

Disco Tex & His Sex O Letters

"Pimps, Thugz, Hustlaz & Gangstaz"

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(Chorus)

If you a pimp nigga, pimp them hoes
If you a thug, you better get ready for war
If you a hustla, make your dough
If you a gangsta, let your gun smoke

(Krayzie)

Took a trip out to Texas and I find real niggas remind
me of mine
A nigga can vibe, 'cause y'all some cold ass playa
playas
Hey, there Mo Thug and we gotsta give 'em some love
So now you're dealin' with the big pimps and the thugs
You get up too close and we fuckin' you up
You don't really want that 'cause I know these ain't no
hoes you fuckin' with
Touched down and got with the realest niggas in the
town
Now look who's in the Suave House
Yes it's truly-yours, Mister Sawed-Off Leatherface
A warrior ready for war, a natural soldier boy
Ready to move out, nigga
Ready to get with the shoot out
In the meanwhile I still gotta make me some money to
get by
Yeah I thought to connect, and hooked up with MJG
made money
Cause all that other shit don't mean a thing to me
But try to run up and I'm leavin' you stunned
Nobody will know who shot that punk
Cause I'm gonna dump it and run
Put him on the pave
And hey, that nigga that did it was wearin' a Leather
Face
And not to be played with
Whatever you claim you better get paid
Shit

(Chorus)x2

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(MJG)

Who be I?

The nigga who pimpin'-a plenty of hoes
Look at the size of the bank that he hold
Natural born mind control
False niggas' gang blown away
It makes you wonder why niggas be hatin'
They jealous, they fellas be lookin' to take you under
It seems like the more that we get
You come with that shit
Lookin' for ways to drive us insane confusin' our brain
I'm settin' up traps for rats who snatch cheese
Fly like a trapeze artist
Tell 'em to bring it on I comes the hardest
MJG, pimp, runnin' with Bone dividin the throne
Regardless of niggas who stand in my path I'm bringin'
it on
Recitin' the lyrical gift
The shit that give me the bitches, the money, the cars
How do you know when you're goin' too far
?
The further you get, the further you are
Shit, I breaks in half crook niggas
Don't make me laugh
Now, huh, which ones the head and, huh, which one's
the ass
?
Where your bitch at
?
Collectin' my cash
Now who would've know that the bitch is a hood-rat
Increasin' my stash, leavin' you fast
You're thinkin' I'm slippin', I'm grippin' the Tech
Look at the bullets
They rippin' his vest open puttin' a hole in his chest
In piece is that nigga decide to rest
I'm leavin' you grievin', believin' in pimpin'
The shit that I got is the shit that I'm given
Constantly livin' that life of a thug
Drinkin' the Hen, smokin' the bud

(Chorus)x2

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(Layzie Bone)

Too many fake niggas done tried to contend
And then again, pinned that they couldn't win
Ken took it to the head with a fifth of Hen now I'm in the
wind
500 Benzo, we roll, roll
Rod J came through with the Mack-10
Wish trippin' when I pulled out the glock
You know that all of my niggas be ready this pop-pop
Comin' with the heat cocked, 'cause it never did stop
Everybody I know out lookin' for a come up
We creep it's deeper than the way you perceive a
thug, no love
Take a nigga through the mud everytime I try him from
my wordly grudge
What
?
Nigga well bust till the point of no return
I'm out here swangin', paper chasin'
Erasin' my poverty and I gotsta be that soldier claimin'
Mo
Even though it get hectic respect it
Nigga, knock my struggle, uh-oh
They'll gets more chaos and I won't stop till I piece this
puzzle
I'm a go gather up all lost souls show 'em the way to
the road to be real
Give 'em a deal, train 'em to kill
Haters meet and my soldiers in a battle field
We marchin' ready for war fuck the law they ain't on
our side
Hell yeah, we can meet up at the district
I'm bringin' it to you ready to die
See, I am so sick of oppression
Shit ain't changed Little Lay still stressin'
No question clutchin' there no more weapon
Cause the po po wanna sweat my blessings and uh
Youll probably feelin the sense of some danger
But I'm bringin' the sense of an angel to the table
Watch me put it down for Mo
And them Suave House niggas
So, willin and ready to make a few dollars and split a
few wigs
If that's what it is
You better be mindin' your business or be beggin'
forgiveness
You know all I'm sayin is just don't fuck with me, man

(Chorus)x2

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(Eightball)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Bone Thugs

Mo Thugs

Eightball, the fat mack, and MJ-fuckin'-G

The realest nigga alive, yeah

Thuggin', pimpin', bitch this shit don't stop

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

All over the motherfuckin' world and back again, bitch

Space-Age forever

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