

## Los Cojones

### "Lift Ya Glass"

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\* album still forthcoming, compilation available

Intro:

Let me ask you a question: Have you ever been  
shackled on a bus?  
Are you afraid to die? Most of y'all niggas never did  
bids. Your hands  
never got dirty. Me, myself, I'm a thug - and I live and  
die for this  
shit. 25 To Life - the entity - forever and ever. Yo...

Imam T.H.U.G.:

Yo, they label us bastards  
Raised in pen maxes  
Hydro - blow 'til I burn in platinum ashes  
Make it hard for niggas who blast, try and get at this  
Two-Five - flooded with thugs in black mas'es  
Station me ?, pants sag, divine masters  
Comin' with drugs - o.d., your brain's captured  
See my life condemned to weed and chrome biscuits  
Ghetto sheist' fake emcees and crack infants  
Murder one - killer disease my life sentence  
Exit one - enter with truth, combined vengeance  
Who'd ever think - we could blow and be spectacular?  
Thug blazin' my gun, still comin' after ya  
Tackle ya - bent, I snatch you out the Acura  
Or Lex' bubble - scuffle, rise when you tumble  
Bloodsucker - won't be sweet when mine's touch ya  
Now pass that - lyrically strapped, attack that

Chorus(x2):

Yo, black gloves, black mask  
Sit at the table like the Maffia and life ya glass  
When it's time to go to war, who be the first to blast?  
Real niggas shoot first and ask questions last

Tragedy Khadafi:

Yo, my last days on the Earth, bury me in the Bridge  
My worst fear is a stray bullet killin' a kid

Born and raised where the fiends live  
My pops did a state bid  
All my niggas is locked and full of hatred  
We can't make it  
Caught in the beast, tied naked  
That's why I spit immortal thug shit on every record  
It's thug apparel  
Resurrect the crime pharaoh  
My thoughts travel  
Like hollow tips through the barrel  
It's all official  
I hold a laser beam tryin' to hit you  
My team died and came back, that's how we come to  
get you  
My Arab missile penetratin' through your body tissue  
Kidnap your wife and your kids - make it a foul issue  
Crime rate, violate, guerrilla mind state  
We all tryin' to escape - clappin' at the jakes(pap)  
The holy wars - my soul be inside of yours  
For all my niggas who brawl - locked behind the walls  
For all my niggas who brawl - locked behind the walls

Chorus(x2)

Yo, yo  
My life every day livin' Henney and weed  
I know I need to slow down my speed  
The police break me off with somethin' I don't need  
Have me caught up in the law 'til I'm forced to bleed  
My niggas fall on the floor and give Allah they plea  
While this black cloud follows everywhere I be  
Have me scared up in the mirror at the man I see  
Flip constantly - 'cause my lady killed my seed  
Took his life - 'fore he even had a chance to breathe  
Said she killed him 'cause she didn't want him growin'  
like me  
Like the Godfather Part III as far as I see  
Try to stop me? I thought we had love, acqui  
Older niggas comin' home, younger niggas get stuck  
It's like - havin' weed and not havin' a dutch  
Type fucked up - knowin' that you could get bucked  
Leave the 'hood, try to come back, and then get stuck  
Leave the 'hood, try to come back, and then get stuck

Chorus(x2)

My friend is losing his mind... for fear of going insane  
My friend is losing his mind... for fear of going insane  
My friend is losing his mind... for fear of going insane  
My friend is losing his mind... for fear

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