

## Krayzie Bone

### "Pimpz, Thugz, Hustlaz & Gangstaz"

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KRAYZIE BONE FEAT MJG, 8BALL, LAYZIE BONE:Thug  
Mentality 1999

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. Whatever you  
claim, you better get paid. Shit.

Krayzie:

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war. If you a hustla, make your dough. If you a gangsta, let your gun smoke.

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:

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 gangsta, let your gun smoke.

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'll 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'll 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:

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 gangsta, let your gun smoke.

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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