

Regime Mobstaz

Tech N9ne

Regime Mobstaz
Regime Niggaz
Regime Killers
Regime Life

Yo, yo!
I'm a Regime original
My flow's aqua
She give me yo' snaps
She give you more claps than an opera
Street Sinatra, here to tease the shopra?
Yuk and Tech nigga, Godzilla and Mothra
Try and stop the Regime killaz will cost ya
Pop the glock to get the message across ya
You niggaz deserve an oscar, playin' doctor
I'ma silence you niggaz as if I was ? and ?
For 2Pac ya dropped nigga who shot ya
Saw this beam light, scream like Chewbacca
We got twats on lock the tiny ??
My mom say stop or I'm gonna tell poppa
I Rap backwards
Ish Hop
Ya mock my
Shit is gonna be a slip knot ?
We reign ??
Tech is coming way clean
If you ain't Regime
Then fuck ya!

We the real street criminals
Regime generals
Mash for the most
And we sell it for the minimum
We Regime alliants
With appetites of giants
Hungry as some lions
We the kings of the jungle
Y'all don't wanna step inside the ring in this rumble
Empires will crumble
Platinum rappers are humbles
Pissin' on you peasants
Whenever we make our presence
Original and authentic
Far from a gimmick
Suckers try and mimic
But they just can't get it
No, they don't have their mind on it
I don't hear no soul in it
They don't have they heart in it
We gone put a hole in it
To go hardcore
All we do is go hard
Cuts them chicken's off
But we let 'em go hard
Regardless who you are
We will break you off a bar
Load off the hollows

Discharge 'em in your car
It's Regime nigga
And it gets no bigger!

The life of a gangsta
Ice and big bangers
The skyline changes
Cat, we live dangerous
Fuck who you came wit'
This where the game twist
Seperate the Regime nigga from the nameless
Hit 'em with the stainless
Show 'em what pain is
Speak that language
Work them angles
Y'all get mangled
We street niggaz
And once we spit we sayin' you (Come on!)
Real shit
I split ya frame du'
Have ya name all mixed up with bad news
What you tryna prove
I blow you out ya shoes
Y'must got my team confused
We make the rules
Break yo' face then bust the .2
What you accustomed to
Nigga this what a hustler do
When Gonzoe and my niggaz lace ya crew
Regime!

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Regime the regiment
Worldwide confederates
Suspects and federates
Villains, killers and terrorists
Radicals individuals
Money making material
Underrated and hated
But over time we made it
And dedicated to get it
To never sleep I hate it
Forget about the bullshit
These niggaz rather debate it
On these streets is how I get it
A fetish for living Hellish
It's talented how sell it
Then cock it back and pull it
I'm serious when I do it
No it ain't nothing to it
Snatch ya chains
Splatter brains
Acting like they knew it
Regime the new team
Kill for the cash green
Split spleens to crush dreams
Empty out magazines
Holla back to swallow stacks
Treat 'em like dope fiends

Anything you need I got
I'll be your first thing
A hustler
My nature, never to fall
Regime 'til I die, throw slugs in ya jaw

Niggaz know me sell
I don't give a fuck
I keep it tucked
It's the dirty sizzle
Regime missile
That's what's up
Niggaz talk a lot of ruckus
We fuckers
Don't wanna buck us
I keep my niggaz dirty like truckers
Nigga you heard me
Been in the game ?? for better
Nigga whatever
You fucking with a war nigga
Yo fuck rappin, I'll kill ya
Dorase'll smack ya franchise
Playa it's over
Snatch the Tec-9's from Yukmouth
And blast *gunshots* back at ya Rover
I told you I'm the dirtiest
??? gettin' up the earliest
Fuckin' wit' my street niggaz
And white boys that'll eat niggaz
I don't need a butcher to do my ?
I get mines with a heat nigga
Pass by the spot wit' yo piece
Smokin' a sweet nigga
Business as usual
We back up on the rocks wit' it
I'm feeding my fiends
I do it 'cause my pops did it
Still got the same heater
My niggaz leaking shots with it
bitch ass
So they can think my cock did it

Regime!
'Til they slay me and they lay me
Seize deep, pushin daisey's in Hades
Regime!
'Til the plate's clean
My brigade'll swing a blade at the mainstream
Until they pay me
Regime!
Until the Heavens fall
A weapon's kept in my drawers
To protect the every cause I represent
And every car
Second of we'll never fall
Fo' the mumbles, stumble, crumble not!
I'm a hustle mayan
Turn the fuckin' drum into an oven vacade
Hey! Wait! No - I'm - not - done
So real and scary
Military 'til I'm killed and buried wit' my shotgun
I'm in it to menace
And sinnin from minute to minute

'Til I finish, all riddled they gimmicks and image they mimic
Specific I'll slay them
Stitch 'em and pitch 'em a franchise
Regime ride to empire
Grant Rice!

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{*Yukmouth talking throughout the chorus*}

Yea nigga! You can't fuck wit us nigga
Regime mobstaz, tatted with dragons and mashin' - nigga!

The thug lord ayatollah ran wit' twelve disciples
One hand held the Bible
One hand held the rifle *gunshot*
All hail my arrival
From VL's Disciples
To Crips and Piru's and rivals
Run for survival
It's murderin' mayhem
Them birds on the gray ?
From the curb of they town
Get served and sprayed down *gunshots*
Pounds of Earth'll break down
The cops run a search and shake down
Ever since I signed with my niggaz from H-Town
Prince J and stayed down
Made me put them cakes down
I run the Bay now
Shake and break like earthquakes now
And fuck hoes, ass up face down
Regime rock throw backs ??? gats
Fitted caps and gats
Jags, Benzes, Lex and
A branch fell but the tree won't fall
We stand tall
We gone ball
This Regime bitch!

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