

# Tech N9Ne "Thug Pit"

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thug pit

(Layzie Bone)  
Wicked Wonka, baby

(Violent J)  
Halloween! Hallowicked Wonka....just 18 months

(Violent J)  
I brought a bat to a mosh-pit  
(Layzie - Well what you do then??)  
I split some craniums in half  
And caved a few in  
Before long I'm standing there alone  
I shut the party down  
For Bone Thugs, Tech N9ne, Kottonmouth and Esham

(Layzie Bone)  
In...coming, I'm running and dropping them bombs  
Still gunning, I'm willing and ready for war  
Get down with the clowns from ICP, B-O-N-E  
And the Kottonmouth Kings, bring it how we bring it doe  
For the wicked wonka, Halloween

(Violent J)  
Smoking hay, hey I'm Violent J hey, we screaming may-day  
Cause Bone and ICP a fucking pay-day  
We give away hey, but we already millionaire rapper  
Hater slappers, wicked shit believe it though  
We tight like alligator snappers

(Layzie Bone)  
Don't run dawg, we gun clappers  
Bitch nigga slappers and hoe mackers  
City street slicked rappers  
But better known as wig crackers  
Lead packers, ask my nigga Tech N9ne  
Cock it back for Esham  
And let it loose to they spine

(Judge D)

An we mashing, we stomping  
We wicked wicked wonkin'

(Shaggy 2 Dope)  
It's wicked when you walking  
Within the thug pit

(Judge D)  
Yeah we mashing, we stomping  
We wicked wicked wonkin'

(Shaggy 2 Dope)  
At this kind of mosh pit  
You get your wig split

(D-Loc)  
Who the mothafucka in the pit talking shit? (Shit!)  
Who the mothafucka that want the wig split? (Split!)  
Who the mothafucka that's down for the krown?  
(Krown!)  
Who the mothafucka in here right now?

(Shaggy 2 Dope)  
Shaggy jumps in the pit  
With these hatchets and swingin them  
Strictly for the purpose of splitting some craniums  
Shit, we be illuminati at this thug pit though  
Treating fake thugs like a hoe, tell em D-Loc  
(Violent J - Spit!)

(D-Loc)  
What the fuck you thinking, you can stop my shine?  
Put your money where your mouth is, I'll take every  
dime  
Then run down the line, damn right I'm getting mine  
With a fine ass bitch, getting head, sipping wine

(Shaggy 2 Dope)  
Hallowseve, Halloween, Hallowicked all the same  
Fuck a trick or treat, I treat a trick with some game  
Every year we lace the stage, with the wickedness  
It's the wicked-wicky wonka, baby try an get with us

(Tech N9ne)  
It's that nigga that be on blood shit  
Tech Nina off in a thug pit  
Fuck with the KMK, ICP, Bone and you'll get drug bitch  
Celebrating for Samhein  
(Violent J - Witch Killaz)  
If you don't wanna come with the wickedness  
A nigga wanna slam strange

I don't wanna hear a damn thang

(Daddy-X)

Mashing off from city to city  
We sparking fifties and fifties  
Crashing after parties  
Fucking and sucking on titties  
Ducking and dodging the coppers  
Ain't no one out that can stop us  
Dropping that shit that be popping  
Making it hotter and hotter

(Tech N9ne)

We man handle them  
Fucking and crushing on man's camera  
Busting bright red bandanas  
Bitch where was your antennas?

When I was trying to stick it  
Wanna show a nigga how she lick it?  
Mothafucker this is how we kick it  
Thug whiling on Hollowicked

(Jonny Richter)

Bud so fine fine, toking all kinds  
With Tech N9ne, getting more love  
Sipping on hen, with Bone Thugs  
Kicking Faygo, and smoking more weed with ICP  
It's motherfucking Richter from the Kottonmouth Kings

(Layzie Bone)

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit  
(Kottonmouth Kings!)

(Violent J)

It's wicked wicked wonkin within the thug pit

(Layzie Bone)

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug  
shit

(Violent J)

In this kind of mosh pit you get your wig split

(Layzie Bone)

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit

(Violent J)

It's wicked wicked wonkin within the thug pit

(Layzie Bone)

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug  
shit

(Violent J)

In this kind of mosh pit you get your wig split

(Krayzie Bone)

It's mista sawed off leatherface

I bring the pain, and bang a nigga brain

When I step on the plate

Guard your grill, cause when my niggas start to kill

It's hard to chill

Mothafuckers end up in the graveyard for real

(Violent J - Whoa!)

(Daddy-X)

I ain't got a million dollars bitch

I'm fucking broke

Spending all my change on that endo smoke

All the bitches on the road, scheming for my loot

They get nothing but dick, and a steel toed boot

(Esham)

Fuck Proof, every Halloween, I dress like a bag lady

Then I ride around with my .380 looking for Shady

If I catch him at the shelter, I'ma pull his file

Chop his head off, and bury his body across 8 mile

(Daddy-X)

We drinking drank, drank

We smoking dank, dank

Mobbing through these streets like a fleet of armored  
tanks

We dropping bombs, underground bombs

Fuck the whole industry bitch, bring them on

(Layzie Bone)

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit

(Judge D)

An we mashing, we stomping

We wicked wicked wonkin'

(Layzie Bone)

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shit

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

In this kind of mosh pit you get your wig split

(Violent J)

Hallowicked Wonka 2003, from us to you

(Layzie Bone)

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug  
shit

(Layzie Bone)

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug  
shit

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