

## **Krayzie Bone**

# **"Ride The Thug Line"**

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Thug line, Thug line, come ride the Thug line

All day, keep it real, keep it real, keep it real  
An' all night, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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Wake up in the mornin', glorious to see  
Then I hit the streets knowin' that I got beef  
So since I got beef, it make sense to pack the heat  
Ain't no debate be discreet publicly

Yeah, I'm a rider call me RKC  
Ambassador, diplomat, officially  
Ride with my team, the Thug line regime  
Evil side regulated, smash, crash, tell me  
Food stamp this game dig us?

Yeah an' tryin' to be sneaky  
Askin' everybody that think I know 'em for my number  
to beep me  
On my pager to beep me an' I sense they negative  
energy  
Feelin' like some gangsta, gangsta shit to me

Don't matter where you go, it's psycho, my flight flown  
To the bottoms in Miami, got off the plane like Rhinos  
Sweaty in this humidity, high  
My thugs, hit the club, scene it's crackin' tonight

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All night long, we ain't goin' to sleep  
Beat these motherfuckin' streets with heats an' break  
beats  
Make my way through the door, four rounds bar, man  
My niggaz on one, he snuck a 'Oh, we can' in

The latest edition to some tight shit is spinnin'  
Hey, DJ, you workin' with that equipment  
Proceed to stagger through the crowd, blowin' one  
Ladies in abundance, nigga, seven to one

Backless straps, tattoos, holdin' some Hennessey  
I got my partne,r Krayzie Bone, there go one for me  
I broke from the camp post tellin' baby this an' that  
She told me about herself, she want to model an' act

I'm seein' other eyes, but I'm tryin' to lock this  
Who could really blame me about those ass an' hips?  
She say she got some folks, Young Dre, what the deal?  
Let's cut this night short, take them back up the hill

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I get's a rush, thinkin' 'bout the fools that we crush  
An' my little locs is down to bust an' makin' a fuss  
All up in my pockets, they gangsta hatin' on us  
First round that we [Incomprehensible] now we addin' a  
plus

Live just to die, know you know it's a must  
Silly niggaz tellin' lies, my fo' five make 'em hush  
Listen, just hear the bullets come when they spittin'  
Y'all reppin', just steppin', I'm only playin' to win

Got a pocket full of plenty, niggaz splurgin' on drink

Thirty dollars in the tank, a nigga reakin' of dank  
Khaki suit full of dirt from a nigga puttin' in work  
Can't understand a command niggaz, patrollin' the turf

Gotta get it while the water's hot an' fill up your pot  
Hit the block with a rock, with these make 'em shot  
I level with a tickety tock, it don't stop  
An' I'll be damned if they pull a nigga back on the block

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You might not recognize my flow 'coz it's me bustin' at  
first  
'Coz I can put styles inside my verses, motherfuckers  
ain't heard yet  
But I won't battle MCs, but we do handle beef with these  
Competition to me means an enemy

Ask some of these niggaz past, nothin' but snakes in  
the grass  
Talkin' 'bout we bit, they mad 'coz they career was a  
fag  
You might been have rappin', doin' it  
Twistin' but that bullshit you're stressin'  
Knowin' exactly when you're fresh, niggaz know when  
niggaz wreck shit

Platinum? That ain't a thing for me, hit the studio make  
it happen  
Nigga, that's because I'm real with this thug music  
We mash an' wild in 2000, nigga, no remorse  
What we be givin'? Heat from the kitchen when fuckin'  
with this shit

Get with the line, Thug line, the line  
Creepin' on, ah, come up, you know what?  
This time around, it's on when we blow up  
Fakers, hate ya, later, y'all all die, nigga, they all die  
They die, they die

