

X-Treme

"Thug Walkin'"

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Chorus:

Every where we gooo, every where we gooo
People want to knooow, people want to knooow
What we here foor, what we here foor
We thug walkin', we thug walkin', thug walkin'

Verse One: {Ying Yang Twins back and forth}

Pain make you retaliate
Swang to crack yo chest blade
Hangin' with the best dates
Slang and get they neck played
Game is what yo test gave
Blang and take hoes and smoke hay
Niggas what they call us
Triggers is how we boss hog
Drugs is what we left with
Slugs will bring yo death quick
Knucks will get you swolle up
Tricks will get you dick sick
Clinton gonna see impeachment
For freaks he try'na creep with
Busters never last long
Hustlers get they cash on
Hiders never act out
Riders known to slash out
Pimps only get paid
Simps truly get played
Wimps never fist fight
Freaks is quick to turn dikes
Sheets never come clean bled
From yo crime scene mann

Chorus: {2x}

Verse Two: {D-Roc}

Even thought yo mind was blind soul keeper
He took you on a shine with nine and made Mom
weeper

That thing he'll die for his boys they ballin' good
But nigga see them boys was comin' up out the wood
Lay down was all you heard I mean scary
One of 'em got bold and reached for the Chevy
Gun shots went off so we had to make it quick
Told the other boys go ahead and give up the shit
I don pistol whipped a nigga and told him to give up the
loot
If he pissed of my nigga I will shot
So he hurried up and them other niggas to
I started up the car and told them what they had to do

Chorus: {2x}

Verse Three: {Kaine}

I'm smokin' my weed with y'all
Hangin' with niggas y'all ball
Just because niggas be takin' it all
Told them broads to back up off my balls
Thugs be ready to brawl on the point of call
The devil reached in sippin' on gin
It changed my mind to sin
Hangin' with thugs that be loud as a rooster
Figurin' they call us fools I haven't finished school
Chosen few, rollin' through, military style like we was
suppose to do
Who do you think that you fuckin' with
Stupid bitch roll up out the vine before we swine and
Cause that counter fit niggas is real then twenty four k
Y'all can't hang that bud we slang like it ain't no thang
Get 'em up to the Eastside, to the Westside, true city
thugs
What's up much love, to the Tear da Club Up Thugs
just throw it up, all y'all get across the wall

Chorus: {Till The End}

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