

## **Romeo Must Die Soundtrack**

### **"Thugz"**

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Performed by Mack 10 f/ Tha Comrades)

1 - [Comrades]

This is for my thugs

Quick to throw slugs

Never was, push and shove

Gang bangin' drug dealers

Hoo-bangin' mug {niggaz}

Penitentiary love {niggaz}

Repeat 1

[Mack 10]

I was raised Q-S'ing, shootin' through your vest and

Quick to redrum and hit water when I'm stressing

Was set, and if I don't, they know who done it

Cuz out of bound {niggaz}, they get killed on the 400

Killa ki's off blood, no debatin' or contemplatin'

I got a stock 64 that's waitin' on these Dayton's

So trip if ya wanna, catch ya slippin', you'se a goner

And respect the street signs next time you're bankin'  
corners

[Comrades]

Do what I say once, don't make me say it twice

Just give me what I want and everything 'll be alright

I'm gettin' it while the gettin' is good

And if you was in my shoes, I know that you would

I got expensive habits, I'm buyin' bud by the pound

Since dub S-C D, everybody wanna be down

We hoo-bangin' on the white and the blue collars

We rollin' Benz-o's and Lex-o's by the dollars

Woo woo, blue flag tied on my face

In a twin turbo Porche with a glock in my waste

Woo woo, if it's a problem we gon' squeeze 'til empty

We used to flip it on T, but now we flip it on ?

Woo woo, ain't no {nigga} harder than me

Hit the yard harder than me, got the yag harder than  
me

Woo woo, thug {niggaz} rule the earth

We on The Source in Dickies throwin' up the turf

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Mack 10]

I know how to do things one way, and that's illegal

Pullin' two ? and murders out a primed gray Regal

I was taught to get in and out, do what I do fast

Sigh, call up that {bitch} dog, and hit rub on they ass

Next week I'm in Vegas like Dan Tanna, and I

Wipe my finger prints off with my bandana

Make sure it's all clean, then fled the scene

I keep it cold blooded, mean

And do it all for the green

[Comrades]

?? system, mine's control

Pockets on swole and I'm fresh off parole

It ain't no limit to my mashin'

I got weed, caviar, and money in my stash

And laughin', blastin' wit my foot on the gas

And movin' fast and it's all about the cash

And havin' cheddar, with that 23rd letter

Nobody do it better, you know better, you do better  
{nigga}

Get around in the penitentiary

Born in, drinkin' Hennessy (cousin)

But he no kin to me (cousin)

But he friend to me

Down since elementary, with {niggaz} with tattoos

Kidnapped moves and jack moves, crack rules

In the urban area, servin' crackers with ready rock

Bassheads plague in every spot cuz it's very hot

In the ghetto, we're wetter, we're rockin' Karate like  
Mister Miaki

Afford Gionni Versace, and wide bodies with the V's on  
'em

Chromes with G's on 'em, she's on the left cuz he's on  
'em

Some say that I'm loc'd and I'm wild

Because I made my bread with coke and a smile

I ain't loc'd in a while

I'm hittin' corners in heels and caronas

Squeezin' lime inside of Carona's with Ramona from  
Arizona

And I'm smokin' on a ??, paid in the worst way

Real {niggaz} spill a little liquor to the dirt man

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

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