

# Mighty Mo' Thug

Mo Thugs

[Souljah Boy]

Mo...

'Cause we must be, must be Mo Thug (gotta be Mo Thug)  
I said it must be, must be, yeah  
Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (gotta mighty Mo Thug)  
I said it must be, must be, gotta be  
Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (It's got to be...)  
I said it must be, must be, yeah  
Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (It's got to be...yeah)

I'm a hit it with the thang why'all  
Bright, ya'll, leave your lights on  
I'm headed for the background  
When I'm runnin' through a touchdown like Mike Prewitt  
Wonder how we doin' it to prove it?  
Guess who, and it's this doin' nothin'  
But the quick pull-ups  
And you get full of some bullets snitch split  
Put that ass in ditch, flip, ?  
You're dead. I'm too swift  
Lit your block up like Christmas trees, you offendin' me  
You were no kin to me, you my enemy  
As a matter of fact, you off key  
And all I see is R.I.P  
Fin to jack those, lookin' for the backdoor  
Fin to act up, when you got robbed  
You ain't fast enough  
Take ten paces back and watch me blast shit up  
Enough about my section, without directions  
Got to catch 'em, got to fetch 'em like a dog would do  
Roof, roof, you oughta be amazed  
And dazed at all the shit I've been through  
That's why I pick you to be the listener  
Bendin' the rules that I be makin'  
Think they're real, but they're fakin'  
I'm a killa, cap peeler, the realer  
Bow down, and I'm about to get with ya  
Sit back with the guys, smoke a Swisha  
Motivate and contemplate how  
I'm a have to go get ya (multiple personality)  
I'm a keep it on the realer  
So you can feel the straight up pain (straight up pain)  
That's with it (that's with it)

(Chorus)

[Souljah Boy]

Now, see me why'all  
I got much style  
Souljah Boy in the house with the big mouth  
Make your chick bow low down  
Now, who's the girl in my ?  
Then I roll out, let them know now that  
Um, you distur-, -turbed in the brain  
It isn't worth it - to battle me it'll take fists  
But believe it: we can hurt you  
Sharp pains to your chest, man, layin'  
"Oh, you think we're impressed with your thing?"

I can see straight through you like water  
Souljah Boy, Mo Thug be ready for the slaughter (deadly)  
Little nigga hear the fall out  
It's gonna cost ya (it's gonna cost ya)  
In a coffin, and aroused up (gotcha)  
Tossed up, bust the lead, bring the guns  
If you're hittin' hard, I be hittin' hard

(Chorus)

[Layzie]

Niggas droppin' like bricks  
And I'm not to be fucked with  
Click's so thick, we split you off, ripped  
Nigga, go in your pockets, and I take your chips  
Bitch, I flip the script, or straight dip  
Steady mobbin' to the next spot  
After we wreck, shot call  
The line's so long it's to the next block  
Roll a Lex coupe, so swoop, and Benz drop-top  
Niggas be starin', tryin' to see what Mo Thug got  
Picture me rollin', strollin'  
Nigga with a posse full of platinum players  
Everywhere it's smoke in the air  
Nigga cross town on the way to the Clair  
Even down the way, they smoke a pound a day  
With my diamonds on the world  
Comin' through a nigga hood  
Niggas got sacks, tryin' to kick it, blueback  
Soldiers, sell me somethin' good  
Now I'm feelin' alright  
Do it all night long  
Kick it to the break of sunlight  
If it ain't done right, nigga we come hype  
Sendin' niggas invitations to a gunfight  
Nigga, bring it on  
Souljah Boy and Layzie Bone gonna stay lookin'  
Lovely with about fifty million niggas  
That'll pump me, bump me  
'Cause, nigga, it must be

(Chorus)