

Thug in the Street (feat. The Lox & Drag-On)

Eve

{Drag-On}

I be the D-R-A-G dash ya niggas foot slim
'cause bullets make your feet fast
we throw babies in the trash
Drag don't play with little gats
crib like McDonalds nuttin but Big Macs
and quarter pounds
bitch place your order now stay in line
I only f**k with broke niggas
that stright depend on crime
you straight pussy so f**k your ass cap
'cause in jail they'll put your cap where
your ass at you ass black
projects thats where Drag at
yea ya got heart
but if I don't got my gun
thats where ya gonna get stabbed at
boy as a young I never grabbed that toy
Drag was taught to grab that and ask
"where the cash at"

{Sheek}

you think we shoot his pocket sides
deuce decuce and 25's
you ain't takin' em' nigga
you threatenin' lives
I ain't frontin motherf**ker
I don't shoot no legs
I'm tryna see if your brains
really look like eggs
or is it just that commercial
your brain on drugs
now it's a total different look
from these shotgun slugs
to get rich it could take less than two days
I'm like them little beepers
halfs and bullets two-ways
f**k vests my shit go throught toupèès
I'ma thug in New York
and when I'm on your set
we the apartment where they filmed
good times at
bitch what the f**k I'ma thug nigga

Chrous:(2X)I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do
if you f**kin with me I'ma f**k with you
I don't give a f**k now I'm doing my thing
like a motherf**king dog I'm doing my thang{Styles}
weight on my back
hate in my heart
blood in my eye
foot on the gas
blunt in my mouth
lovin the ride
hand on the gun
ear to the street
back to the wall
mind on my money while I'm clappin at ya'll{Jadakiss}
I got niggas in jail
crack in the hood
hustle in south
fiends and customers
that run in your house
I got family ties
I'm handy with knives
I live my life in the ghetto
nose candy and nines
I'm deeper than most
sleep wit it close
wake wit a demon
have visions of the whole
world shaking and screaming{Styles}
I was born to be a leader
but if the game was dirty
I was born to be a cheater
you talking to me greasy
I was going to get the heater{Jadakiss}
you tell me what you know about blow
gettin dough and straight warrin' with a meaner
frontin in a Benz or I was soarin' in a Bima{Styles}
lyin in the cut
the gun is straight running
like a tire on the trucks
if he is real or a liar
put the plyer to his nuts
or the fire to his guts{Jadakiss}
'cause niggas is too soft
that heat make niggas cool off
f**k ice I'm tryna cop the crew lofts{Styles}
So we can be back in effect
I throw the barrel to the back of your neck
and hop back in the vette (corvette){Jadakiss}
'cause everybody is a felon with loot

'cause they say rap is like dust{Styles and Jadakiss}
and we the only ones sellin' the juiceChrous:(2X)I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do
if you f**kin with me I'ma f**k with you
I don't give a f**k now I'm doing my thing
like a motherf**king dog I'm doing my thang{Eve}
bitches is so sick
they throw up
so scared they don't even
come around in places that I show up
go ahead nigga put your dough up
me against who nigga grow up
bitches choke can't even get their flow up
I ain't got no fear bout you bitches in da industry
actin all confused don't know who you supposed to be
chickens lost steady worryin' bout
who's dick is tossed
stop stallin betta get this thing before it's gone
but I ain't mad
'cause I ain't gon' pass it on
callin' askin can you get on my shit
'cause your cash is gone
you won't get no sales off of me
bitch please
pitbull run with dogs

I don't like fleasChrous:(2X)I'ma thug in da streetz and I know what to do
if you f**kin with me I'ma f**k with you
I don't give a f**k now I'm doing my thing
like a motherf**king dog I'm doing my thang

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>