

Mae

"Theze dayz"

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Krayzie, Bam, Asu, and K-Mont:Thug Mentality 1999

Krayzie

I'm representin' muthafuckin' Thugline nigga, in 1999/
You muthafuckers wanna
find the real thugs and hustlas, nigga?
Come to the muthafuckin' ghetto where we from/ Now
we're the real thugs

-Refrain-

This how we livin' these days (And this is for my
gangsta, gangsta, gangsta/ And
that one's for my thugsta, thugsta, thugsta)

Krayzie

Nigga, these days, we kill you much quicker to get us
some paper/ You feelin'
me?

These days, you gotta be packin' a gun; Everybody
your enemy/ These days, it's
every nigga for they self
Cuz it ain't no such thing as friends and wealth, so nice
niggas get left/ And
that's why
these days, you gotta be raw out here on the streets/
Tell 'em, these days
You can't be fuckin' with niggas that's weak/ And these
days, no tellin' when
you'll meet your coffin
I seen it too often, that's why fuck flossin' I take
caution/ Don't trip, shit
if you're rich, you're rich
Cuz if you slip, somebody waitin' to get at you/ Grab
your cash and split your
shit
These days, stay on the low-low and away from po-po/
Unless you're ready to pull

your fo'-fo' and blow/ How come these days niggas
wanna be the Don of the mob?

They claim it, but they never qualify for the job/ These
days

We bustin' at muthafuckers quicker, simply cuz it's

1999, nigga....

-Refrain-

K-Mont

Hey yo, I'm straight out of the bricks, and y'all ain't
worthy to serve me/ I'm
the type to jump out your bushes and bust you
with the 30,30 You want beef? I pack pistol packin'
utilities/ I'm the type of
nigga that'll send letterbombs to all my enemies
I can't even walk to the airport for bein' who I was/ The
police all on my dick,
because they recognize a thug/ Nigga,
We tryin' to get money, we don't respect the police/
Until us thugs unite, it
ain't gon' never be no peace/ Niggas be goin' to
school with nothin' but murda on they mind; givin' a
fuck about teachers/
Bustin' shotguns and 9's/ Picture the scenes
And screams and everybody runnin'/ Get on your
knees, and pray nigga, cuz the
Son of the Lord is comin'

Asu

You know I came in time; that's my frame of mind/ Now
I'm able to separate the
deaf from the weak, dumb, and the blind
Niggas can't get none of mine/ Not even some of mine/
Just cuz you got on a
watch, nigga, don't mean you know the time
You stagnatin'/ You fags hatin' my motion/ From ocean
to ocean, my magic potion
is devotion/ The nerve to hate what I
deserve to do wasn't a curse/ It was a signal; that's why
that ass crashed,
forgot to put on your blinker/ R.W.I.: rollin' while
infatuated/ I graduated; now I want my Masters/ Y'all
done agitated disaster,
and at every end's a start/ I slip in the art with
my heart and soul/ It's smart to roll, but dumb to come/
Don't become the one I
fold like a lawnchair/ You shouldn't have
gone there/ What's the deal with the long stares?
What's the purpose, jokers on
earth surface to surface, and any problem is
handled with same-day service? Come on, come on,
come on...

-Refrain-

Bam

We run the blocks, stop the clocks, told the coppers to
not set trip; it's our
spot/ Gave y'all shots, and let the drama pop
Don't escalate the 4-5-9, it's why we dead or alive/ Point

of survival/ Let's
get points with real niggas lives/ But you only see
raw meat on streets; these niggas love their heat/
Nowadays all bustas wanna
thug like me
You see it be those ways that was so simple/ Execution
style to gristle/ From
the chair, heard 'em
whistle for my nigga/ Mental is money, murda, ridin',
dumpin'
Head back to all of y'all since every niggas are hard
and provin' they got the
bigger balls
Scared of the laws, told what he saw and what he
lookin' like/ Broke him off in
the midnight
I spared his life I said this shit is tight
-Refrain-

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