

A Thugga' Level

Krayzie Bone

Big ballin' bitch like Boss come thru like it ain't no thang
Paper chase, hustlin' nothin' changed
Ask me again I'll tell you the same
Don't hustle the fame nigga, muscle the game

Put it down in the street for mine
24/7, stayin' on the grind
For days and days I shell at the cops
Enough grenades to get at the block

I'm a drug smuggler
Part bitch, part thug, part hustla
You lift my crib and I'm touchin' ya
No love for ya, draw blood from ya

'Cause a nigga like you dreamin' to Boss
And you fiendin' to floss and who pounds is flown
We're bustin' motherfuckas with the black game
Holdin' them fiends

And lovin' my crack
In the front got bud in the back
Who can get more thugga than that?
From hookers and jacks
Put the house up, bitch, I'm bustin' the gat

Y'all niggaz always testing
Gonna make me pull this Wesson
If money ain't the answer rephrase the question, dawg
Big Boss and Krayzie Bone is runnin' up in your town
With an uncountable amount of numbers of mongols
Y'all mad, we the real number oners
Rollin' like big, Thugline nothin' but runners

Trouble Boss, a double cross
A nigga named Krray they good as dead
From the B-O-double, doin' double time
And these tricks comin' up to bread

We on some thugga shit
We on some other shit
That you ain't fuckin' with
The thuggin' don't stop

And you can't touch the clique
You know you love this shit
Take it to what we spit
The thuggin' don't stop

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I heard a silent motherfucka creepin' up from behind ya
Bet ya didn't think that I'd find ya, huh?
With a nine or pump your shit'll be fucked
And I ain't even popped the goddamn trunk

I bet they never saw a nigga bring the heat and be so cool
Freeze everything, nigga don't move
You can choose to be a fool and try to get away
But never make it out the room when the pump go, boom

Fuckin' 'em up, scream "Fuck the world" while I cuff my nuts
Real niggaz don't lie, hit 'em in the mind
Every time goddamn we live
Send 'em to the graveyard, who gonna save y'all?
Matter of fact motherfucka, who paid y'all?

You runnin' up on them niggaz, you know gonna bust back?
Take no more shorts fuck that
Pistol control, we roll streets so they all know
If they run up I'll pop get your hand out my pocket
For the glock, glock shot 'em all on the floor

You dealin' with some motherfuckin' real niggaz
Thrill niggaz, we'll kill niggaz if they wanna kill me
Still runnin' with the AK-47 ain't shit changed
Still got the same artillery

Bust at them bastards
Me and Boss steady breakin' it off in they asses
Wanna see me get glasses
'Cause I be all in your face but you walk right past us
But that let a niggaz know they don't really wanna swang them thangs
Fuckin' wit them thugs, the thugs, the thugs, nigga the thugs, what?

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Bare witness to Mrs. Gangsta
We're gun-toters, blunt smokers
Big bank folders and high rollers
Quick to burn off into toaster
For fun this bitch judges wanna pose as gorilla

Pimps, killers and soldiers roll

You don't slip and we thought that we told ya
Know what Thug Luv nigga to bone ya
They can run your shit and bend a corner

Scatter and spread like mustard
Jam them buzzards up and leave 'em smothered
Quick friends gats find ya like bookie
And they down with me like fo' flat

Y'all niggaz got nuts, our niggaz got nuts
So we can go nut for nut, see who first to crack and split
Like ya down like wipers
'Fore the motherfuckin' piper pay the bitch

You motherfuckas fin' to feel it?
Thugline put it down keepin' it the real it
And I ain't really trippin' off these niggaz
They say they gonna get me yet they miss me

'Cause I've been here niggaz thuggin'
Waitin' for you motherfuckas to come bring it to me
Fuck waitin' I'ma mingle with it
The nine millimeter and plenty more haters

If any more niggaz roll up put the cut I'm fuckin 'em up
When I hit 'em with the pump don't duck you gonna die
Fuck you, die, buck you, die
Reload, unload one more time

Hit him with the pump make sure he dead
He bled blood, we bail
Ask me if a nigga prepared for war, hell yeah

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