

Thugged-Out

Tech N9ne

Regime Life nigga!!

What!

Speak on it!

Tech 9! (Tech 9!)

Uh.

Phats Boss (Phats Boss)

Gonzoe (Gonzoe)

L.Q. nigga (L.Q.)!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!

First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!

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Balla position

Regime niggas fuck all'a ya women draped up in linen

I spit this fly shit since I was 5 years old

on some 'ol Osh Kosh Bi'Gosh shit

toss ya bitch, keep it top secret, lock it

Smoke-A-Lot click, walkin around wit ounces in they pockets

bitches jock it

we ridin Benz's, ya'll still drivin 50 rockets

nigga don't knock it

but you need to stop it

top notch shit

I used to cop bricks

rock it up an chop like La-Bobbitt

pushin the 5 whip through the projects til the led 9 spits

nigga you rhyme sick, but you could never fuck around wit my shit

my click my crew nigga

that hard time shit

criminal minded, posted on the grind shit

that cone silencer for one time shit

turnin, pounds into ashes

drinkin Cristal from the bottle

fuck ya glasses

smokin Black-N-Milds to the plastic

the last trial was kinda drastic

limo driver got his ass kicked, tryin to sue us

BUT YOU LOST YOU FUCKIN BASTARD!

I'm A-1 Yola juss like the package

delivered in triple wrappin

niggas get blasted an put in a casket

ashes to ashes an dust to dust, when they fuck wit Yuk

plus I got my own record label

SO WHAT THE FUCK IS UP!

When things is usual we pop Christy

an stack them Bentley's

ya pockets empty pretending to be me

they name me Bossi

my whole click rich like we the Cosby's

slippin's costly

it's cut-throat so fuck a softie

in head to head combat
you scared to bust back
an trust that
call the Regime we known to pull gats in black hats
hop out the company truck
give a fuck, fill my cup an celebrate wit Yuk
now that we grown ups
rock alligators an bumpin slow cuts
juss like the Sho Nuff, we can't be touched
I was raised ruff
gang banged an hand cuffed
fightin always showin my guts, flexin my nuts
hand me my 'Uervo
flip work like we was Trader Joe's from Cisco
optimo, now it's X-O
fightin my for death
pray it's my brother that's kept
when you owe, pay ya debt an we can make it some
We got it bundled up
gimme my scratch
it's juss my turn an I'ma take mine
trap
nigga don't get attached
tryin to soak up, listenin
tryin to locate my donuts an hit 'em
while we juss got on fuckin up my buisness
never finished
til we give up the plate
extra innings
swing for the fence
you think too little
your world dance wit mud puddles
my shit Evian, I love trouble
start wisperin wit ya hands wide open, watchin you
huddle
big every down
everybody got guns, let 'em ring
you fuckin wit me, let's all go out wit a bang
in this last day, this last hour
kool-aid chest cowards wit they life in my hands set
off the power
lights out
the whole house
wit a gallon of gas to douse
light a flame an flush 'em out
every slug count
miss an get your stripes took
nigga this is real life wit real names written in the
black books!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!
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First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!
I can be a villian if ya.... let me! (Thugged Out!!)
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!
I can be a villian if ya.... let me! (Thugged Out!!)
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!

(Check it)

Ever since I was a youngsta been wit this slick shit
tryin to touch a quick one, number one turn an 18 to a full 36 ain't jokin t
hats how we did it

we was natural born chemists
ballin wit this, Benjamin big heads in my fist
got ya life in my pocket an more than that on my wrist
I got my degree in the concrete of S.C.
comprised wit gettin paper, an started investin in me
utilized my hustle skills beyond my record deal
and time will reveal whose really holdin the skrill
playboy ya lackin, aint touchin my tax brackets
you fuckin wit some thugs, wit some multi-million
dollar an if it's on an crackin then my reaction is clappin
is you gon' make it happen or is ya high cappin?
Ya betta get to trackin playboy if you ain't packin
Smoke-A-Lot, Regime is distributin max spent years over the stove in a mini-
factory lab
where illegal pharmaceuticals were sold
I was probably 10 years old when I learned to
disassemble
then reassemble a semi-auto matic pistol blind fold!

(1-5-1)

They call me Regime, cuz I'm way clean in stay Beam
never live in no day dream, bitch niggas wear
Maybelline
throwin up peace cuz you know that I got you
but I cop too
Killa!
Rogue Dog! Rogue Dog!
57 venomous!
When I bust this shit got a gang of criminals feelin us
I'm from Waymeyer the same kinda pain caine grinda
wit a scripta
stickin out like a skin head at a ?bahrmistfa?
fuck wit N9ne get snuffed out
Phats Bossi, Maxx, Poppa L.Q., Gonzoe
an my nigga Yukmouth, Thugged Out!
Any nigga wit the bombay
never con-ways displayed
so-right, so-tight
New York niggas say be John Blazed
I been to the ringa
scrapped 'em like I was a guest on Jerry Springer
wit desert eagle, tech meezle
a I die a lil nigga
leave 'em wit a 30 round drummer
slit ya throat then we skip out, "I Know What You Did
Last Summer"
aint nobody fuckin wit Regime niggas
bust gats at ya cats makin extreme figures
get ready for the Rogue Dogs, told ya'll we seperatin
yo jaw
fuckin yo hoes dog
lickin toes, balls
makin mutha fuckin clothes fall
OH! You mutha fuckas dont know!
At the show you trippin, gotta go get the steel toe
to the brain nigga
REGIME KILLAS keep the function poppin
you really wanna know what time we leave, shit.... YES!!
REGIME KILLAS.... NIGGA!!!