah dat nigga still beamin'  
Lookin' fly in the cock pit, a nigga still leanin'  
Money out here, so a nigga still schemin'  
And I don't make music, but the muthafuckin' critics  
They don't understand 'cause they ain't muthafuckin' livin' it  
And I ain't trippin' on +The Source+, I got a muthafuckin' +plug+  
Keepin' 5 mics, I'm still a mothafuckin' thug  
Now, the question is - CAN A NIGGA REALLY RAP?  
And they ask you - IS YOU EVA BEEN TO THE TRAP?  
Bitch I make hits, you niggas waste time  
And I be Goddamn if I let chu waste mine  
Like change fo' the betta, but I'm still strapped  
Trigga-happy nigga, don't make me relapse  
Attitude like "Fuck It!" - they hatin' anyway  
And I can give a fuck what a nigga gotta say  
YOU STILL TALKIN' BLOW? - YOU GOD DAMN RIGH!  
What else I'm gon' say dat's my mu'fuckin' life  
I just left Jamaica I'm talkin' Nachos Rios  
Sippin' margaritas on the beach in my Adidas  
Brought a few pills but dat's only fo' the skeezas  
Used my black car but dat's only fo' the reefa  
Wussuh! (Let's go)

[Chorus:]

Not a day go by, dat I ain't high  
Hit the mall err'day, nigga I stay fly  
26 inches, yeah I'm sittin' up high  
And I'ma keep it hood, hommie dat's no lie

Not a day go by, dat I ain't high  
Hit the mall err'day, nigga I stay fly  
Get it how we live, yeah we try to get by  
We throw it all in the air, baby dat's no lie  
Wussuh!

[Verse 2: Blood Raw]

Blood Raw! Everybody love me (Yay-Uh!!)  
Blowin' on Jamaica, the boy +Corporate Thuggin+  
Glasses in the air, everybody toastin'  
Gettin' fucked up nigga, everybody totin' (Oooh)  
Posted wit a broad, yeah she blacka then an African (Yeah)  
Hair down her back, like she mixed wit Italian (Haha..)  
Mamii so thick, man she look like a stallion  
Introduced her to my patna - yeah it's on, so what's happenin'

[Verse 3: Slick Pulla]

Wha's hann'in!  
Dead presidents (Ch'yah!), brief-case full of 'em  
Couldn't take a chance, we do it fo' the love of 'em (C'monn!)  
Livin' life fast (Yah!), we do it fo' the rush of it  
Rubberband stacks, we do it fo' the touch of it (Okayye!)  
This shit don't stop (Stop!)  
Corporate Thuggin' nigga 'till my casket drop (Yah!)  
Yams in the booth did the same on the block  
Don't blame me, I'm just tryna get a knot (Nah!)

U-S-D-AYE!

[Chorus]