

Pimpz, Thugz, Hustlaz Gangstaz

Krayzie Bone

If you a pimp, nigga, pimp them hoes. if you a thug, you better get ready for
War. if you a hustla, make your dough. if you a gansta, let your gun smoke.

Took a trip out to texas and I find real niggas, remind me of mine. a nigga can
Vibe, 'cause y'all some cold ass playa playas. hey, there, mo thug and we go
tsta
Give 'em some love, so now you're dealin' with the big pimps and the thugs.
you
Get up too close and we fuckin' you up, you don't really want that 'cause I
know
These ain't no hoes you fuckin' with. touched down and got with the realest
Niggas in the town. now look who's in the suave house, yes it's truly-yours,
Mister sawed-
off leatherface, a warrior ready for war, a natural soldier boy,
Ready to move out, nigga, ready to get with the shoot out. in the meanwhile,
i
Still gotta make me some money to get by. yeah, I thought to connect, and ho
oked
Up with mjg, made money, 'cause all that other shit don't mean a thing to me
.
But try to run up and I'm leavin' you stunned. nobody will know who shot tha
t
Pump, 'cause I'm gonna dump it and run. put him on the pave, and hey, that n
igga
That did it was wearin' a leather face, and not to be played with. whatever
you
Claim, you better get paid. shit.

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Who be i? the nigga who pimpin'-a plenty of hoes, look at the size of the ba
nk
That he hold. natural born mind control. false niggas' gang blown away. it m
akes
You wonder why niggas be hatin'. they jealous, they fellas be lookin' to tak
e
You under. it seems like the more that we get, you come with that shit, look
in'
For ways to drive us insane, confusin' our brain. I'm settin' up traps for r
ats
Who snatch cheese. fly like a trapeze artist. tell 'em to bring it on, I com
es
The hardest. mjg, pimp, runnin' with bone, dividin? the throne. regardless o
f
Niggas who stand in my path, I'm bringin' it on. recitin' the lyrical gift,
the
Shit that give me the bitches, the money, the cars. how do you know when you
're
Goin' too far? the further you get, the further you are. shit, I breaks in h
alf
Crook niggas. don't make me laugh. now, huh, which ones the head and, huh, w
hich
One's the ass? where your bitch at? collectin' my cash. now who would've kno

W

That the bitch is a hood-rat. increasin' my stash, leavin' you fast. you're Thinkin' I'm slippin', I'm grippin' the tech. look at the bullets, they ripp in'

His vest open, puttin' a hole in his chest. in piece is that nigga decide to Rest. I'm leavin' you grievin', believin' in pimpin'. the shit that I got is the

Shit that I'm given. constantly livin' that life of a thug, drinkin' the hen
,
Smokin' the bud.

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Too many fake niggas done tried to contend, and then again, pinned that they Couldn't win. ken took it to the head with a fifth of hen now I'm in the win
d,

500 benzo, we roll, roll. rod j came through with the mack-10. wish trippin'
When I pulled out the glock. you know that all of my niggas be ready this
Pop-pop, comin' with the heat cocked, 'cause it never did stop. everybody I
know

Out lookin' for a come up, we creep, it's deeper than the way you perceive a
Thug, no love, take a nigga through the mud everytime I try him from my word
ly

Grudge. what? nigga we'll bust till the point of no return, I'm out here
Swangin', paper chasin'. erasin' my poverty and I gotsta be that soldier
Claimin' mo! even though it get hectic, respect it. nigga, knock my struggle

,
Uh-oh, they'll gets more chaos and I won't stop till I piece this puzzle. I'
m a

Go gather up all lost souls show 'em the way to the road to be real, give 'e
m a

Deal, train 'em to kill, haters meet and my soldiers in a battle field. we
Marchin', ready for war, fuck the law, they ain't on our side. hell yeah, we
can

Meet up at the district. I'm bringin' it to you, ready to die. see, I am so
sick

Of oppression, shit ain't changed, little lay still stressin'. no question,
Clutchin' there no more weapon, 'cause the po po wanna sweat my blessings an
d

Uh, you'll probably feelin? the sense of some danger, but I'm bringin' the s
ense

Of an angel to the table. watch me put it down for mo, and them suave house
Niggas. so, willin? and ready to make a few dollars and split a few wigs . i
f

That's what it is, you better be mindin' your business, or be beggin'
Forgiveness. you know all I'm sayin? is, just don't fuck with me, man.

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Yeah ... bone thugs. mo thugs. eightball, the fat mack, and mjj-
fuckin'-g. the

Realest niggas alive, yeah. thuggin', pimpin', bitch, this shit don't stop.
you

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout? all over the muthafuckin' world and back again,
Bitch. space-age forever.