

# Pimpz, Thugz, Hustlaz & Ganstaz

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 gangsta, 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 gotsta 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 hooked 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 that punk  
Cause I'm gonna dump it and run  
Put him on the pave  
And hey, that nigga 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 bank that he hold  
Natural born mind control  
False niggas' gang blown away  
It makes you wonder why niggas be hatin'  
They jealous, they fellas be lookin' to take you under  
It seems like the more that we get  
You come with that shit  
Lookin' for ways to drive us insane confusin' our brain  
I'm settin' up traps for rats who snatch cheese  
Fly like a trapeze artist  
Tell 'em to bring it on I comes the hardest  
MJG, pimp, runnin' with Bone dividin the throne  
Regardless of 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 half crook niggas  
Don't make me laugh

Now, huh, which ones the head and, huh, which one's the ass  
?

Where your bitch at  
?

Collectin' my cash  
Now who would've know 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 rippin' 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 wind  
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 wordly grudge  
What  
?

Nigga well 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 'em 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 and uh  
Youll probably feelin the sense of some danger  
But I'm bringin' the sense 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  
If 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, yeah, yeah, Bone Thugs  
Mo Thugs  
Eightball, the fat mack, and MJ-fuckin'-G  
The realest nigga alive, yeah  
Thuggin', pimpin', bitch this shit don't stop  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
All over the motherfuckin' world and back again, bitch  
Space-Age forever