

Mo Thugs "Urban Souljahz"

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High tech weapons evrywhere we roll in the jungle in
the middle of the field we
tumble somebody gon crumble mo tuhgs to rumble.
repeat

Hit it off capitain jet plane low fuel its a quarter to the
runway surely not
to be a fun day it's a gun day warrior skills apply
representin the field Fire
in hell the sky's the deal the fear of dyin is real suck it
up never wants to
be revealed again mess around discover the whole
blurry. I know somebody's
decievin me but I'm famed for the nigga that's believin
just somethin about
that killin nigga and you know I gotta retrieve em.
Splittin the natural born
beret I pray carryin around forty five fourty four
grenades and flames front
page in clips the world is crazy instincts Im another one
in cages and blazin
ya'll out ya'll out ya'll out now get on down ya'll out ya'll
out ya'll out now
get on down ya'll out ya'll out ya'll out

(Tombstone)

Engage into combat armageddon has already taken
it's place inside of my brain.
Held down by chains and I can't escape my evil ways
everyday seems to get
alittle more strange to the point where I cannot sleep to
concieve seed from a
full grown tree with fruit diseased only to be chopped
and burned. I dont think
there'll ever be a remedy for my disesae from tears
proceed to bleed from eye's
of those to see as they desperately search for peace a
life of misery is all
you've ever give to me I try to pray but my faith wont let
me go no further

