

## Krayzie Bone "Where My Thugz At"

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Krayzie Bone:Thug Mentality 1999

-Refrain-

Buck, Buck! Buck! Where my thugs at? Where my thugs  
at! Where the fuck my thugs

At? {shots throughout}

Are you ready for war? Gotta be ready for war! Are you  
ready for war? Gotta be

Ready for war

Krayzie

Foward, march! Pull out your weapon; aim directly for  
the heart/ Buck the brain

And make sure everything stop

And listen to the shells drop{sounds} As we steady  
poppin' round after round

Off, trumpets fade around us

Runnin thru the muthafuckin' mud and rain

Niggas' on a mission

Shirt full of blood

Stains, but I'm still livin', cuz I got the will and the skills  
to

Make it out the killin' fields alive and killin' still

This the type of shit I

Make you want

Got our suits on, knowin' and willin' to

Die with our boots on

Dressed in fatigues

This is real, we ain't no actors

We don't wear this shit for no fashion

You'll see how real it is when we start blastin'

Fake niggas always shoot real

Blanks; we in the steel tanks

If this was real

They'd probably crumble

How you come to rumble when you scared of what's in  
the

Jungle, nigga? Why you tell them people

You was killas? I put this on my dead thugs

When they jump we gon' tear it up

Torpedo one, bomb torpedo two to see the

Destruction/ Military-minded/ So we will win/ Strategize,  
that's all I am

Fuckin' about is strategies/ It's all about reality

And nigga, that's me {shots throughout}

Chorus

Before we fight, I use my mind to pin the (pin  
the...) situation  
Makin' sure the  
Enemies weak before we invade 'em  
Then we break 'em (He broke, broke, broke...)  
Organization is a factor, comin'  
From "The Warrior" slash "The Mad Rapper"  
Makin' pushes, jump out the bushes, troopers attack  
And the heads of these adversaries  
Bring 'em back to me  
If you scared, you the first nigga dead, and the field is  
gettin' deeper Drama  
Gettin' thicker, so I pull my pistol quicker  
Kill 'em all if they're not on your team  
But watch out for the spies tryin' to  
Infiltrate the scene  
Know what I mean?  
We headed for the justice center; free all the convicts,  
and let the killas ride with us  
Yeah, let's fuck some shit up and let's get  
Rid of the law, of course; Voluntarily or by force  
This shit just goes on and  
On/ It don't stop until they  
Body rott, and they casket drop  
In the W-A-R  
We are the mighty, the mighty,  
The mighty-mighty warriors ready (warrior...)  
If they spittin', we gon' send 'em bitches slugs back  
It's like that, buck,  
Buck, buck, buck

Chorus

Thugs, everywhere you go you see 'em  
Niggas wanna be 'em  
Meet the real  
Thuggish ruggish niggas out of Cleveland  
The wasteland warriors, wild  
Execution style  
Find your body smellin' foul  
I stay thugged out and enhance my thug mentality  
Got to keep my mental sharper than a pencil  
Got bullets in the clip thou, and  
You endangered if you anger me, nigga  
You'll meet the one that's in the chamber  
Paranoia, don't get too close  
I'll blow your fuckin' head right off your shoulders

Cuz everything to me is war  
I'm livin' in horror  
I'll die before I'm captured  
(Fuck that) Fuckin' with these muthafuckers down to the  
last clip  
Remember the casualties  
Dearly departed  
Keep poppin' at  
These coppers, and we'll drop 'em in your honor  
You can rest in peace, your killa's deceased  
Where my thugs at? Buck, buck!  
Get 'em up so I can see 'em, yeah {shots}

Chorus

We are ready for war...

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