

## **Mental As Anything**

### **"Thugged Out"**

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Verse 1: (Noreaga)

We thugged out, outta state on some city shit  
keepin' it real while ya'll niggas on some pretty shit  
what the dealy wit' you know I only smoke a Philly wit'  
famalama  
I got a bitch in Atlanta  
and everytime I fuck her yo it's on camera  
and I'm the freak type  
get head then lay meat right  
ya'll niggas burn bridges, I could've had ya'll tight  
yo, I spit this  
tellin' ya'll to live with this  
I could've had you in the bank  
now you lost your rank  
you gotta blame only yourself, yourself to think  
yo, you know me  
I hate to have to do it Homey  
we used to be cool, now it's like you don't know me  
all that jealousy shit  
new enemy shit  
had me thinkin' on some foul shit, takin' a risk.

Verse 2: (E-Money Bags)

Money Bags, the mafioso type  
gun holster, stripes be goin' down niggas backs  
lungs collapse when I be strapped  
Escobar's my witness  
espionage, addictions  
got me ready to pop shit up on highways, break my  
peoples out the  
prisons  
inflictin' predictions  
supervision, foreshadowed wisdom  
'cause when the cards roll Ladies seem forbidden  
children of the corners  
get it on like in the early Morn  
the rooster horn  
I used to have a bitch to boost upon Macy's  
Crazy Stacy, laced me in Baisley  
silk robe Paisley, talkin' 'bout she want a Baby  
thug or Don

I bug upon slug-a-thon's  
we shrug our arms and struggle on  
trials and tribulations  
maintain through situations.

Verse 3: (Maze)

This is just a page of the individual Maze  
the new escapades, smooth but still explosive like a  
grenade  
I reign officially, livin' the risky life  
tipsy all night  
jewels swingin', exhale from my windpipe  
the game of life's like spades  
first, niggas move forward just to reverse  
still I'm in it, penin' it, it hurts worse  
my niggas locked like there's a curse on the block  
but live and direct  
pocketin' loot for future prospects.

Verse 4 (Mussolini)

It's been like this for decades now, foul  
since a child, all into crack valves  
and cats that spent Thou's  
the richer ones hardly play the streets now  
catch 'em in the latest BM with the top down  
I fiend for scratch  
half of my team did that  
got my first pack, started hustlin' crack  
it didn't seem like there's was nothin' left to do  
so I blew, copped out on one-five-two  
yo, niggas is slidin' through  
keep the God jewel  
'cause the feelin' only comes in the need of healin'  
thats when the heat's not concealin'  
then it be a whole 'lot of cap peelin'  
a whole 'lot of runnin' children  
a whole 'lot of squealin'  
but it still can't stop the cash from buildin'  
and a bitch thats willin' to give head  
leave they legs spread  
no matter if diesel in the bed.

Verse 5: ( Diesel )

If there wasn't all these cats puttin' shit on my name  
I'd probably be somewhere outta town puttin' shit in the  
game  
for fame many cats be forgettin' where they came  
real niggas blaze shots put holes in your frame  
if you didn't know the game you should've left it alone  
instead of playa hatin' me 'cause I'm ridin' on chrome  
my stones make your bitch wanna leave home

even hang up the phone like her spot just got blown  
be for real  
do you really think we don't keep steel?  
for them frontin' ass niggas tryin' to get they caps  
peeled.

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