

## Mo Thugs "Riot"

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Riot

Flesh-N-Bone:

Yeah, yeah. Unh huh, unh huh, callin' all my trues trues.

Mo Thug family

bringin' it to ya once again. Callin' all my thugstas,

thugstas, thugstas,

thugstas and hustlas, hustlas, hustlas. Callin' all my

thugstas, thugstas,

thugstas, thugstas and hustlas.

We the tightest, trues humbly united, family never

divided, we the survivors,

Mo Thug riders comin' Lets set it off, start the riot.

My nigga, the Fifth Dog breakin' it off so raw, let me set  
it off once again.

I'm ready for battle, then if it's on with the war, then let  
the games begin.

My friend, you feelin' the wrath Mo Thugs steady bring.

When we hit the scene,

we gonna hit everything. Listen to the fat lady sing. It'll  
be over, so tell

'em why. You better get out of my way, clear my path,

my nigga. Put 'em in a

bullet bath, wig-splitters. If niggas run up I blast my

trigger. Ready and

willing, so lets ride. I'm buckin' and killin' police, leave

'em in the streets

with their badges all bloody, fuck 'em all, ain't no

peace. Strapped with heat

on thugs, I roll with the nines, it's time to get with ya.

Bet I won't miss ya,

bullet hit ya. Better hope you survive, when I come get  
ya.

We the tightest, trues humbly united, family never

divided, we the survivors,

Mo Thug riders comin' Lets set it off, start the riot.

We on the mash, collectin' cash. At last, my niggas, we  
finally made it up out

of the ghetto. But I want cheddar, and I never knew

none could fade it. Rollin'  
with gauges, and a whole lot of ammunition in my  
trunk. If there's any chalk  
left when I get done, I'll reach in my shit and  
won't f---... f--- fake to dump. I f---... f---  
flippin'  
my people down your block, thugsta mentality straight  
from the Glock Glock. Let  
off my heat, pop shot 'til the cop drop, daily, my shit  
don't stop. Who aim to  
try and tame me? I'm gonna mangle 'em, then bang  
they brain, and strangle fools  
who don't f---... f--- know the name. I crept and I  
came with game. I'm tellin' y'all, fuck  
the fame. I'm out to get paid, that's what I envision.  
Givin' you hit, you fin  
to listen, nigga, my trues still on the mission, yeah.

We the tightest, trues humbly united, family never  
divided, we the survivors,  
Mo Thug riders comin' Lets set it off, start the riot.

Let's carry out will after will. My deals are handled,  
fulfilled with a mighty  
power. Up against forces of evil, and we have been  
waitin' at last for the  
final hour. How I pray to the Lord, heavenly Father, will  
they have mercy? I'd  
rather disperse you into the line of fire, we gon' lay a  
buck where they hurt  
you. Hit 'em with a curse and you got glocks, steady  
servin' niggas murda mo.  
Givin' up shots to the Double Glock all day long. Niggas  
steady drop Pz from  
Cleveland, fuck, touch these. The original St. Clair  
thugstas, and we put  
Cleveland on that goddamn map, steady got back for  
nothin' Now, bustas, yeah,  
come stumble into my world, see, we can have peace,  
and we can have harmony.  
Cause any harm to me, we can afford, 'cause I got a  
army, nigga.

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