

Born a Thug

Trick Daddy

This has been a Goldrush production
Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug
His mama was a G
And daddy was a G
Ain't nothin' left for him to be
But a thug
Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug
His mama was a G
And daddy was a G
But nothin' left for him to be
But a thug
This is a story bout a young nigga
Who's mama was a whore and his daddy was a drug dealer
Ridin' 'round the corner from 'em was the spot
They sold weed, lace, base, heroin and marijuana
His role model was an older nigga
Who kept a wad of hundreds 'cause he had a whole lot of money
Now keep in mind this is 'round the time that
Miami niggas was really tryin' to put it down
That's back when the pimp game played out
That next year crack cocaine came out
And it all started in the suburbs
But only rich folks could afford to go and smoke that good dope
And yo they used to call it free-base
But when it made it to my block, me and my boys called it Crack Rock
We used to cook it up and bag it up and sell 'em
Nickels and dimes to any bitch that was buyin'
Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug
Mama was a G
Daddy was a G
Nothin' left for him to be
But a thug
Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug
Mama was a G
Daddy was a G
Nothin' left for him to be
But a thug
And when he first hit middle school
He was a typical, ordinary, everyday ass dude
Around the time eighth grade came around
He had done made up his mind, a nigga can't lay down now
His first job, he was a watch out

He had to scream one time every time the cops hit the block
We used to call him Bo Brown
'Cause when he came around, close shop nigga, shut it down Them lil' two-hundreds
That was a lot of money for a young nigga sittin' 'round not doin' nothin'
Plus his mama had a newborn from an old nigga out the hood
Who don't do shit for him They go another bill, another mouth to feed
Oh well, yo a nigga couldn't stop there
He gotta keep food in his crib and keep the lights on
Ain't like his daddy's comin' back home Now just imagine the role of a thirteen year old
Who playin' head of his household, now that shit's cold
But then again I suppose
You already know how the shit go Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug Mama was a G
Daddy was a G
Nothin' left for him to be
But a thug Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug Mama was a G
Daddy was a G
Nothin' left for him to be
But a thug He advanced from watch out man to lieutenant
And now he got two feet waist deep in it
And he control the whole operation
But it's kinda different 'cause he's dealin' with some stiff competition And everybody wants to
be buddies
All of a sudden friends but then again all they see is money
And he ain't never too flashy wit it
Not into cars and jewels, just nice clothes and new shoes Half of the money went straight to his
mama
But the other half, you know, the kid had to keep it stashed
But it's kinda hard to hide drug money
But it's worse bein' a dope but none of this shit's worth dying for But when it comes to livin',
money's nothin'
Bein' dead is free now tell me, what would you rather be?
Don't tell me, tell it to your child
Make your talk worthwhile and the rest, he'll figure it out Shorty's gonna be
Shorty wanna be
So he's gonna be
A straight thug Mama was a G
Daddy was a G
Nothin' left for him to be
But a thug Motherfuckin' thug
Nothin' left for him to be but a thug
Motherfuckin' thug
Nigga forced into this shit, damn
Over and over again Shorty's gonna be

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So he's gonna be
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Nothin' left for him to be
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