Rumors And War

[Intro:]
Two blocks from the war niggas die for that infantry
If I lay me down to sleep, I die for that S-see-T
Mo' murda's jumpin' on that Clairside for the late night
Rumors and war just cannot fuck with them soldiers, boy
[Verse 1: Tombstone]
Boy tried to ride, yeah he died
The trigger just slipped up under my fingertips
Now, another nigga dead
Cause that lead speak for itself

And murder be said, the nigga had me in red But I be damned if the murder (...?...) These warriors and rebels, we never failed to slug yet Don't get get until we get the snitches that's hatin' the playas Never knew Tombstone worked to slay ya Trick ass niggas, we comin' to lay ya Don't think po-po can save ya The Yard's ready to grave ya Snap, cripple, then I popped his ass, to whom it's concerned The lesson to be learned You'll get burned to a crisp They cleanin' your urn And you're about to achieve But I'm sick and tired of you niggas talkin' shit I'm sick and tired of you niggas startin' shit, rumors and war Just cannot fuck when them soldiers, boy

[Verse 2: Gates] Put 'em all in the dirt when my glock pop slugs I'm slippin' up out this chamber When my glock cocked, danger This hustla, just givin' on up to the gangsta shifter Clair soldier, gonna stalk ya, pulls the lever Do a homicide, a murder, That's the way Mo Thugs gonna serve ya Ya takin' a buck and closin' that trunk I'm sendin' that body to Hades I'm slangin' mo slugs 'round Mo Thugs, bitch These niggas, them crazy, insane, see Is this nigga when I handle that chrome We stayin' home to escape the murderous game We pray them soldiers live another day

[Hook 1] Hello, hello, infantry You niggas can't fuck with the S-see-T's This click too muthafuckin' strong My niggas be thuggin' all year long

[Verse 3: Sin] Straight for destruction, pray they comin' for eternal torture Mental forces cold deformin' and then distortin' Set a nigga up for a slaughter Wicked illusions keep confusin', dilutin' my (rage...?) Try to duck and dodge, don't never want to be a casualty So, stop, take a breath

Mo Thugs

Brought a gauge Cause a nigga be damned if I go back in that cage Pump 'em off with a slug, I'm a thug Got to buck 'em, coppers off in that grave And it's much too late, I can't be saved I tried to pray, so death is the only way Deep in hell is where I stay I suffer tortures, all them wars and stompin' soldiers Infantry movin' in, then we come to destroy ya Lure ya into a trap and snap that back So ya better be equipped and pack that gat Don't slack Them skulls they crack and work in the dirt Now my [party] laid back [Hook 2] We are Mo Thugs Mighty, mighty warriors Gauges loaded Ghetto bound soldiers [Verse 4: Flesh-N-Bone] (Credit hustlas, them bouncin' the top) I'm chillin' off on my block, feelin' nasty Droppin' down to them SCT's Pullin' triggers on bitches stay down on Double-glock Me kill ya Murder plots for the money, servin' em bloody mo redrum Wet 'em in a battle, had a little nigga gun gun blast Buckshot blows you too with a forty-four magnum And it was laughin' at you Mad for the dash for safety Bet you this spray on this one in his head and gone Runnin' through this Mo Thug town, dumpin' bullets [check the time] What the fuck? they want to test Flesh Bone And I make 'em all bow down. (?) givin' up (?) praise to the Wastleland You see its so shitty when the people keep deep in the creep up And make it, man And if you claim you untame us, stay down for your shit Let your nuts hang Better believe a gang of Mo Thug-ass niggas They true to this shit, let us reign home My chrome, decapitate a playa hater, pap, pap Peelin' is life, and I'm rollin Always remember soldier boys We packin' two blocks from the war Cockin' 'em back, poppin' em, bitch, you be foldin We told you