

Brotha Lynch Hung

"Don't Stop - C-Bo & Brotha Lynch Hung"

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feat. Spice 1, Yukmouth

[Talking - C-Bo]

First off we the mutha fuckin Thug Lords

Now for all you niggas bangin, that mutha fuckin West Coast like nigga?

Youknowhatl'msayin? And fa sho no lie

29th Street Crip Gang nigga, C-Bo holdin nothin back
Yukmouth, Spice 1 and we do it live, for the world it's still fuck off

You know what and we in that you knowhatl'msayin?

And this how we handle business, nigga

From the early 80's to these 2 G's, boy

[C-Bo]

Huh, We blaze em up with AK's, double my clip and we dip

Set trip and get hit, flip Crip or get zipped

Run with the Crips, catch me clumsy in the 6

6 rag invertable slide divertable, murder ya

Dead and gone never heard of ya

Now we stuffin lead in the crome, bout to hurt ya

Pack ya down in the earth, we put work in like Mad Dirt

Odainers twistin like the revolver or the earth

Fuck church, it's a must I burst and curse

Yeah I'm a West Coast Bad Boy but a thousand times worst

Dime piece, gun in her purse, one in her skirt

Cross me, bet ya life that my bitch burst

Got me lockin down the world for the North Pole

Too cold to hold lyrics froze my wrist and my hoes

Number one Thug Lord, fuck wit us!

I won't lie the whole world gonna rush wit us, tell em

[Chorus - Yukmouth and Spice 1]

Thug Lord niggas boss up and don't stop

Thugged out niggas boss up and don't stop

Thug Lord niggas boss up and don't stop

Thugged out niggas boss up and don't stop

Blow! Blada baba bo, blada baba bang bang

Spice, Yuk and Bo we do the damn thang

Blow! Blada baba bo, blada baba bang bang

Thug Lord niggas we do the damn thang

[Spice 1]

Nigga you listenin to the B-O-S-S-I-L-I-N-I
Yukmouth and C-Bo you know they label us born to die
But I pistol slap you and two niggas like 3 Stooges
Walk over to the bar and sip on Gin and juice
It's just the gangster in me, the thug in me
Mug in me and get yo fro pushed back like homie
You lil clown ass nigga walkin in bozo shoes
While my niggas out here doin hits, makin the news
What you think you gon' dodge these bullets like
Matrix?
Like a condom, I even lay teck on a bitch
Now that's some cold shit, a low lick, a cold hit
Leave a nigga at a funeral cryin with no bitch
Some Thug Lord shit nigga shoot up ya coffin
Niggas cross game get murdered by bosses
Cost's yo mutha fuckin life when you play with the rules
They got a n-uh-nigga still singin the blues

[Chorus - Yukmouth and Spice 1]

Blow! Niggas boss up and don't stop
Thugged out niggas boss up and don't stop
Thugged out niggas boss up and don't stop

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