

## Fuckmän

### "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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