

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Pimps, Thugs, Hustlaz, Gangstaz"

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Krayzie:

If you a pimp, nigga, pimp them hoes. If you a thug, you better get ready for war. If you a hustla, make your dough. If you a gansta, let your gun smoke.

Krayzie:

Took a trip out to Texas and I find real niggas, remind me of mine. A nigga can vibe, 'cause y'all some cold ass playa playas. Hey, there, Mo Thug and we gotsta give 'em some love, so now you're dealin' with the big pimps and the thugs. You get up too close and we fuckin' you up, you don't really want that 'cause I know these ain't no hoes you fuckin' with. Touched down and got with the realest niggas in the town. Now look who's in the Suave House, yes it's truly-yours, Mister Sawed-Off Leatherface, a warrior ready for war, a natural soldier boy, ready to move out, nigga, ready to get with the shoot out. In the meanwhile, I still gotta make me some money to get by. Yeah, I thought to connect, and hooked up with MJG, made money, 'cause all that other shit don't mean a thing to me. But try to run up and I'm leavin' you stunned. Nobody will know who shot that pump, 'cause I'm gonna dump it and run. Put him on the pave, and hey, that nigga that did it was wearin' a Leather Face, and not to be played with. Whateve R you claim, you better get paid. Shit.

Krayzie:

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MJG:

Who be I? The nigga who pimpin'-a plenty of hoes, look at the size of the bank that he hold. Natural born mind control. False niggas' gang blown away. It makes you wonder why niggas be hatin'. They jealous, they fellas be lookin' to take you under. It seems like the more that we get, you come with that shit, lookin' for ways to drive us insane, confusin' our brain. I'm settin' up traps for rats who snatch cheese. Fly like a trapeze artist. Tell 'em to bring it on, I comes the hardest.

MJG, pimp, runnin' with Bone, dividin' the throne.
Regardless of niggas who stand in my path, I'm
bringin' it on. Recitin' the lyrical gift, the shit that give
me the bitches, the money, the cars. How do you know
when you're goin' too far? The further you get, the
further you are. Shit, I breaks in half crook niggas.
Don't make me laugh. Now, huh, which ones the head
and, huh, which one's the ass? Where your bitch at?
Collectin' my cash. Now who would've know that the
bitch is a hood-rat. Increasin' my stash, leavin' you fast.
You're thinkin' I'm slippin', I'm grippin' the Tech. Look at
the bullets, they rippin' his vest open, puttin' a hole in
his chest. In piece is that nigga decide to rest. I'm
leavin' you grievin', believin' in pimpin'. The shit that I
got is the shit that I'm given. Constantly livin' that life of
a thug, drinkin' the Hen, smokin' the bud.

Krayzie:

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you, better get ready for war. If you a hustla, make
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Layzie:

Too many fake niggas done tried to contend, and then
again, pinned that they couldn't win. Ken took it to the
head with a fifth of Hen now I'm in the wind, 500 Benzo,
we roll, roll. Rod J came through with the Mack-10. Wish
trippin' when I pulled out the glock. You know that all of
my niggas be ready this pop-pop, comin' with the heat
cocked, 'cause it never did stop. Everybody I know out
lookin' for a come up, we creep, it's deeper than the
way you perceive a thug, no love, take a nigga through
the mud everytime I try him from my wordly grudge.
What? Nigga we æſſl bust till the point of no return, I'm
out here swangin', paper chasin'. Erasin' my poverty
and I gotsta be that soldier claimin' Mo! Even though it
get hectic, respect it. Nigga, knock my struggle, uh-oh,
they'll gets more chaos and I won't stop till I piece this
puzzle.

I'm a go gather up all lost souls show 'em the way to
the road to be real, give 'em a deal, train 'em to kill,
haters meet and my soldiers in a battle field. We
marchin', ready for war, fuck the law, they ain't on our
side. Hell yeah, we can meet up at the district. I'm
bringin' it to you, ready to die. See, I am so sick of
oppression, shit ain't changed, Little Lay still stressin'.
No question, clutchin' there no more weapon, 'cause
the po po wanna sweat my blessings and uh, you æſſl
probably feelin' the sense of some danger, but I'm

bringin' the sense of an angel to the table. Watch me put it down for Mo, and them Suave House niggas. So, willin?and ready to make a few dollars and split a few wigs . If that's what it is, you better be mindin' your business, or be beggin' forgiveness. You know all I'm sayin'?is, just don't fuck with me, man.

Krayzie:

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Eightball:

Yeah ... Bone Thugs. Mo Thugs. Eightball, the fat mack, and MJ-fuckin'-G. The realest niggas alive, yeah. Thuggin', pimpin', bitch, this shit don't stop. You know what I'm talkin' 'bout? All over the muthafuckin' world and back again, bitch. Space-age forever.

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