

Fritz Beckmann & Peter Greuder**"Mo Thuggin'"**

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Yeah, Poetic Hustla'z (Hustla, Hustla)
Thought we was gon' fall?
Right back at ya
Yeah, yeah (Hustla, Hustla...)
Aw, shit
It's over now

(Chorus)
I'm just a Hustla from C-Town
And my life's been turned around
'Cause we're Mo Thuggin', Mo Thuggin
We're Mo Thuggin, Mo Thuggin'

[Boogy Nikke]
Niggas gettin' recruited
Holdin' guns, 'cause they comin' for me
Drinkin' my love, because the trust is muthafucka
(Would ya die for me?)
FBI: Fuckin' Bitches In need
Try not see me innocent, on Hennessy, niggas
It's time to breathe, Mo Thug to the top
We be the best, muthafucka
Giddyup 'fore I touch ya
Never trust y'all for nothin'
The Lord done blessed me, muthafucka
Got the tear to show it, busta
Cleveland rock, muthafucka
Hall of Fame to the top, non-stop
What the fuck you wanna do, bitch?
Lovin' my people, I'd die for my people
I pray for my people
Bitch, what?
And don't test the muthafuckin' Boogy tight as shit
Muthafuckas better pray
Bitch, y'all dyin' and shit
A muthafucka out there
Did slit my nigga T-Rock (we are Mo Thug)
And rest in peace, and when I find 'em
I'm a rip 'em, I'm put my teardrop on it
Yeah, and rest in peace, and to his mama
His dada, I'm paranoid, now

(Chorus)

[Tony Tone]

Sometimes I sit and I wonder
Is my life really movin' too fast?
'Cause I'm feelin' all the jealous
Bitch-made suckas that didn't think we would last
Nineteen-ninety four, we was on the go
And that's for sure
I know you hope and prayin'
That this Mo Thug click don't grow more
But, bitch, we too strong
We hold on, connected by our bones
And let them niggas burn in Hell
That killed my nigga, Tombstone
Your name will live on, and everyday I must say
I do pray, but I wonder why it has to be this way
Trials and tribulations everyday
'Cause Lord, You done bless me with my kids
Don't punish them for the shit that I did
I'm thuggin', that's the way it is
It's crazy livin' life in the streets
That's showbiz, separatin' your friends from foes
And ends and hoes, but those don't know
Don't fuck with pros
These Cleveland bros is ready to roll
Everyday strugglin' to make a winnin' where we fit in
No matter what the situation may be
We still on top
Goin' down in history, Mo Thuggin'

(Chorus)

[Mo! Hart]

Rememberin' the days when times were hard
Hittin' the streets, hustlin' from dusk 'til dawn
My family was right there, right there by my side
No second thoughts ever on our muthafuckin' minds
Doin' what's necessary to keep our fuckin' pockets fat
Our own personal security to watch our backs
Representin' to the fullest
Got my right fist high in the sky
Yeah, you know what it is - Mo Thug 'til I die
Just a Hustla from C-Town, straight doin' my thang
I'm one of the last original thugs
So these nuts must hang
We don't take no shit
Never hesitate to split a nigga's wig
Or for that matter, fuck his bitch
I love for my Mo Thug brothers and sisters

Them was days, and you know that
They will always be with us
Gettin' brewed to keep it all together
Dueces on a square, playa
(Dueces, dueces. I'm next, playa I'm next. I'm next,
playa)

(Chorus)

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