

# Popular Thug (feat. Nas)

## Kelis

You know what I am  
You know what I do well at least I thought you knew  
They call me Pusha  
Damn  
I take you like a slap in the face  
Everytime the bass is mentioned like I had bad intentions  
Listen, I thought love was given  
So for you I did those things you were missing  
Never have to say  
Please gimme borrow  
As long as I got yay  
And two semi autos  
And connects in the jets  
Like wetback Carlos  
I ain't askin' you to follow  
Just think 'bout tomorrow  
Please  
I should have known by the way that you stared  
Eyeing passes by like you're rich but life ain't fair  
But you make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
Hey, popular thug (you're damn right)  
I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
Hey, popular thug (you're damn right)  
I can't help if I'm a thug and I'm popular  
I think that come along with driving a shocking car  
Watch the coke light up they life  
The rocks with stars  
Had fiends talking crippled  
Cuz they locked they jaw  
Aw Pusha T you think it's cool that you deal  
Bout as cool as that breeze on the beach in Brazil  
As long as fiends want pain  
Then I'm gon' slang  
When my financial change  
Then I'm gon' change I should have seen in the way you touched my hand  
Shuffling your car keys  
But sounded like a gentleman  
But ya make my record skip

Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
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I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
Hey, popular thug (you're damn right)  
I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
Hey, popular thug (you're damn right) You don't know it yet  
It's the life that I live that you love  
And the fact that I'm thug that had you holding techs  
When you really didn't know what it was  
But you did it out of love  
Shit  
Far from deprived  
Give you all of you fetishes  
Like treachervous necklaces, beget etceteras  
Colors coming out make your head spin like exorcist  
Spending bright futures in the hood  
All them no good messages I should have heard it in the way you said my name  
While I analyzed your tone you were formulating games  
But you make my record skip  
Make my record skip  
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I would have never talked to you if I had known you was a popular thug  
Hey, popular thug (you're damn right) Hey, popular thug

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