

# 50 Cent, Thug Love (Feat. Destiny's Child)

[50 Cent]

What y'all know about this fab shit, huh?  
TE baby come on, uh-huh Trackmasters uh-huh  
Look we can shop together mama, his and hers  
Fifth Ave shit baby, Fendi furs  
I ain't tight with the chips girl  
I'm down to splurge  
If it's ice you like I'll light up your life  
VS2 Clarity aiight?  
I play the block I ain't the type to punch your clock  
I'm the type to put the metal to the floor in the drop  
I live life in the fast lane  
I make a grove of hash  
Hustle hard for cash so I can spoil that ass  
It's like she loves me, she loves me not  
Cause her friends pump her head hull of bullshit a lot  
I gave jewels I imported for her  
Chanel bags I bought from boosters  
To the hood I introduced her  
She feisty and sometimes she wanna fight me  
People saying if I get knocked she ain't gon write me  
The sick part is all that bullshit excites me

[Destiny's Child]

A thug's what I want  
A thug's what I need  
Even though that my friends don't seem to see  
That he lace me with money  
He knows when I want it  
And I'm never gonna leave my baby  
My thugged out no good baby

[50 Cent]

Ayo I treat you like you need to be treated like you're special  
Tie your hands to the bedpost when I caress you  
When I met you it was Guess and Gap  
Now it's Gucci and Prada  
Took you from being a nine to being a dime  
You complain that we don't spend time  
When I'm OT on the grind going hard for mine  
Yo when shorty say she hate me  
You know she mean she love me  
When she play me close at the bar  
That mean she want some Bubbly  
See my polying with another chick and shit get ugly  
She wanna flip threaten to run keys across my whip  
Try to burn a nigga with some Hominy Briss  
That's how she on it  
When I met her she was low key  
Now she wanna OD  
You know me I let her do her thing son  
I say what I'm feeling  
Niggas say that I'm illing  
I sip Cristy so I'm pissy  
Like a staircase in your building  
What?

[1 - Destiny's Child]

A thug's what I want  
A thug's what I need  
Even though that my friends don't seem to see  
That he lace me with money  
He knows when I want it  
And I'm never gonna leave my baby  
My thugged out no good baby

(2x)

[2 - Beyonce]

A thug is what I want  
And a thug is what I need  
And my friends don't understand  
How my baby laces me  
A thug is what I want  
And a thug is what I need  
And my friends don't understand  
And I think its jealousy  
[Repeat 1 & 2 till end]