

Thug Cry (feat. Lil Wayne)

[Rick Ross](#)

I just wanna be the one
I just wanna be the one you love
I just wanna be the one you run to when you're down
I just wanna, I just wanna fly
I'mma show you tonight
That I'mma put it on you baby
Take you past the sky...Wake up in the world and I'm just another nigga
Call it public housin' when you next door to the killers
On them corners it gets better as you go
Grind that motherfucker 'till it's yellow brick road
Free as a bird, spoken word in my verse
On my knees prayin', niggas shootin' in the church
Wake up out my sleep in another cold sweat
I lived on Billboard, where the fuck to go next?
Go against the odds, youngin' go and get a job
Another country boy they want back on the farm
So far from my goals but I'm close to my kids
Thug cry for Mac Dre throwin' up the Thizz
I just wanna be the one
I just wanna be the one you love
I just wanna be the one you run to when you're down
I just wanna, I just wanna fly
I'mma show you tonight
That I'mma put it on you baby
Take you past the sky...Well let me light one for my problems
Smokin' on that loud, pumpin' up that volume
Get it crackin' like an eggshell in this motherfucker make omelettes
Get a bad bitch that posts up like comments
They don't know what I been through, don't know what I'm goin' through
As long as I get through that's what I look forward to
Richer than a bitch but still I can't afford to
Let these niggas play with me; need to be remorseful
I swear I got that silencer on that Mac 9 and I kill these niggas with silence
My head stay in the clouds, I really feel like a giant
Can't trust none of these niggas, I murk one of these niggas
Then bury one of these niggas, still got dirt under my fingers, that
Ain't a threat that's bet cause they coming at my neck
Like the best a man can get
To make a long story short, I need a shoulder cause the devil on one
The other one, I'm lookin' over
Tunechi...
I just wanna be the one

I just wanna be the one you love
I just wanna be the one you run to when you're down
I just wanna, I just wanna fly
I'mma show you tonight
That I'mma put it on you baby
Take you past the sky...Niggas hatin' like it's Salt Lake City
No tints on that pretty ass Bentley
Want you to know that them comments don't offend me
Cause your baby mama so friendly
I proceed with the plan, weed in my hand
Ciroc in my cup, quick pic for a fan
Money over bitches, first nigga with a Wraith
Double M, we handle business
Cause them niggas getting raped
Go get the yellow tape, it's well orchestrated
200 acres estates, a young nigga made it
Came from the hood, ain't nothing changed
Still lemon pepper on my motherfucking waaangs I just wanna be the one
I just wanna be the one you love
I just wanna be the one you run to when you're down
I just wanna, I just wanna fly
I'mma show you tonight
That I'mma put it on you baby
Take you past the sky...Sometimes I ask myself, do thugs cry?
Mastermind, my 6th LP
Can't believe we did it
Man, I thank everybody that played a part of this
Shout out to my engineer E-Mix
Each and every one of you supporters
My fans, 100
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>