

# Mastamind "Thug World"

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What?! Let's Go, lets ride  
Fuck wrong with this nigga?  
Fuck this nigga tryin ta do somethin?  
Gimme the motherfuckin keys, let's go  
Got this nigga right, y'all mothafuckaz ready to ride  
We gonna take this bitch downtown  
By 7 mile west to east, pull up to the club  
Park this bitch on the curb, it's like

UH, another day another hit  
I'm on some other shit  
Um, stay up off my maw buckin dick  
Too, if you got issues with me, don't make me diss you  
Tell yo bitch to come here, I like what her lips do  
Gangsta mental, never sentimental  
Hollar out the window bitch what you tryin ta get into  
I got minimal love for women who fuck  
Ride wit me tonight, bitch and hit me when ya grow up  
Suckas lookin at me mean, cause my shit clean  
I'm sick a this scene, but not sick a gettin me screens  
Its in my blood now, sex money and drugs now  
Its fucked up now, the world is run by thugs now

(CHORUS)  
HO! HO! HO!  
Its fucked up "Its fucked up"  
The world is run by thugs now  
HO! HO! HO!  
We like what now? "WHAT?!"  
The world is run by thugs now

Aw shit the nights young, disciples done  
Might as well clear out, the cops might come  
Fuckin blue lights, with the red in em  
The shit we do at night? Cops say fuck it cause we done  
Scared em  
How they expect us to ride, turn this thug shit off in  
Known light  
Jeckyl and Hyde shit for the rest of my life  
I'mma be reckless and high, check the eyes  
Better be some bitches on the set when we arrive  
Quick to say this party dead, too many hard days

The only thing that starts is a carnival of carnage  
And I just came to gain, see what this hoers talkin bout  
Get into a gang a thangs  
Y'all suckas ain't sayin shit can't see me  
Who you talkin to? Don't let me hafta buck at you  
Break somethin off in you  
I'm down for that Detroit dogshit  
We could destroy all this if you call it  
Y'all talk shit I'm walkin c'mon

(CHORUS)

I'm worth bout 10 in the industry 20 mil in the streets  
That Natas nigga with the hottest product dealin the  
sweets  
We make ya head hurt when he network this punk  
Mastamind and I pledge to kick this bitch on junk  
The party don't start without me don't diss or doubt me  
When I'm in the house it's all about me, mothafucka  
Put my shit on the curb, when I finish the swerve  
Hop out bumpin that Natas shit ya heard  
We make it sound like the ground might break  
We get down like the biggest niggas holdin down  
weight  
Its a duty to me I raise my right hand and truly believe  
Nothin but that wicked shit rule the streets

(CHORUS)(4x)

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