

Dirk Wiedemann Feat. The ö La Palöma Boys

"Thugz All Ova Da World"

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(Chorus)

All over the world

(We all over, we all over, we all over...)

All across the nation, cross the nation, cross the nation

(We all cross the nation, nation, nation, nation...)

Thugs all over the world

We all over the world

All across the nation

(We all across the nation, nation.nation, nation...)

(Krayzie)

Nigga, you ask 'em they gon' tell you who the thuggish
ruggish

They love us

You hater, I bet you won't say fuck you us to our faces

Bitch, and ball up your knuckles 'cause we can work

Too many niggas be thinkin' that I won't bomb back at
ya

Thinkin' I'm a rapper, actor

Think I won't blast 'em?

Shit, I'm always ready to bomb back on bustas

I got my gun

So test me if you're tryin' to prove that you ain't scared
to die

Nigga, what?

Who the, who the thugs?

Y'all punk muthafuckas ain't got no nuts

I only be dealin' with real niggas

Them other niggas, they get they ass put in check

When they try to flex and disrespect me

And that's when I gotta get even with niggas,
retaliation

I bet I will see you again, and nigga, your day is gon'
come

But, man, y'all niggas ain't ready for drama

But I'm a put it on Mama

Nigga, you try run up on me

Then I gotta shot your head off

I'm keepin' a gun on me daily

Cause if you got my niggas' wrong

Then they sure gon' try to take it

(Chorus)

(Treach)

As far as 50 greatest emcees ever, they gave me 32
Like they don't know how these dirty judge get thirty
They must be shady baby naw just maybe a stunt
The greatest producers, and didn't mention ?? once?
The greatest groups of all time
Stop you're cryin', sporty, find a shorty
Fucked up by not namin' Naughty
Pass the mask, the glock you faggots better stop
Blaze the page out of 50 If it rock and glock
Tryin' to fuck me I'm a fuck you wearin' rubber
Tell 'em niggas at the mags that I ain't sharin' a cover
Bring troops and boots from chrome coupes to hoops
That's us, like namin' emcees and boostin' passed the
news
Run through wussy pussy, and better ya
There's the predator, rhymes to better ya, blah!
Where's the editor?
Once a year proof that they're easy to swallow
And I'll bet you'll have a different view of emceein'
tomorrow
Thugs all over the world!

(Chorus)

(Krayzie)

Now I done been all over the nation
Kicked it with real soldiers that's 'bout they paper
Had to be so many of these fakers
Had to quickly shake 'em
Knew what I had to do
Said, "Nigga, look the year is '99"
And I'm dead serious about my business, shit is gettin'
ridiculous
They gotta be ready to pop, pop, pop, pop the 9
millimeter
Keep your weapon next to the pocket that you keep
your profit in
While we fuckin' with niggas that's naughty
Haters look, saw that Treach and Leather Face
We comin' to get the riot started

(Treach)

Since I been around the cadaver
Gather matters just wait
See I splattered the matter, rat-tat-tat-tat and shoot 'em
in shake
See I'm comin' like a rhino

Pass the fine ho
We fucked in Illinois, right outside of Chicago
Got rhymes out the ass so find a lasso
I can either rap, ride, rush, war, riddle, or rastle
Leave in line, the ass-whippins with extra clips
Clips with my nigga Krayze Bone with some thugged-
out shit
To my thugs all over the world!

(Chorus til fade)

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