

I'm Thuggin (feat. Waka Flocka Flame & Ace Hood)

DJ Khaled

[Intro: DJ Khaled]

Yeah DJ Khaled, Mean Mug music

Waka Flocka (Ace Hood)

This gon' fuck the streets up

This gon' fuck the club up[Hook: Waka Flocka]

Always kick my dough and shawty last night

I'd be damned if I don't go out without a fight

My girlfriend says she needs some new shoes in a bag

I tell her shut the fuck up and get off yo ass

I'm thuggin', I'm thuggin'

I'm thuggin', I'm thuggin'

Middle fingers to the cops and the judge

Raised by the old niggas, just mean mug

I'm thuggin', I'm thuggin'

I'm thuggin', I'm thuggin'

Middle fingers to the cops and the judge

Raised by the old niggas, just mean mug

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

God a bless a niggas soul, bitch I'm out here

Where the wrong color, you can't come around here

So get your mind right, and keep your pistol close

Hoppin' out that ride out into your face, just like a seminal

I'm a nigga, stay thuggin', my lil' cousin got his chopper chrome

And a nigga want problems, take your top off like a metro dome

And make a loud noises, sound like it's world war

And never break a sweat, that's what them killers for

I get money ho, on some real shit

Deck 100's on me, that's just what I deal with

Waka's (?) out, and we the business

See me fuck the hammer, bet your niggas feel quick

Mama pay for me, commit a lot of sins

And it don't make it better consumin' a lot of gin

Blood, sweat & tears, I put my soul out

Smell the flowers, bitch, I might just pull the rose out

[Hook][Verse 2: Ace Hood]

A young nigga, fuckin' (?) with his transluce

Middle finger all the fans, cause I said too

Now we my G's at? Now where them dope boys?

Now where my niggas who be thuggin' on the corner for it

Hands in the air, throw your hood up

Hoppin' off that 7 (?), just when I pull up
Now where my bad bitches, who keep that ass fat?
I love a hood bitch, ain't scared to throw that ass back
And I keep them real niggas, homie that's that
You a super duck, I'm talkin' Aflac
My niggas stormed out, stormed out
Stupid (?) in them zones with that stone mouth
Club stupid packed, it's a mad house
Catch you sniffin' by yourself, and then you assed out
And homie that's word, my niggas gon' learn
See that red in blue, I'm runnin' out my Converse[Hook]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>