

Krayzie Bone "Pimpz, Thugz, Hustlaz Gangstaz"

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Krayzie bone feat mjpg, 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 mjpg, 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:

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.

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 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:

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better get ready for
War. if you a hustla make your dough. if you a gangsta,
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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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