

Dj Keoki

"Thugline"

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[Krayzie Bone]

Still thuggin' with the thugs, the thugs, the thugs
(If you feel this scream mo! All my niggas on the
Thugline, Thugline)
Aint a damn thing changed
And if you niggas wanna get some, get some
(If you feel this scream mo! All my niggas on the
Thugline, Thugline)
Count me down for your thing

[Verse 1: Relay]

Motherfuck y'all niggas hating on me, hatin' on me no
no
Gotta grin but I pin swollen eyes so fuck them crooked,
crackin' po-pos
Kick down doors on our goals, don't forget them bowls
Keep business to myself cause it's best if no one knows
I trust no hos and trust no nigga, niggas either
Try to take my weed I got more power than She-Ra
Dirty south diva, I rise like Mya
My high starts coming down I smoke some more and I
get higher
La la la, they beat this weed and they set fire
Ganja makes me loose cause I'm live like a wire
I never share attire, keep passing me them things
Let's get 'em! Put that heat to they mouths like some
wings
Straight out Decatur, gonna get some cheese and fuck
the fame
Straight out Decatur, you got drama you know my
name
Now close your eyes and listen to Sleekly rhyme
You got five, I got five, let's go get a dime
Uh, uh

[Verse 2: Relay]

A-T-L! I got to do something to get my point heard
(heard)
I put my pen down and let the folks hear my words
(words)
Don't call me no joker, don't call me no nerd (nerd)

Cause I be going deeper than the others you heard
(heard)
Cause this ain't in ya head, bumpin' in ya head knockin'
(knockin')
I keep the brothers jockin'(jockin') even though they
guns be knockin'
Got to block it, throw my hands up and we dip it up and
brawl
Talking all that nonsense, not being heard by me at all
(at all)
Nigga in your drawers, I rise but my name's not Mya
(Mya)
And I's a tight female, don't need to smoke to get you
higher
They beggin' for attention (attention), while I beg to
differ (differ)
They nervous when I'm lurking and your body be stiffer
I plot by myself (self), my thoughts so dangerous (-
rous)
You gotta be lyrically tight if you wanna hang with us
(us)
Can't sit on my ass when I know I must be heard
(heard)
My pen's been put down and now my mouth hustle
words (words)
(Nigga, nigga, nigga, niggas)

[Chorus: Krayzie Bone]

So you can go bring anything you want to (want to, want
to)
We can do this however, whenever you want to (you
know we got it, got it)
Or we can act the fool if that's what you want to do
Cause real niggas on the Thugline, Thugline (Thugline,
Thugline)
You can bring anything you want to (cause if you want
it, we got it)
We can do this however, whenever you want to (you
know we got it, got it)
Or we can act the fool if that's what you want to do
Cause real niggas on the Thugline, Thugline (Thugline,
Thugline)

[Verse 3: Relay]

Little Miss on a passion stabbin', nabbin' niggas
I know how to react
And be the one who peeping out them player haters in
the back
And I'm attacking -tacking, yes and I'm relaxin' when
I'm HIGH
Krayzie Bone and Relay done hooked up this shit cause

my my my
Relay is coming 'round the corner
Better run for cover or you're gonna be a goner
Bet on it nigga
We doin' this shit to get richer quicker
Now pull that trigger
Hittin' the sides of niggas
I raise and peace, it's notorious bitch

[Verse 4: Relay]

Tell me something about any rapper and in a heartbeat
I would
Snap at the baddest when I rhyme and Relay up to no
good
Rappers should value this beat and in this rhyme game
it seem
Aint no other four because we'll straight up bust out the
scene
Straight out Decatur where it's grater and it can't get no
better
Unless you headed to downtown, the land to go make
some cheddar
In everyway and everyday you hear these girls but a
rap
Or rhyme, or flow, or just whatever you may call, we
gon' snap (snap)

Cleveland and ATL done hooked up, this shit is buck
So nigga what? Krayzie's 'bout to bust
Cleveland and ATL done hooked up, this shit is buck
So nigga what? Krayzie's 'bout to bust

[Verse 5: Krayzie Bone]

Now you know we can get high (high), so high that's my
thing (so high)
Mr. Sawed-off Leatherface the name, thuggish when I
claim
Staying away from all these lames
And these player haters steady inflictin' pressure on
the brain
But my mentality can't be faded; I play it so fucking
smooth
I got my mind just like chess and I concentrate on every
move
And every rule that they wrote we break 'em, believe
me
That's why so many niggas fall off for flossin'
And going against their boss man
Too many chiefs and no Indians
So when I roll I'm mostly solo
And I know that .44 stay mighty close

Just touch on my door ho and you'll be greeted by
heaters
Millimeters pop pop pop pop!
Mo! Thug Mothership presents: Thugline niggas
Bone Thugs-N-Harmony still live niggas
And I got my troopers suited and ready, Relay!
Up in this motherfucker marchin', marchin', marchin',
marchin'
Bombing on bitches
People be sayin'
And if you think we playin'
Run up and take your chance to die, it's in your hands
Blow for blow we let these motherfuckers know
They know whether they male or female I don't roll with
no ho (no ho)

[Chorus]

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