

## Martin Mann

### "Thugged Out"

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Yo! Let's do this!  
Uh!  
Uh-oh, uh-oh!  
Ha!  
Uh-oh, uh-oh!  
Ha!  
Uh-oh, uh-oh!  
Uh-oh, uh-oh!  
Regime nigga!  
Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out  
the Regime up in this bitch!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out  
first nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out.  
Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out  
first nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out.

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

I do this for the  
real killas, and drug dealers  
affiliated wit Mobb niggas, and blood spillas  
put a slug through you tough niggas  
1-800-Thugs-R-Us  
no Dragon tattoo on you, nigga  
no love from us  
in thugs we trust  
niggas get rushed like hot whitend snuff  
up yo nose  
I fuck up yo flows  
leave my competition ass froze  
we tag on they toes  
I'm as cold as Pocinos  
enemies get tied to a pole, blind fold then I unload.

Verse 2 \*(Tech N9ne of the Regime)\*

Thugged Out  
My choppers oblivion  
speakin the opposite of Carribean in Tropolis  
poppin my z-z in

true clocker from welfare recipients  
type of a crispy  
an anamalistic Tupac-er  
my race Caristian  
Jedi rhyme  
the way I spits ahead of my time  
give me a Billboard, an you bet I climb  
you mutha fuckas  
I love rukus  
thug, makin you hug crutches  
stayin away from you nothin but bum bustas  
the empire is back an we bugged out  
Phats, Keke, Maxx, Poppa L.Q., Gonzoe an my nigga  
Yukmouth  
these bitches beggin me to come to Menage  
A Trios  
but Muslims hear us say, "hum to Allah"  
they fly, that's on the crew nigga  
you cannot block the Regime from makin knots, no  
matter what you do  
nigga  
ya black an blue nigga  
undercovers like Malik Yoba  
lyrically Nina's usin a force like Yoda!

Verse 3 \*(Madd Maxx of the Regime)\*

Nigga this Madd Maxx  
you cross the Regime, you get yo life took  
we get it fuck the good book  
true thug niggas that turned to real crooks  
robbin the microphone, you get yo brain shook  
I told ya we takin over soldier  
a sober niggas rollin Rover's  
me, Ke, Gonz, Yuk, Tech 9, an Phats on ya  
all ready wit the caulked gage, buggin out Oklahoma  
fuck a Corona  
we drinkin 8-Balls until we fall out  
if you got a problem wit the Regime, your souls called  
out  
we all out for war  
these niggas don't want no more  
I'm takin over like Michael Jordan  
an I'm the first to score  
so fuck you fake ass niggas who be plannin a plot  
I take yo block over  
wit the nitroglycerian rock  
they got us fucked up.

Verse 4 \*(Phats Bossalini of the Regime)\*

They got us fucked up  
I've been tough  
since a young buck  
nothin to prove  
lots of pain plus some war cuts  
it ain't shit, but a thang to me  
dangerously  
I play the man you claim to be  
niggas strike back  
gun fight, we had to hype back  
this is the Phats see dream like a Fat Kat  
they wanna funk, we get dressed in black  
caulk the strap  
screamin Regime til they bust back  
it's Mobb-symboly, I die you remember me  
tatted wit Dragons in a custom coffin Bently  
simply  
I'm down to blast so don't tempt me  
I'm hella drunk, an hella blown off the geniti  
fuck wit me  
see these killas in mine  
buildin this shrine  
to feed these fuckin children of mine  
uh  
look in my eyes  
as I bleed the Regime nigga  
(Regime nigga, Regime nigga)  
havin a pile of money machine.

Verse 5 \*(Poppa L.Q. of the Regime)\*

No I've never been to the pen  
but I did a county bid  
an I ain't dumb enough to speak on the dirt I've did  
guess somebody caught the killer before the police did  
find him in the car leakin from dope over split wigs  
deadly lyrics to spit  
makin sure the killas feelin my shit  
explicit lyrics an adult content  
shot callas representin at all the major events  
and gang bangin got the streets juss way too tense  
I learned to deal wit it  
I'm in the Fields, windows tinted on my wheel wit the  
steel in it  
we keep puffin an rollin real wit it  
that jury linin, showcasin our diamonds to benifits  
of a long time grindin, enjoyin the fruits of our labor  
and rented suits from my tailors  
some young playas, strivin for greater  
you know it's all bad  
let's make it all good

pushin the Cavvy to touch the Navvi wit the leather an  
wood  
it's Regime nigga!

Verse 6 \*(Yukmouth)\*

The hardest nigga from the "O"  
my flow is certified theme music for organized crime  
niggas that burglurised banks, and murdered guys for  
they pies  
reach for the sky  
techniques like Robert DeNiro in "Heat"  
Karl Kani's  
no disguise, in the middle of the street  
buckin at police  
fuck police  
got a Range Rove jeep  
wit 12 open faced gold teeth  
a Rolex piece  
Cuban Links, crops, an bracelets  
but that ain't shit, to leave a nigga naked, duct taped  
wit they bitch  
in the basement  
Where the safe is?  
Big faces  
cops raided, but ended up gettin they fuckin squad car  
grenaded  
You want blazed shit?  
I spit the nitroglycerian  
that's smoother than a pair of new cinnamon  
Timberlands  
get Benjamin's  
but be no P Diddy  
I'm from a city called Weed City  
see these Regime niggas be wit me  
fuck Christy juss Remmy  
true thugs do drugs an come up wit hits  
like Jimmi Hendricks  
shock the world like Snoop at No Limit  
Yuk signed to Rap-A-Lot, yeah nigga  
I ain't a playa, I juss mack-a-lot  
pack the gat  
tryin to snatch yo watch in the back of the lot  
keep my shit for underground fragment rock  
jackpot J struck it rich hit the Lottery  
the top comidity  
blood on wallet be from robbin sprees  
rock Phat Farm, wit tats all over my arm  
bullet wounds like a nigga fresh back from Nam  
yo nigga get yo mash on. (echos out)

\*(talking)\*

[How old were you, Mr. Washington when you hit the streets permanatly?]

Maybe 10.

[How did you live?]

I became a runner.

[A drug runner.]

That's right.

[Could you give us a description of how you lived, the next few years.]

I kinda moved up. I lived where the money goes. Then I got busted, 2 and 1/2 in ??

[And when you got out.]

I got a piece of turf to myself. Took it. One block at a time. Nobody stopped me.

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