

Yukmouth

"Album 'Thugged Out'"

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Welcome little boys and girls
Makaveli... for the luv of Makaveli it's forever... and ever
Come on... yo

(Yukmouth)

Hey yo 'Pac we still ballin
Dodgin all these haters and task
wit Lil J up in jag...makin legal papes and cash
No mo pullin capers in mask...nothin can save you from
that
Tear up yo place wit the slapz and hit ya safe for the
snaps
No longer waitin in back..I'm jus facin the facts
Cats fakin ya mak...waitin to jack..soon as the day it will
past
Word..turn thru new jersey,swerve..on the wrong side
of town you serve
This for my nicca on the third...for my homeboyz yok
(khadifi) and 'Pac
You got 'em jockin 'Pac, I know ya watchin 'Pac
Like shots at cops I ride on my set
and I'm bangin Makaveli 5, people think you never
really died
they try to tell me why and say
Makaveli was that guy who faked his on death
Come on champ.. would you fake yo' own death
wit two to the head, ya jus a stank head
Now bounce like the bankhead, thuggin aint dead
It's sacred, we still ballin...

Chorus:

Don't cry, dry ya eyes and say
'Pac we still ballin ballin
Jus look up in the sky and say
'Pac we still ballin ballin ballin
Poor some liqour on the ground and say
'Pac we still ballin ballin ballin
to think, if he could see us now

(Yukmouth)

Hey 'Pac we still ballin, congregate the bloodz and cuz
Vice Lords and Disciples, I got luv for thugs
Even the hoodrats and scrugs that we duck in the club
Sucka for luv, I introduce bustin dem slugs
Hustlas and drugs, we all lust for money and fast cars
The life of a rap star, floatin in jaguars
Ball with a rappa, learn how to stack tall
money longer then Shaq y'all
(weeeeeesssttttsiiiiiiiddddeeeeeee)
I look back y'all, I smoked out wit redman
Aim an infared at the head of a rapper tryin to make a
livin off a dead man
Descend a dead man, I know the drama is thrillin
They stole every song you made and owe yo mama
sum millions
We got children pleadin stop wit cha (I can be like 'Pac)
Raps and rocks wit gats and glocks ya act like 'Pac
Wit all them songz you stole from D.U.
If Makaveli was alive, he would've rolled on you fools
and that's for real

Chorus:

dey can bite all they want say 'Pac
we still ballin ballin ballin
west side..south side say 'Pac
we still ballin ballin ballin
we gonna keep the thuggin alive say 'Pac
we still ballin ballin ballin
rap-a-lot mafia life say 'Pac
we still ballin

(Yukmouth)

Young nob, Kastro, Edi and Bo
signed to rap-a-lot get the cash flow its easy to do
I know its easy in you
The homies seen Biggie Smallz jockin yo rap and
rhymes
Watch us all become outlaws
Doggy Dogg signed to no limit
It's coo' cause before that doggy dogg was gettin no
spinach
And thats no old gimmick
You know whut a real thug iz...wit the swears and
cusses
it's like comparin a bentley to a cutlass..
you roll old ass buckets, we roll dutchez..
ya roll wusses and I'm burnin out dodge viper clutches
you gotta luv it, how we take this thuggin to the next
20 geez on my wrist, 90 hundred on my neck
Jubilees and baguettes, spell tattoees on my belly

cuz we do this for the luv of my nicca Makaveli
if i die pour sum brew on the ground
dont boo-hoo and frown
just like up in the sky and smile for me now (echoin)

to the day that i die say 'Pac
we still ballin
wave ya hands in the sky say 'Pac
we still ballin
west side south side say 'Pac
we still ballin
east side north side say 'Pac
we still ballin
the regime outlawz and yuk
we still ballin
rap a lot lil j and face
we still ballin
diggity daz and kurupt say 'Pac
we still ballin
e 40 fonz and b-leigeezi say 'Pac
we still ballin
all my dogz everywhere say 'Pac
we still ballin
and all my real ass thugs say 'Pac
we still ballin

(Yuk)
a dedication to the legendary Makaveli
god bless his soul
time to ride for my patna on these bitin ass characters
in the industry

ride or die (10x)
still ballin (20x)

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