

Thug 4 Life

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I was a G in life, I'm still a G in death
And if you think I'm not a thug, don't hold your breath
My name is Blaze, and I roll with Anybody Killa
"Drive-By on this bitch, you bitch nigga!"
All you scary bitches, shut up and go inside
All my thug muthafuckas, come on, we bout to ride
Real G's in my hood don't be fuckin' around
Ya gotta be a clique thick before the sun goes down
You could get yo' life took
Smart mouth, dirty looks
By the product of the streets, hood G's and crooks
With a double barrelled shotgun pressed to your eye
I'ma take what's mine and I'ma say it one more time
I'ma take what's mine and I'ma leave with nothing less
For the three fuckin' slugs that I took in the chest
No rest for the killas equipped with mean mugs
Who know what it's like to be a muthafuckin' thug?

Niggas and hoes
Bitches ain't shit
All you haters, eat this dick
Who know what it's like
To be a thug for life...
Be a thug for life.....
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Late night, gettin' high
Thinkin' in my mind, hopin' everything's gonna be alright
Situations drive me insane
Now who's to blame?
Need someone who's down for me and not the fame
Is there anyone that I can trust in this fucked up world?
Reminisclin' of the bitchin' that you gave me girl
I'm all alone
Just me and my microphone
With the urge to do a drive-by
Ever since the day homie came back alive
"Throw ya hands up in the sky"
If you can feel me
"Roll it up and let's get high!"
If you can hear me
Anybody Killa's comin' for real
And it's the raw deal
Keep ya hands low or watch ya cap get peeled
Where ya gonna be when the phantom's floating after ya
In the zone muthafucka!
People running
Dead men gunning
Ya better watch your back, the juggalo with the hatchet is coming

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Who the hardest, runnin' in a gang of two?
Down a 40 of formeldahyde and wax ya whole crew
Cuz ain't nobody seein' me on any fuckin' street
True thug, keep it real with the heat
Hittin' licks on the low cuz I'm lowdown
Dirty dog from the casket and underground
But I never sleep!
And we still got beef
When suckas recognize Drive-By
We murder muthafuckas!

Man, where ya gonna be 10 years from now?
Swimming in the gates of hell sayin' that you was down
Misunderstood and outta control
The microphone relieve's stress
So I'ma do my best to impress
Every single human being that's involved with me
Time for Drive-By to take em' where their eyes can see
Juggalos, wave yo' hands from side to side
Juggalettes, show them titties if ya fuckin' tonight

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Oh...oh yeah....it ain't over muthafucka