

Corporate Thuggin'

U.S.D.A.

I said I'm corporate thuggin', C T E
Until the day I die that's the way it's gon' be
Thug Motivation I'm bumpin' number 3
Blowin' on some killa shit that I got from Zone 3 Blowin' Orange Mile, yeah, we call it
Tennessee
I'm good in every hood everybody 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 fo da muthaf*****kin' critics
They don't understand 'cuz they ain't muthaf*****kin' lived it And I ain't trippin' on the source I
got a muthaf*****kin' plug
Keep me 5 mics, I'm still a muthaf*****kin' thug
Now the question is, can a nigga really rap?
And the answer is you eva been to da trap?
Bitch, I make hits, you niggas waste time
And I be goddamn, if I let you waste mine
Like change for the better but I'm still strapped Trigga happy nigga don't make me relapse
Attitude like f*****k it, they hatin' anyway
And I can give a f*****k what a nigga gotta say You still talkin' blow? You goddamn right
What else I'm gon' say? That's my mu-f*****kin' life
I just left Jamaica, I'm talkin' Nachos Rios
Sippin' margaritas on the beach in my Adidas
Brought a few pills but that's only fo da skeezas Used my black car but that's only fo da reefa
What's up? Let's go
Not a day goes by, that I ain't high
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly
26 inches, yeah, I'm sittin' up high
And I'ma keep it hood, homie, dat's no lie
Not day goes by, that I ain't high
Hit da mall everyday, nigga, I stay fly Get how we live, yo, we tryin' to get by
We throw it all in the air, baby, dat's no lie
Blood raw, errbody love it blowing on Jamaica
The boy corporate thuggin' Glasses in the air, errbody toastin'
Don't get it f*****ked up, nigga, errbody toting
Posted with a broad, yeah she blacker then a African
Hair down her back like she mixed with Italian Mami so thick man she look like a stallion
duced her to my partner yeah, it's on so what's happenin'?
What's happening? Dead Presidents, briefcase full of 'em
Couldn't take a chance we do it for the love of 'em Living life fast, we do it for the rush of it
Rubber band stacks, we do it for the touch of it
This shit don't stop, corporate thuggin' nigga til my casket drop Yams in the booth did the same

on the block

Don't blame me, I'm just tryna get a knot, U.S.D.A.

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Get how we live, yo, we tryin' to get by

We throw it all in the air, baby, dat's no lie, what's up? So fly, so high So fly, so high So fly, so high So fly, so high

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