

Funk Lyrics by Clash

"Mighty Mo Thug"

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[Souljah Boy]

Mo...

'Cause we must be, must be Mo Thug (gotta be Mo Thug)

I said it must be, must be, yeah

Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (gotta mighty Mo Thug)

I said it must be, must be, gotta be

Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (It's got to be...)

I said it must be, must be, yeah

Gotta be mighty Mo Thug (It's got to be...yeah)

I'm a hit it with the thang y'all

Bright, ya'll, leave your lights on

I'm headed for the background

When I'm runnin' through a touchdown like Mike Prewitt

Wonder how we doin' it to prove it?

Guess who, and it's this doin' nothin'

But the quick pull-ups

And you get full of some bullets snitch split

Put that ass in ditch, flip, ?

You're dead. I'm too swift

Lit your block up like Christmas trees, you offendin' me

You were no kin to me, you my enemy

As a matter of fact, you off key

And all I see is R.I.P

Fin to jack those, lookin' for the backdoor

Fin to act up, when you got robbed

You ain't fast enough

Take ten paces back and watch me blast shit up

Enough about my section, without directions

Got to catch 'em, got to fetch 'em like a dog would do

Roof, roof, you oughta be amazed

And dazed at all the shit I've been through

That's why I pick you to be the listener

Bendin' the rules that I be makin'

Think they're real, but they're fakin'

I'm a killa, cap peeler, the realer

Bow down, and I'm about to get with ya

Sit back with the guys, smoke a Swisha

Motivate and contemplate how

I'm a have to go get ya (multiple personality)

I'm a keep it on the realer
So you can feel the straight up pain (straight up pain)
That's with it (that's with it)

(Chorus)

[Souljah Boy]
Now, see me y'all
I got much style
Souljah Boy in the house with the big mouth
Make your chick bow low down
Now, who's the girl in my ?
Then I roll out, let them know now that
Um, you distur-, -turbed in the brain
It isn't worth it - to battle me it'll take fists
But believe it: we can hurt you
Sharp pains to your chest, man, layin'
"Oh, you think we're impressed with your thing?"
I can see straight through you like water
Souljah Boy, Mo Thug be ready for the slaughter
(deadly)
Little nigga hear the fall out
It's gonna cost ya (it's gonna cost ya)
In a coffin, and aroused up (gotcha)
Tossed up, bust the lead, bring the guns
If you're hittin' hard, I be hittin' hard

(Chorus)

[Layzie]
Niggas droppin' like bricks
And I'm not to be fucked with
Click's so thick, we split you off, ripped
Nigga, go in your pockets, and I take your chips
Bitch, I flip the script, or straight dip
Steady mobbin' to the next spot
After we wreck, shot call
The line's so long it's to the next block
Roll a Lex coupe, so swoop, and Benz drop-top
Niggas be starin', tryin' to see what Mo Thug got
Picture me rollin', strollin'
Nigga with a posse full of platinum players
Everywhere it's smoke in the air
Nigga cross town on the way to the Clair
Even down the way, they smoke a pound a day
With my diamonds on the world
Comin' through a nigga hood
Niggas got sacks, tryin' to kick it, blueback
Soldiers, sell me somethin' good
Now I'm feelin' alright
Do it all night long

Kick it to the break of sunlight
If it ain't done right, nigga we come hype
Sendin' niggas invitations to a gunfight
Nigga, bring it on
Souljah Boy and Layzie Bone gonna stay lookin'
Lovely with about fifty million niggas
That'll pump me, bump me
'Cause, nigga, it must be

(Chorus)

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