

Artist: nore

Title: Thugs r' us

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[Noreaga]

Them niggas really think that it's a game but it's not
Niggas kept frontin', Brown got popped
Word on life, word on my click
All a niggas really got in his life is his word and his dick
And I stay true to them like both of them laws
Niggas talk shit my click's not ridin' them dogs
Niggas hate me cause broke and can't floss
Yo I cop coke, cook it up or buy it cooked already
Like a '98 six wild like a Chevy
Yo I floss now, look how much my jewels cost now
I'm realizin' that you me so I hate y'all too
so both sides is hate so it's mutual
Beautiful, my guns make it shoot-able
Shoot at you send staff to clap you
Yo my name's Nori but only fam calls me 'Poppi'
That nigga's homo like the cat who killed Versace
Homo thug, yo I shoulda know sooner
My click stay in jail like Robert Downey Jr.
Like outlaw in the beacon, nigga we can
fuck wit' niggas think they live while y'all weaklings
I'm from Iraq, play the cut smoke mad trees
Buy my own business, concentrate on my cheese
Yo the door lock, four knocks and one symbol
I'm like '98 Live, you like Double Dribble
Aye yo, thugged out, no rules, playin' the game
Every man for hisself, just recievin' the pain
It's like you tall, 21, no out, just go hard
Rest in piece I gotta say to Yammy and Taj
It's like bitches never learn, money to burn
Yo I'm leavin' like me and Nate (I'm leavin'!!) let me say this
I used to rock to G-U-E with the SS
now I'm in the '98 black GS
Golden with kid in my shit, on some full grits headlights
Shit shine from Def Jam to Crown Heights
Now my click keep guns, time to fight
Open the flip on the star-tech and check the message
Cock ten Sprint phones caught a deal
What, one and the same like thugged out and Ill Will

It's all real, still from Iraq...