

# Razor To Your Throat

DJ Muggs

Yeah yeah  
Soul assassins 2g's  
And you can swing on these  
One time  
Go somethin like this

(break it up, break it up)

Yo, it's the anti-thug with the anti-dote  
Soul assassinator with the razor to your throat  
Crowd motivator with the upgrader data  
Put your drugs in the air, dj muggs is on the fader  
'coolin in cali', I'm hollywood-swingin  
Push a burgundy 7 with the wheels bling-blingin  
Stereo pumpin, keep your bell ringin  
Step up and say somethin, leave you swelled up and stingin  
Like a fat bitch with a sun burn  
When you gon' learn? yo, I go back like chick hears  
I'm shot-callin, I'm play-makin  
Tell me who's ballin, I tell you who's fakin

Yeah yeah

(yo, break it up, break it up)

I say stop - hey - wait, hold on  
I'll do you like bdp did pm dawn  
I crept on you, slept on you, style that I hustle  
If you wanna flex, punk, make a muscle  
Def jams like russell once he left rick rubin  
Linked up like a cuban, where the fuck you been?  
Here's a little story that must be told  
'bout a crew that'll fuck around and kill your soul  
When we roll up in the cut they put the party on hold  
Cause we got millions sold and the money we fold  
It's outlandish, yo, it's disgustin  
Suckers duckin from the shots we bustin  
It's like that

(yo, break it up, break it up)