

## **Tool F/ Maynard**

### **"Where My Thugz At"**

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(chorus)

Buck buck fuck where my thugs at, where the fuck my  
thugs at

Are you ready for war, got to be ready for war

(verse 1)

Forward march, pull out your weapon aim directly for  
the heart

Buck the brain and make sure everything stop and  
listen to the shells drop

As we steady poppin round after round off trumpets  
fade around us

Bailin through the motherfuckin mud and rain niggas  
on a mission

Shirt full of bloodstains but I'm still livin

Cause I got the will and the skills

To make it out the killin field alive and killin still

This the type of shit I make you want got our suits on

Knowin and willin to die with our boots on

Dressed in fatigues this is real we ain't no actors

We don't wear this shit for no fashion

You'll see how real it is when we start blasting

Fake niggas always shoot real blanks

We in the steel tanks

If this was real they'd probably crumble

How you come to rumble

When you scared of what's in the jungle, nigga

Why you tell them people you was killas

I put this on my dead thugs

When they jump we gon tear it up

Torpedo one bomb torpedo two to see the destruction

Military minded so will win

Strategize, that's all I'm fuckin bout is strategies

It's all about reality and nigga that's me

(chorus)

Before we fight, I use my mind to pin the situation

Makin sure the enemies weak before we invade 'em  
then we break 'em

Organization is a factor

Comin from the warrior slash the mad rapper  
Makin pushes jump out the bushes troopers attack  
And the heads of the adversaries bring 'em back to me  
If you scared you the first nigga dead  
and the field is gettin deeper  
Drama getting thicker so I pull my pistol quicker  
Kill 'em all if they ain't on your team  
But watch out for the spies trying to infiltrate the scene  
know what I mean  
We headed for the justice center  
Free all the convicts and let the killas ride with us  
Yeah, let's fuck some shit up and get rid of-  
The Law of course voluntarily or by force  
This shit just goes on and on  
It don't stop until the body rott and they casket drop  
In the W-A-R we are the mighty, the mighty, the mighty  
mighty warriors ready  
If they spittin we gone send them bitches slugs  
back it's like that buck buck buck

(chorus)

Thugs, everywhere you see them niggas wanna be 'em  
Meet the real thuggish ruggish niggas out of cleveland  
The wasteland warriors wild execution style find your  
body smelling foul  
I stay thugged out and enhance my thug mentality  
Gotta keep my mental sharper than a pencil  
Got bullets in the clip though and you in danger  
If you anger me nigga you'll be the one that's in the  
chamber  
Paranoia, don't get too close I'll blow your fuckin head  
right off your shoulders  
Cause everything to me is war I'm livin in horror  
I'll die before captured (fuck that)  
fuckin with these niggas down to the last clip  
Remember the casualties dearly departed  
Keep poppin at these coppers and we'll drop 'em in  
your honor  
You can rest in peace your killas deceased  
Where my thugs at buck buck get 'em up so I can see  
'em

(chorus)

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