

## **Tool F/ Maynard**

### **"Everybody Wanna Be Thugs"**

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[Chorus: repeat 2x]

Everybody wanna be thugs  
They really don't cause if they lived my life they'd  
understand  
Niggaz for they self, no love  
And it ain't nothin better than a gun in hand

[Verse 1: Krayzie]

I'm lookin at all my niggaz on the corner still trying to  
come up on something  
Like some paper, cash money  
Two-double-o-zero, niggaz is desperate to make it  
Battlin Satan, but the plate that he made us looks so  
tasty  
Temptation over took my devils persuasion  
Makin me chase the paper while trying to break 'em, I  
blaze 'em  
Then I raise up, nigga that's the way thugs do it  
See it don't say nothin just to find out we kinda stupid  
In the streets we play for keeps  
Niggaz ain't comin back for revenge or whatever, loc  
We havin none of that, so scandalous  
You better keep your protection  
Cause the grass and the blunts ain't the only thing we  
wet up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Krayzie]

See, I've been runnin from the po-po ever since I was  
11  
Nigga bellin, ain't tryin to get kept and slept in the cell,  
man  
A lot like my daddy, but then again I'm like myself  
Keep my nose in my business and worry about nobody  
else  
Got a mind of my own aside from Bone  
So nigga don't think that you can run up and test me  
when I'm alone  
Cause I got the chrome  
Talk mo' shit I'm still a street thug, but I make mo' hits

(mo' hits)  
Platinum packin magnum never leave the house  
without it  
And if he bout it don't sing about it nigga bring up out  
that shit  
Thugline, frontline  
Nigga it ain't scared, we done time  
Leatherface is on the rampage, murder mangler,  
strangler  
What you came with it just ain't enough  
To tame the thug, we aim to drain the blood from your  
skull  
Rappin but we dangerous, dangerous

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

[Verse 3: Krayzie]

Now to my youngsters with they guns  
Out on the corner perfomin tryna to be soldiers  
Just remember that I told ya, slow down, down, down  
I know you wanna be a thug, and do what we done  
But if it ain't inside your blood then this ain't the game  
that you tryin to  
play  
Just like one of my niggaz tried to hang, and he died in  
a day  
Awww, shame, shame, shame  
Bullet hit him in the brain  
And he was a thug nigga, you get the picture?  
Picture niggaz in a single file line  
All crying, upset because their niggaz died, nobody  
know why  
It's so many dying cause too many trying to shine  
We all trying to swang on the same godamned vine  
It's about that time for the thugs to unite  
And let this motherfucka burn tonight (tonight, night)  
If you a thug get up and join this thug nation (thug  
nation)  
We got guns waitin (guns waitin)  
Soon as the enemy run up, blaze 'em (blaze 'em)

[Chorus 'til fade]

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