

Divine Comedy

"Thugga Level"

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[Verse 1: Boss]

Big ballin bitch like Boss come thru like it ain't no thang
Paper chase, hustlin nothin changed
Ask me again I'll tell you the same
Don't hustle the fame nigga, most of the game
Put it down in the street for mine
24/7, stayin on the grind
For days and days I shell at the cops
Enough grenades to get at the block
I'm a drug smuggler
Part bitch, part thug, part hustla
You lift my crib and I'm touchin ya
No love for ya, draw blood from ya
Cause a nigga like you dreamin to Boss
And you fiendin to floss, and who pounds is flown
We're bustin motherfuckas with the black game
Holdin them fiends and lovin my crack, in the front got
bud in the back
Who can get more thugga than that?
From hookers and jacks, put the house up, bitch
I'm bustin the gat

[Krayzie]

Y'all niggaz always testing, gonna make me pull this
weson

[Boss]

If money ain't the answer rephrase the question, dawg

[Krayzie]

Big Boss and Krayzie Bone is...

[Verse 2: Boss]

Runnin up in your town with an uncountable amount of
numbers of mongols
Y'all mad we the real number owners
Rollin like big, Thugline nothin but runners
Trouble Boss, a double cross
A nigga named Krray they good as dead
From the b-o-double, doin double time
And these tricks comin up to bread

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

We on some thugga shit
We on some other shit that you ain't fuckin with
The thuggin don't stop
And you can't touch the clique
You know you love this shit
Take it to what we spit
The thuggin don't stop

[Verse 3: Krayzie]

I heard a silent motherfucka creepin up from behind ya
Bet ya didn't think that I'd find ya, huh?
With a nine or pump (pump, pump, pump) your shit'll be
fucked
And I ain't even popped the goddamn trunk (trunk)
I bet they never saw a nigga bring the heat and be so
cool
Freeze everything, nigga don't move
You can choose to be a fool and try to get away
But never make it out the room when the pump go
BOOM!
Fuckin 'em up, scream "fuck the world" while I cuff my
nuts
Real niggaz don't lie, hit 'em in the mind, everytime
goddamn we live
Send 'em to the graveyard, who gonna save y'all?
Matter of fact motherfucka who paid y'all
You runnin up on them niggaz you know gonna bust
back?
Take no more shorts fuck that (fuck that)
Pistol control, we roll streets of the all know
If they run up I'll pop get your hand out my pocket
For the glock, glock shot 'em all on the floor
You dealin with some motherfuckin real niggaz
Thrill niggaz, we'll kill niggaz if they wanna kill me
Still runnin with the AK-47 ain't shit changed
Still got the same artillery
Bust at them bastards (bastard)
Me and Boss steady breakin it off in they asses (in they
ass)
Wanna see me get glasses (glass)
Cause I be all in your face but you walk right past me
(past me)
But that let a niggaz know they don't really wanna
swang them thangs
Fuckin wit them thugs, the thugs... nigga the thugs,
what?

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

[Verse 4: Boss]

Bare witness to Mrs. Gangsta
We're gun-toaters, blunt smokers, big bank folders,
and high rollers
Quick to burn off into toaster for fun, this bitch
Judges wanna post as gorilla
Pimps, killers, and soldiers roll
You don't slip and we thought that we told ya
Know what Thug Luv nigga to bone ya
They can run your shit and bend a corner, scatter and
spread
Like mustard jam them buzzards up and leave 'em
smothered
Quick friends gats find ya like bookie and they down
with me like fo' flat
Y'all niggaz got nuts, our niggaz got nuts

So we can go nut for nut see who first to crack and split
Like ya down like wipers
'Fore the motherfuckin piper pay the bitch

[Verse 5: Krayzie]

You motherfuckas feelin to feel it
Thugline put it down keepin it the real it
And I ain't really trippin of these niggaz
They say they gonna get me yet they miss me
(What?) Cause I've been here niggaz thuggin
Waitin for you motherfuckas to come bring it to me
Fuck waitin I'ma mingle with it
The nine millimeter and plenty more haters
If any more niggaz roll up put the cut I'm fuckin 'em up
When I hit 'em with the pump don't duck you gonna die
Fuck you, die, buck you, die
Reload, unload one more time
Hit him with the pump make sure he dead
He bled blood, we bail
Ask me if a nigga prepared for war hell yeah

[Chorus 'til fade]

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