

## Dionne & Friends

### "Thugga Level"

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[Verse 1: Boss]

Big ballin bitch like Boss come thru like it ain't no thang  
Paper chase, hustlin nothin changed  
Ask me again I'll tell you the same  
Don't hustle the fame nigga, most of the game  
Put it down in the street for mine  
24/7, stayin on the grind  
For days and days I shell at the cops  
Enough grenades to get at the block  
I'm a drug smuggler  
Part bitch, part thug, part hustla  
You lift my crib and I'm touchin ya  
No love for ya, draw blood from ya  
Cause a nigga like you dreamin to Boss  
And you fiendin to floss, and who pounds is flown  
We're bustin motherfuckas with the black game  
Holdin them fiends and lovin my crack, in the front got  
bud in the back  
Who can get more thugga than that?  
From hookers and jacks, put the house up, bitch  
I'm bustin the gat

[Krayzie]

Y'all niggaz always testing, gonna make me pull this  
weson

[Boss]

If money ain't the answer rephrase the question, dawg

[Krayzie]

Big Boss and Krayzie Bone is...

[Verse 2: Boss]

Runnin up in your town with an uncountable amount of  
numbers of mongols  
Y'all mad we the real number owners  
Rollin like big, Thugline nothin but runners  
Trouble Boss, a double cross  
A nigga named Krray they good as dead  
From the b-o-double, doin double time  
And these tricks comin up to bread

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

We on some thugga shit  
We on some other shit that you ain't fuckin with  
The thuggin don't stop  
And you can't touch the clique  
You know you love this shit  
Take it to what we spit  
The thuggin don't stop

[Verse 3: Krayzie]

I heard a silent motherfucka creepin up from behind ya  
Bet ya didn't think that I'd find ya, huh?  
With a nine or pump (pump, pump, pump) your shit'll be  
fucked  
And I ain't even popped the goddamn trunk (trunk)  
I bet they never saw a nigga bring the heat and be so  
cool  
Freeze everything, nigga don't move  
You can choose to be a fool and try to get away  
But never make it out the room when the pump go  
BOOM!  
Fuckin 'em up, scream "fuck the world" while I cuff my  
nuts  
Real niggaz don't lie, hit 'em in the mind, everytime  
goddamn we live  
Send 'em to the graveyard, who gonna save y'all?  
Matter of fact motherfucka who paid y'all  
You runnin up on them niggaz you know gonna bust  
back?  
Take no more shorts fuck that (fuck that)  
Pistol control, we roll streets of the all know  
If they run up I'll pop get your hand out my pocket  
For the glock, glock shot 'em all on the floor  
You dealin with some motherfuckin real niggaz  
Thrill niggaz, we'll kill niggaz if they wanna kill me  
Still runnin with the AK-47 ain't shit changed  
Still got the same artillery  
Bust at them bastards (bastard)  
Me and Boss steady breakin it off in they asses (in they  
ass)  
Wanna see me get glasses (glass)  
Cause I be all in your face but you walk right past me  
(past me)  
But that let a niggaz know they don't really wanna  
swang them thangs  
Fuckin wit them thugs, the thugs... nigga the thugs,  
what?

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

[Verse 4: Boss]

Bare witness to Mrs. Gangsta  
We're gun-toaters, blunt smokers, big bank folders,  
and high rollers  
Quick to burn off into toaster for fun, this bitch  
Judges wanna post as gorilla  
Pimps, killers, and soldiers roll  
You don't slip and we thought that we told ya  
Know what Thug Luv nigga to bone ya  
They can run your shit and bend a corner, scatter and  
spread  
Like mustard jam them buzzards up and leave 'em  
smothered  
Quick friends gats find ya like bookie and they down  
with me like fo' flat  
Y'all niggaz got nuts, our niggaz got nuts

So we can go nut for nut see who first to crack and split  
Like ya down like wipers  
'Fore the motherfuckin piper pay the bitch

[Verse 5: Krayzie]

You motherfuckas feelin to feel it  
Thugline put it down keepin it the real it  
And I ain't really trippin of these niggaz  
They say they gonna get me yet they miss me  
(What?) Cause I've been here niggaz thuggin  
Waitin for you motherfuckas to come bring it to me  
Fuck waitin I'ma mingle with it  
The nine millimeter and plenty more haters  
If any more niggaz roll up put the cut I'm fuckin 'em up  
When I hit 'em with the pump don't duck you gonna die  
Fuck you, die, buck you, die  
Reload, unload one more time  
Hit him with the pump make sure he dead  
He bled blood, we bail  
Ask me if a nigga prepared for war hell yeah

[Chorus 'til fade]

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