

Mo Thugs "Rumors And War"

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Two glocks foe tha war, niggaz die foe that infantry
If I lay me down to sleep, I'd die foe that SCT
Mo Murda's jumpin on that Clair side, foe that late night
(rumors and war)
Just cannot fuck wit them soldiaz
(repeat)

Boy tried to ride, yeah he died, tha trigger just slipped
up on'a my finger tips, now anotha nigga
dead, 'cause tha 'lair speak foe
itself, it must not be said, tha nigga had me in tha red,
but I be damned if tha mud is bud, it's thug,
yeah. These warriors and
rebels we fuckin slug, yeah. Don't dig in, util we get tha
snitches that's hatin tha playaz, neva no
tombstone was that slaya, trick
ass niggaz, we comin to lay ya. Don't think no one can
save ya, tha Yard's ready to grave ya, snap.
Ripple, den I popped his
ass, tha who ins concerned, tha lesson to be learned.
You get burned, to a crispy clean and you
earn, and you bouncin wit
cheese, but I'm sick and tired ah ya niggaz talkin shit.
I'm sick and tired ah ya nigga startin shit,
rumors and war, just cannot
fuck wit dem soldiaz

Put'em all in tha dirt, when tha glock pop slugs, them
slippin them box, this chamber, wit my glock
cop danger, this hustla, just
give it on up to tha guage that Shifta, that soldia, gon'
stoke ya, just a level doin homicide and
murda, that's tha way Mo Thugs gon' serve ya. You
takin that buck, and closin that trunk, I'm sendin
that body to hades. I'm slangin mo' slugs, round Mo
Thug, bitch, 'cause nigga them crazy. Insane, see,
it's this nigga when I'm havin that chronic. Stayin high,
escape tha murderis games we play, them
soldiaz live anotha day

Hello hello, infantry. Hello hello, infantry
Nigga can't fuck wit tha SCT's, you nigga can't fuck wit

tha SCT's

This clique too mothafuckin strong, this clique too
mothafuckin strong

My niggaz be thuggin all year long. My niggaz be
thuggin all year long

(repeat)

Straight foe destruction, clear dat tunnel foe enternal
torch'em into forces, cold deform'em, then
distortin, set ah nigga up foe
tha slaughter. We get allegiance, keep confusin, dilutin
my recavity, try to duck and dodge, don't
ever wanna bade your
casualty. So I stop, take a breath on tha guage, 'cause
ah nigga be damned if I go back in that cave,
pump'em all, put ah slug on
my thug, gotta put them coppaz on off in that grave.
And it's much too late, I can't be saved. I tried
to pray, so death is the
only way, deep in hell is where I'll stay. I saw four
torchures, on them mo's and stompin soldiaz,
infantry movin in, den we
come to destroy ya, Lord ya into a trap, and snap that
back. So ya betta be equipped and pack that
gat, don't slack, them
skoos, them crack, and'em hurt in tha dirt, now I'm
runnin it back

We are Mo thug, we are Mo Thug
Mighty mighty warriors, mighty mighty warriors
Guages loaded, guages loaded
Ghetto bound soldiaz, ghetto bound soldiaz
(repeat)

Flesh

Credit hustlaz them bouncin tha top, and I'm chin up on
my glide, foe tha nasty, droppin down to
them SCT's, pullin drinkaz on bitches stay down foe
double clop it kill ya. Murda plot foe tha
money, seven I'm bloody mo red rum, wet'em in ah
battle hell and nigga gun gun blast, buck shot
blows, you choose, wit ah 44 magnum and it was
laughin at you.

Laugh in tha mash, foe safety,
betch you this race on this, 180's dead and gone,
runnin through
this punk thug town, dump tha
bullets, get ya down, what tha fuck, they wanna test
Flesh Bone.

Get'em make all bow down grab it,
givin up fort, yeah crazed to tha wasteland (wasteland,

wasteland,
wasteland). You see dis so shitty
when tha peepa keep peepin tha creep up and make it,
man. And if
you claim that you contain, well
stay foe yo shit, let yo nuts hang, neva leave a gang ah
Mo Thug
ass niggaz, stay true to tha shit, let
us ran on crome. Decapitator, playa hata, pap pap in it
this life
and I'm rollin. Always remember
souljah boys be pimpin two glocks foe tha war,
cockin'em back,
popin'em and bitches be fold it,
foldin, showed you

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