Thug Life

21 Savage

Scrape the corner
Buy a Rover
Crack inside my grandmas sofa
Sunday, family coming over
Move the crack behind the toaster
Carry pistols with no holsters
Trying not to be a poster
You was listening to your coaches
I was listening to the vultures
And I slept with rats and roaches
That's why I don't smoke no roaches
Niggas tryna knock my focus
Wonder why I'm sick of potion
We happy, dog but we ain't jokers
Big bullets, we ain't poking
In that pussy, slow motion
Nigga ain't none of my songs wrote
I'm thinking to myself you ain't gang, nigga, fuck you
Feel like 2Pac, Thug Life, nigga, fuck you
If he had the password to your phone he wouldn't have cuffed you
Dog ass bitch, I knew I never should've trusted youHoe stab a nigga in the back like the streets do
Can't believe that you betrayed me, I used to sleep with you
Niggas quick to say they loyal to you, they be see-through
Gang, gang, screaming "Fuck you, they want to eat you"
My son got asthma, grandma having spasms
Fuck the chatter, he gon' tattle, put 'em on the platter
Snakes plotting on my downfall like I'm hearing rattle
(That fuck nigga gone flop man
21 ain't even no real nigga, fuck that nigga)
We sticking to the G code, nigga we ain't beefin' over freak ho's
I hit her on the D low, yeah she like my steelo
That nigga think that he a bullet, don't like credit, Deebow
30-round hangin' out the big Glock
Nigga, no six shots, shootin' 'til the clip stops
You a lil' cat, I'm a big dog
Nigga, when we pullin' up the stick's out
Too much money got 'em pissed off
Nigga, I'ma pull up at yo bitch house
Fuck a niggas bitch to get a kick out it
Nigga pop percs, 'gone get a kick out it
Drinking on syrup with my dick out

Glock-17 with the dick out
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Dog ass bitch, I knew I never should've trusted youWhatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, ho
Whatchu want, ho, I got whatchu want, hoI'mma tint, presidential, like I'm Trump though
Secret service shooters, leave 'em niggas slumped, dawg
Denzel, I get surgical with this pump, dawg
Busting down, breaking down, then I put it in a blunt, dawg
Made a mess now, I got 21 washed out
In my face, teetee and taytay in the same count
I was down, bad and now I'm shining like a lamp
You put a ring on her, she ain't nothing but a tramp
The kicked me outta middle school and sent me to the house
We 'bout that gunplay, nigga, motherfuck 'yo count
19, I bought a Cutlass, four 12's and an amp
Beating down Glenwood, nigga, feeling like a champ
Nigga, we ain't takin' no deals
Lil nigga we ain't snitchin', we ain't making no sound
Used to jump niggas, now we jumping in a crowd
Used to make my mama cry, but now I make her proud
I remember rainy days but now she like the soundI'm thinking to myself you ain't gang, nigga, fuck you
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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