

Bata Illic

"U a Thug?"

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[Layzie Bone]

A to Z

Steve Lo, ball around the motherfuckin' globe

Nigga and you know how we do this here

Nigga we do that there

Pull up a chair, bitch

[Layzie Bone] 2x

Livin' legends in your presence

Learn the lessings we stressin'

It's all platinum

We make it hot, hot, hot

[Caz]

You can call me, too sweet

Knock a nigga on his back

Penetentary six, I'm swingin' on the track

Call me Bruno the Barge

I'm livin' much too large

Muscle hard, disregard before I pull your card

Known to hauck hard, when I entered the spot

Pull some Cott but funk twelve on the dot

You think I'm not, here's the plot

Hair layed, game played

Back late at the Snootie Fox hittin' some Bray

Ain't no reason to hate

Nigga I ain't chosin' my fate

I'm a pretty motherfucker

Like a faggott wanna go straight

So wait, and let these pretty niggas speak

If you continue to doubt

I'll pull your bitch before next week

Nigga, Layzie, Caz, and Ice

Make ya gonna return like Old Spice

Nigga high, Yella's back in

Well even' Mack-10 can join the club

Even though he bangin' Blood

This a pretty nigga clique

Pock a stick and we dip

[Chorus - Layzie Bone]

Oh you a thug, you a thug, you a thug, nigga what
So bust ya gun nigga, if you a thug, nigga what
What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck, nigga what
So throw it up nigga, cuz you know we gettin' crunk
Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up, nigga what
Don't press ya luck nigga, cuz you know we throw this
up
Nigga what, nigga what, nigga what, nigga what
So bust ya gun nigga, if you a thug, nigga what

[Layzie Bone]

My nigga Caz gave me the gat, and you can believe
I'ma blast
Nigga I'ma smash and get this cash, makin' you niggas
think fast
Nigga at last, it's real shit, the type of shit we bring
your way
Caz, Layzie, and Ice-T and nigga we got them throw
aways
Go away haters, and the fake then had they time
Nigga gone breakthrough with this rhyme
Nigga I'll break you with this nine
Nigga it's all about perfect timin', feel me
Or 'til the Lord call me home
And nigga you bet we still be, hustlin' tryin to get that
dolla
Holla, holla
Swervin' in Impalas, and nigga we stay and heat 'em up
Beat 'em up Caz, put your hands on these fools
Take these fake ass niggas to school
Show these fake ass niggas the rules
Now you's fuck 'em, fuck 'em, buck 'em all (all, all, all)
And nigga we see your ass at the mall
And nigga we still ballin'
Callin' these bitches, like "Hey ho, what up bitch" (sup
be-atch)
And they can't stand me
But quick to give me the patties, guess the public
demand me
Understand we lookin' good nigga, and we dressed to
impress
Puttin' it down for the north, south, to the east, to the
west

[Chorus]

[Ice-T]

Who is the, gangsta rap inventor?
Slam like the Lakers at the Staples Center
Big pimp representer
Half you motherfuckers mentha

Knocked ya main bitch and bent her
Left her with a baby in her
I'm mainly known for endless funds, blastin' guns
Boostin' bitches, cars with switches
Known to rep the hardest city out on the west
Known to break a bitch in an hour or less
The indoor gun buster, the crowd mover
Quick to bring the gravity to ya, with the 9 roover
Reach out and touch ya with the chrome duster
The pearl clutcher
I started this shit and this the thanks I get
You fake Killa niggas get no dap, play the back
Don't O.G. me when you see, no eye contact
Cuz you could find yourself layin' on your back
Lookin' up at a blurry paramedic, Ice says

[Layzie Bone]

Throw it up, throw it up, throw it up, nigga what
(Livin' legends in your presence
Learn the lessings we stressin'
It's all...)
Nigga what, nigga what, nigga what, nigga what
(Livin' legends in your presence
Learn the lessings we stressin'
It's all...)

[Chorus]

[Layzie Bone] 3x
Livin' legends in your presence
Learn the lessings we stressin'
It's all platinum
We make it hot, hot, hot

[Layzie Bone talking]

M-F-S, K
How we do this there, we get that K
That's right nigga (that's right)
Layzie Bone (Layzie Bone)
Ice-T (Ice-T)
Pretty boys up in here
With more toys than y'all, we hittin' switches, cockin'
glocks
And lettin' all y'all bitches know it don't stop
Yea, yea, yea it's all plat....
We told you how them Yellow niggas was makin' a
comeback

