

Thuggin'

Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

[Produced by Madlib]

[Sample]

"Somebody warn the west, nigga ain't runnin"

"Somebody, nigga ain't runnin no more"

"The Legend of Nigga in color, rated PG
Parental guidance suggested"

[Intro]

Uh, yeah, fo'sho'

Niggas be comin at me like, "Yo, yo Fred man

You a real nigga, dawg", yes baby, real nigga (real nigga)

I be like (from front to the back) "Respect man" (respect)

These fake niggas done lowered the bar, you know what I'm sayin?

[Verse 1]

Niggas be like "Fred, you ain't never lied"

Fuck the rap shit, my gangsta been solidified

Still do my business on the side

Bitch, if you polices, then pay me no nevermind

I was thuggin'

Black and red laces in my number threes

Take a pull up off the wood and let that motherfucker breathe

Sit outside a busta crib and let that motherfucker leave

Walk his ass back in and put him on his motherfuckin' knees

Thuggin', never takin' no for an answer

Might just take a loss, but bitch, I'd rather take my chances

This liquor got me lurkin' where you live at in the night time

59Fifty to the left, but I'm in my right mind

Thuggin', pants gon' be saggin' til I'm 40

Still lyrically sharper than any short bus shawty

Phonies ain't gon' throw me in this minstrel show

These labels see how far up in they mouth my dick can go

So gon', choke on this meat, throw my song on repeat

Might move away one day but I'm always gon' belong to the streets

[Chorus]

I'm straight thuggin', uh

And it feels so good, uh, and it feels so right

Uh, yeah, and it feels so good

Uh, and it feels so right
'Cause mothafucka I'm thuggin'

[Verse 2]

Selling you the science of the street rap
Every motherfuckin' show I do is off the meat rack
I done been to jail and did my best not to repeat that
I'm tryin to feed my family, give a fuck about your feedback
Critically acclaimed but that shit don't mean a thang
When you rocking mics and stealing microwaves, cooking 'caine
Never trippin' on a dame, I'm too cold for you broke hoes
Don't let the knob hit your booty when the door close, bitch
She let me hit it cause I'm thuggin'
Squares need not apply, I'm so fly I might fuck her cousin
Swiftly 'bout to stick a sweet dick in your sweetheart
Then go and get some groceries off my geeker EBT card
Why the feds worried 'bout me clocking on this corner
When there's politicians out here getting popped in Arizona?

[Chorus]

Bitch I'm thuggin', bitch
And it feels so good, uh, and it feels so right
Yeah, yeah, and it feels so good
Uh, and it feels so right
'Cause mothafucka I'm thuggin'

[Verse 3]

"We're not against rap, but we're against those thugs"
Can't be legit when every nigga in your clique sold drugs
Predicate felons in my faculty, real killers can vouch for me
Teach a kid at the crib or your children might cop an ounce from me
And smoke out in the Chevy with us
Cause in the past, my low-class black ass would serve my own fucking family members
I hate to say it, ain't no need to be discreet
If she don't cop from me, she get it from a nigga up the street
Cause he thuggin', and yo, she'd probably suck his dick for it
She turnt out so it ain't shit to turn a trick for it
My uncle last bitch put him on the glass dick
Tried to rob a man to feed his habit, he got blasted
I live on borrowed time, my expiration date I passed it
So lock me up forever but this shit is everlastin'

[Chorus]

I'm thuggin', huh
And it feels so good, uh, and it feels so right
Uh, yeah, and it feels so good
Uh, and it feels so right
'Cause mothafucka I'm thuggin, bitch

[Outro]
Ay! Police is down over here!
Come on!
Shit!

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