

# Yukmouth "Thug Lord"

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[Chorus]

Thug Lords

Holdin' the chopper in the sky, nigga (Bust Yours)

All my niggaz, they down to ride for the (Thug Lords)

Nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga (Bust Yours)

Them niggaz (Want War)

[Verse 1]

I'm glad you said it, now you old ass rappers gon get it  
Been in the business twenty seconds, held down  
eleven

J., you better tell these fuckin peasants, you wet me,  
you get wetted

Even your fuckin \_\_\_\_\_, get detted

Fake ass synthetic, poetic emcees get shredded

Styles pathetic, I move to Texas, take all your letice

I got a six-million dollar fetish, that's what it takes to  
build me

I know you wish some niggaz peel me, and drill me

You better pay a nigga to peel me, and kill me

Fill me 'til the shit the empty, play it filthy, put a  
hundred slugs in me

Spot a nigga out like Spuz Mc Kenzie, the thug is in me

My spare time, I rhyme, drink Remy, load up the semi

I was born to slap the shit out of macks, take their bitch

Run up in their studio, duct tape their clique

A smilie face ain't shit, if you got Yuk in your mouth

My nuts in your mouth, how does it feel to get fucked in  
your mouth?

Niggaz ridin' Bentley's, your artist stuck in the house

Starvin', broke as fuck in the apartment, stuck in the  
south

I'm weighed out, niggaz some where in Germany,  
burnin' weed

Learnin' these foreign languages, tourin'

Allways performin' like Laryn Hill, my shit's sore as  
steel

I'm real, like Slim Shady, bitch quit ignorin' skills

I kill, niggaz better stop smokin fry, and poppin' pills, I  
drill

But all you muthafuckaz, I'm the illest nigga, I feel

Fuck a record deal, the game is fake  
My nigga Coolio said "Fuck 'em", start sayin' names  
and dates  
Make 'em hate the "One Hit Wonder"  
This time, my shit hit like thunder, in the Hummer,  
nigga, the MOB took me under  
Try'na be mack niggaz, stay your ass in Atlanta  
Old ass rappers, make Oakland look bad like Hammer  
Niggaz dissin Yuk, sayin' they don't like my shit  
Then turn around and say "Yuk, help me write my shit"  
Ain't that a bitch?

[Chorus]

Thug Lords  
Holdin' the chopper in the sky, my nigga (Bust Yours)  
All of my niggaz, they down to ride for the (Thug Lords)  
The nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga  
(Bust Yours)  
Them niggaz (Want War)

[Verse 2]

If them niggaz ain't down wit gettin' cream, fuck 'em  
And if them niggaz ain't down wit the Regime, fuck  
'em, I rush 'em  
Aim at their limosine, buck 'em, I never loved 'em  
I never trust them, nigga I crush 'em, old antiques I  
dust 'em  
And fuck 'em off in the game like so  
Nobody \_\_\_\_, fuck wit my flow, not even you stole my  
hydro  
My main objective: "Take this bitch over"  
They gon make me vice president before this bitch  
over  
Beware of the Ayatolla, come and shut you down  
Make you exit out of town, who got the best shit now?  
Nigga, you know your ass was in Tha Row, what side  
you on?  
That's why I'm doin' my next song with Eightball and  
Bone

Bitch, (ha ha ha ha)Thug Lord (ha ha ha, yes)

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