

Thug Story

Black Rob

(Black Rob)

Heeeeeerrrrreeee we go...

Once upon a time not long ago
when I was outta town movin work with Zo
I used to bring my nigga B.R.
and niggas with the burna's holdin' down B-R

There lived a jealous kid that was mislead
by anotha jealous kid who wanted me dead
(He said) Me and you are gonna push this rock
Once we kill Rob we takin over the block

They did the job, but didnt succeed
When I got up off the ground niggas couldnt believe
They started bustin and'a bustin filled my ribs like crusting
had the vest on so it didnt mean nothin

One kid grabbed a tech and started sprayin erratic
But he fell, two slugs from my semi-automatic
Ran two blocks there was cops all over

Then I dipped into the building?
Banged on the door of apartment 83
Some lady start screamin like she was afraid of me
Ran to the roof like "Fuck that sista"

Ask an old man "Can you help me mista?"
Got to the roof clutchin my four-four
open up the door, yo guess who I saw (Who?)

Black and? Deaf? now, ain't this proper
Guns drawn full of? toward the helicopter
Escaped alive but my ribs was shattered
Body all battered, and clothes all tattered

Deep in my heart I wanted revenge
but I let the shit slide til I saw 'em again
Pulled out my guns and released a clip (And)

Thats the way I gotta end this shit
He was only one fiend, tryin to live a thugs dream
Slugs to the chest, shoulda heard him scream
Now this ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Cuz anyone of us could catch the blood bath

Straight an' narrow is how niggas should live... liveGood night... good night

Knock 'em out the box Black(Black Rob)
I just woke up in pain, my ribs broke up
Wifey on the side like Justin, shes kept the hope up
All thats on my mind is revenge revenge
Just then a few dogs kicked the door off the hinge

Go with the drawers on, man its cold as shit
Had the mag by the table, nigga hold this shit
He was one stupid nigga tryin roll for 'Delph
Not knowin that he might get killed himself
Now wifey being trained by the F.O.I.
It was horrible, stabbed the otha cat in his eye
he was screamin tryin grab her actin like he had to have her
Swept him off his feet but got sliced with the dagger
Well in these times, well atleast to me
No true niggas rollin come in sets of three
And they won't stop rollin til you let them see
All the permanent scars that the tech nine leaves
Barely out the crib caught one in the leg
Couldn't even get my? had to leave 'em for dead (Damn)
That's cold, yeah I know, but the cold in the streets
the one who escaped is the one holdin the heat
Before I breeze grab coke out the freeze
By the time y'all hear this I'll be somewhere in Belize
With some bad asian chick layin between my knees
While I'm blowin off some trees, pumpin B.I.G.'s
Greastest hits, this was my latest shit
Watch how niggas act when they play this shit
This a lesson, shits for real no dressing
No? lip? infestin, crab cats I'm addressin
Bad Boy, the 44 Mag, fresh off the rack
All you cowards and nasty ass hoes step the fuck back
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh
'Cuz anyone of us could catch the blood bath
Straight an' narrow is how niggas should live... live
Good night... good night Knock 'em out the box BlackThats right
Black Rob, the craziest presentation
All you bitches
Bad Boy, Life stories
Alumni
Crumbs, crumbs

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>