Try me if you feelin' lucky
And you think you wanna fuck with me, come on
(Niggas on the thugline, thugline, thugline)
Try me, every action's guaranteed
(Krayzie's on the thugline, thugline, thugline)

Load up your shit and get in the car

(Come on, come on, come on)

I'm down to ride on these imposters, fake playa, gangsta thugs
And these hoes who claim they mobsters

'Cuz they cloggin' up the game

Muthafuckas is rappin', sayin' anything
And tryin' to claim everythang to get they pockets paid

I'm tellin' 'em, that's the wrong way

Can't say you thug and then be fake
Nigga, that's the point I'm tryin' state in this case
But niggas ain't feelin' me, though
So yo, I say we weed 'em out and heat 'em up
Heard you woofin', yeah, we heard 'em, let us see them nuts
And then if he really jump, more power to ya
But no matter how it go, nigga we still
Gon' be bringin' it thug style to ya, buckin', boo, yah

Checkin' these bustas do be kind of fun
Because they know when it's static
We gon' handle it however it come
And nigga whoever it's from
Sure ain't givin' a fuck who you roll with
If they human then they ain't shit, we can't control
And if they bleed and they need oxygen to breathe

Nigga ya die, never fear no man

No matter the size the bigger, the harder they fall

Got somethin' for all of y'all, especially [unverified]

Tech'll chop him up, now he ain't half the man he thought he was

I bet these niggas think they rappin' so they actin'

So we come for a little target practice aimed exactly at ya

Exactly at ya

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Roll through my city, I see niggas watchin'
Probably plottin', schemin' to rob me, take all the money
And dump my bloody body, I'm sorry not me
I stay alarmed and be alert whether you're goin' to play or work
Make sure you got you pistol first, be ready to burst
Hesitation could bring up a fucked up situation
Like you leavin' in the body bag, zipped up, slip up that body tag
So if you spot him, blast, better him than you, huh?

I'm tellin' you now that me and my thugs
Can bring you anything that you want right out of the trunk

So, what's the bullshit?
We got some shit you can't fuck with
And nigga that be this muthafuckin' thug shit
We love this, probably gon' die because of it
Fuck it, I ain't worried about dyin' right now
My money's what's important

Hey, we livin' to die anyway, no matter if it's now or later You gon' rest in peace, it don't get no greater Kill 'em all and when it's time to drop the mic and go pick up a rifle Time to fight for what we right for, see who really like war, yeah I bet you most niggas lose as soon as they get in it I can't afford to roll with bustas 'cuz I'm really tryin' win it (I'm really tryin' to win it)
We fightin' to be victorious (Victorious)

Witness the story of

(The story of)

This silent, mighty, mighty, warrior

(Warrior)

If you hear any nigga move shoot

Don't let the nigga layin' dead be you

So soldier, pick up you boots and move

Runnin' for cover 'cuz if they buck ya it's over

Just like I told ya, you can die, soldier, you can die, soldier

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