

Yukmouth "Regime Killers 2001"

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[CHORUS]

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know
When it's time to handle business, nigga, lay low

[Phats Bossi]

Money to double, still in the struggle, stuck to my
hustle
We all fight back like maniacs with broke knuckles
It's mo' trouble cause now we seein you niggas
Paint a vivid-ass picture, Boss spittin the scriptures
Nigga, I'm Bossi, Bosslin done turned to cash fiend
I straight pop codeine and drink gasoline
What what, I'm too sick for y'all
Tatted with dragons till I fall, givin dick to y'all
In this pitfall I'm on the grind for mine
My people choose a life of crime, pistol-pushin with
nines
On the payroll, apply the pressure when we say so
My troops turn wacko, shoot through your backdo'
My life real, seen a man die slow
And I still can't sleep, sweatin bullets fo' sho'
So don't push me, Boss is one tough cookie
My team Regime, pumpin them shots out a hooptie

[Mad Max]

Who down to rock with the murder plot of a cop killer
Drop niggas, spillin they brains, rollin with hot niggas
Rot with a club to your face for tryin to rock with us
Straight up, get razorblade-cut for fuckin with us
Regime superiors, Max Ju spit rhymes, strip mine
interior
Rippin your shit imperial, kill niggas' material
My whole crew ain't fearin ya, Mad Max the High Priest
I got some real killer muthafuckas behind me
And I be obviously on top of things
With the Regime I'm too clean, make it a murder scene
Glocks and murder beam, niggas ain't never heard of
me
Burnin em to the third degree, leavin niggas in the
infirmary
Wait for recoupin, still choosin your brain, stupid
The Dragon recruited real niggas for thug music

So peep game and next time you speak my name
Be prepared for incoming from the heat of the flame
Regime

[CHORUS]

[Tech N9ne]

Regime Killer number one, I'm back up in this bitch with
Yukmeez
On the payroll so I spray those foes, make you get on
your knees
For the pesos Tech N9na ???? great holes with these
You stay yellin you'se a merely killer for the cheese,
nigga please
Awfully sick, he tryin to fuck, so off with his dick
Can't floss and he blitzed, molotow in his lips
Tossin his dick in a box of chocolates and walk in his
ship
Talk to his bitch and whisper (he loved you) softer to
kiss
(He bows down) You get ???? N9ne ????
(We wild now) You wanna rewind mine, I'm prime time
Qwest Records tryin to hold a nigga back
So I ???? Saafir and tellin me ???? get his shit back
Off with their heads, let them hang high
Caught in their beds, let it ???? die
Tech Neen, I'm a fiend for strings by Mike Dean
For the green I damage spleens, then I scream
"Regime!"

[Poppa LQ]

Let's take a out-of-town trip with a thousand crips
With a thousand A.K.'s and a thousand clips
No 50 Cent can come to Cali and rob nobody
Cause gees catch and send his ass back a cold body
Young guns'll lay ya down regardless who you are
Shit, we make a livin out of extortin you stars
Robbin you for your jewelry, snatchin you out your cars
Poverty's a plague, I rob before I beg
But you don't expect me to score, times are hard
You're broke but you're scared to steal and break a law
You need not worry 'bout me, I live it raw
A hustler with a cause, flippin paper, gotta ball
I had to crawl before I walked but now I'm standin tall
on em
Lookin down on em, 'bout to drop my balls on em
It's time for platinum minin, military grindin
Right when these suckers ???? start declinin

[Governor Matic]

Yuk threw me on part 2

Regime Brick City niggas mobbin when we come
through
Nigga, the Governor got it sowed up, spots get blowed
up
Funk Doc, Diesel Don, yo, them niggas even showed up
As I rolled up, the nine Glock get load up
For the hold-up, the new hundreds we fold up
Confiscate drugs, niggas' mouths get taped up
Kids get draped up and bitch up-slapped the make up
Then I take up all clothes, jewels and paper
You got 'cash money', but you don't wanna run the
safe, ha?
Nigga, don't play dumb, I'm steady gettin money from
those that hold up
Used to drink weed tea, now my shit robust
Now hold up, car patrolled up
It was 12 Outsidadz in a two-door Toyota
We splatter brains over crack cocaine
In the court we still came to pay Judge Mills Lane
Nigga, it's not a question
My uzi weighs a ton, 'll have you undressin
Like you was strippin down on Western
Killers on the payroll, pockets stay swoll
Hearts stay cold, that's why we's on payroll

[CHORUS]

Regime Life, niggas
Thug rituals
Regime Life
Thug Lord
Regime Life, nigga

[Yukmouth]

Now where them toy soldiers at? There they go, right
chea
Get them bitches, kill them niggas, there they go,
watch it
Where them toy soldiers at? There they go, right chea
Keep them bitches, kill them niggas, there they go,
watch it
Get that bitin-ass rapper, wanna-be actor
Fake non-playin Basketball nigga that got dropped
from the Raptors
I spit in your face and slap ya, boy
With a .38 kidnap ya, boy
Ductape and wrap ya, boy
???? and flash ya, boy
Lascerate and trash ya, boy
Mash ya, boy, I hate Master P like Pastor Troy
Shame on that nigga for tryin to steal a name from a

nigga
Ice Cream Man put flames to a nigga
I figured by now that nigga done been broke off some
scrilla for stealin that shit
But until then I'm killin that bitch
All you got is Snoop Dogg and Mystikal in your click
And all them other muthafuckas are like Mystikal-in
your click
You're still in this shit, "Fuck Yuk, I ain't feelin his shit"
But fuck you too, you fell off and I'm still in this bitch
Willing to rip the fuckin head off a villain that's sick
My raps burn like ghonorrrhea, need penicillin to spit
The Thug Lord, Ayatollah, fire the flame
Rappers tired in the game, make em retire again
Fuck gold, fuck platinum, nigga, I did that shit
In '95 and '96, so what you did ain't shit
Niggas go triple platinum, nigga, do some amazin shit
Some eyebrow-risin shit and quit hatin, ya bitch
How the fuck you a mack when you beat down hoes?
At videos give a bad-ass bitch a bloody nose
Nigga, the studio in compton I put you on in '84
You was a crackhead in dirty-ass clothes with
dopefiend flows
Broke muthafucka out livin on skid row
Nigga, you from L.A., you ain't even from the Big O
This year them bitch-ass niggas gon' get theirs
You swingin from my balls, why you down there smell
my dick hairs
Ya bitch
And Dru Down, the real Mack of the Year, ya bitch-ass
nigga
Longevity that, huh
Bitch

[CHORUS]

Regime Life, nigga
Ya bitch!

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