

Tool F/ Maynard**"Try Me"**

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(Chorus)

Try me if you feelin' lucky
And you think you wanna fuck with me, come on
(Niggas on the thugline, thugline, thugline....)
Try me every action's guaranteed
(Krayzie's on the thugline, thugline, thugline)

(Krayzie)

Load up your shit and get in the car
(Come on, come on, come on)
I'm down to ride on these imposters, fake playa,
gangsta thugs
And these hoes who claim they mobsters, 'cause they
cloggin' up the game
Muthafuckas is rappin', sayin' anything
And tryin' to claim everythang to get they pockets paid
I'm tellin' 'em, that's the wrong way!
Can't say you thug and then be fake
Nigga, that's the point I'm tryin' state in this case
But niggas ain't feelin' me, though
So yo, I say we weed em' out and heat em' up
Heard you woofin' yeah we heard em', let us see them
nuts
And then if he really jump, more power to ya
But no matter how it go, nigga we still
gon' be bringin' it thug style to ya, buckin'
Boo-yah!
Checkin' these bustas do be kind of fun
Because they know when it's static
We gon' handle it however it come
And nigga whoever it's from sure ain't givin' a fuck who
you roll with
If they human, then they ain't shit we can't control
And if they bleed, and they need oxygen to breathe
nigga ya die
Never fear no man
No matter the size the bigger, the harder they fall
Got somethin' for all of y'all, especially ???
Tech'll chop him up, now he ain't half the man he
thought he was
I bet these niggas think they rappin' so they actin'

So we come for a little target practice aimed exactly at
ya, exactly at ya

(Chorus)

(Krayzie)

Roll through my city I see niggas watchin'
Probably plottin', schemin' to rob me, take all the
money
And dump my bloody body
I'm sorry not me
I stay alarmed and be alert
Whether you're goin' to play or work
Make sure you got you pistol first, be ready to burst
Hesitation could bring up a fucked up situation
like you leavin' in the body bag
Zipped up, slip up that body tag
So if you spot him, blast
Better him than you, huh?
I'm tellin' you now that me and my thugs
Can bring you anything that you want right out of the
trunk
So, what's the bullshit?
We got some shit you can't fuck with
And nigga that be this muthafuckin' thug shit
We love this, probably gon' die because of it
Fuck it! I ain't worried about dyin' right now
My money's what's important
Hey we livin' to die anyway no matter if it's now or later
You gon' rest in peace it don't get no greater
Kill 'em all, and when it's time to drop the mic and go
pick up a rifle
Time to fight for what we right for
See who really like war, yeah
I bet you most niggas lose as soon as they get in it
I can't afford to roll with bustas 'cause I'm really tryin'
win it
(I'm really tryin' to win it)
We fightin' to be victorious (victorious)
Witness the story of (the story of)
this silent, mighty, mighty, warrior (warrior)
If you hear any nigga move shoot
Don't let the nigga layin' dead be you
So soldier, pick up you boots and move
Runnin' for cover 'cause if they buck ya it's over
Just like I told ya, you can die
Soldier, you can die, soldier

(Chorus til fade)

