

Ride The Thug Line

Krayzie Bone

Thug line, Thug line, come ride the Thug line

All day, keep it real, keep it real, keep it real
An' all night, yeah, yeah, yeah
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Wake up in the mornin', glorious to see
Then I hit the streets knowin' that I got beef
So since I got beef, it make sense to pack the heat
Ain't no debate be discreet publicly

Yeah, I'm a rider call me RKC
Ambassador, diplomat, officially
Ride with my team, the Thug line regime
Evil side regulated, smash, crash, tell me
Food stamp this game dig us?

Yeah an' tryin' to be sneaky
Askin' everybody that think I know 'em for my number to beep me
On my pager to beep me an' I sense they negative energy
Feelin' like some gangsta, gangsta shit to me

Don't matter where you go, it's psycho, my flight flown
To the bottoms in Miami, got off the plane like Rhinos
Sweaty in this humidity, high
My thugs, hit the club, scene it's crackin' tonight

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All night long, we ain't goin' to sleep
Beat these motherfuckin' streets with heats an' break beats
Make my way through the door, four rounds bar, man
My niggaz on one, he snuck a 'Oh, we can' in

The latest edition to some tight shit is spinnin'
Hey, DJ, you workin' with that equipment
Proceed to stagger through the crowd, blowin' one
Ladies in abundance, nigga, seven to one

Backless straps, tattoos, holdin' some Hennessey
I got my partne,r Krayzie Bone, there go one for me

I broke from the camp post tellin' baby this an' that
She told me about herself, she want to model an' act

I'm seein' other eyes, but I'm tryin' to lock this
Who could really blame me about those ass an' hips?
She say she got some folks, Young Dre, what the deal?
Let's cut this night short, take them back up the hill

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I get's a rush, thinkin' 'bout the fools that we crush
An' my little locs is down to bust an' makin' a fuss
All up in my pockets, they gangsta hatin' on us
First round that we [Incomprehensible] now we addin' a plus

Live just to die, know you know it's a must
Silly niggaz tellin' lies, my fo' five make 'em hush
Listen, just hear the bullets come when they spittin'
Y'all reppin', just steppin', I'm only playin' to win

Got a pocket full of plenty, niggaz splurgin' on drink
Thirty dollars in the tank, a nigga reakin' of dank
Khaki suit full of dirt from a nigga puttin' in work
Can't understand a command niggaz, patrollin' the turf

Gotta get it while the water's hot an' fill up your pot
Hit the block with a rock, with these make 'em shot
I level with a tickety tock, it don't stop
An' I'll be damned if they pull a nigga back on the block

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You might not recognize my flow 'coz it's me bustin' at first
'Coz I can put styles inside my verses, motherfuckers ain't heard yet
But I won't battle MCs, but we do handle beef with these
Competition to me means an enemy

Ask some of these niggaz past, nothin' but snakes in the grass
Talkin' 'bout we bit, they mad 'coz they career was a fag
You might been have rappin', doin' it
Twistin' but that bullshit you're stressin'
Knowin' exactly when you're fresh, niggaz know when niggaz wreck shit

Platinum? That ain't a thing for me, hit the studio make it happen
Nigga, that's because I'm real with this thug music
We mash an' wild in 2000, nigga, no remorse
What we be givin'? Heat from the kitchen when fuckin' with this shit

Get with the line, Thug line, the line
Creepin' on, ah, come up, you know what?
This time around, it's on when we blow up
Fakers, hate ya, later, y'all all die, nigga, they all die
They die, they die