

Mo Thugs, Riot

Riot

Flesh-N-Bone:

Yeah, yeah. Unh huh, unh huh, callin' all my trues trues. Mo Thug family bringin' it to ya once again. Callin' all my thugstas, thugstas, thugstas, thugstas and hustlas, hustlas, hustlas. Callin' all my thugstas, thugstas, thugstas, thugstas and hustlas.

We the tightest, trues humbly united, family never divided, we the survivors, Mo Thug riders comin' Lets set it off, start the riot.

My nigga, the Fifth Dog breakin' it off so raw, let me set it off once again. I'm ready for battle, then if it's on with the war, then let the games begin. My friend, you feelin' the wrath Mo Thugs steady bring. When we hit the scene, we gonna hit everything. Listen to the fat lady sing. It'll be over, so tell 'em why. You better get out of my way, clear my path, my nigga. Put 'em in a bullet bath, wig-splitters. If niggas run up I blast my trigger. Ready and willing, so lets ride. I'm buckin' and killin' police, leave 'em in the streets with their badges all bloody, fuck 'em all, ain't no peace. Strapped with heat on thugs, I roll with the nines, it's time to get with ya. Bet I won't miss ya, bullet hit ya. Better hope you survive, when I come get ya.

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We on the mash, collectin' cash. At last, my niggas, we finally made it up out of the ghetto. But I want cheddar, and I never knew none could fade it. Rollin' with gauges, and a whole lot of ammunition in my trunk. If there's any chalk left when I get done, I'll reach in my shit and won't fake to dump. I flippin' my people down your block, thugsta mentality straight from the Glock Glock. Let off my heat, pop shot 'til the cop drop, daily, my shit don't stop. Who aim to try and tame me? I'm gonna mangle 'em, then bang they brain, and strangle fools who don't know the name. I crept and I came with game. I'm tellin' y'all, fuck the fame. I'm out to get paid, that's what I envision. Givin' you hit, you fin to listen, nigga, my trues still on the mission, yeah.

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Let's carry out will after will. My deals are handled, fulfilled with a mighty power. Up against forces of evil, and we have been waitin' at last for the final hour. How I pray to the Lord, heavenly Father, will they have mercy? I'd rather disperse you into the line of fire, we gon' lay a buck where they hurt you. Hit 'em with a curse and you got glocks, steady servin' niggas murda mo. Givin' up shots to the Double Glock all day long. Niggas steady drop Pz from Cleveland, fuck, touch these. The original St. Clair thugstas, and we put Cleveland on that goddamn map, steady got back for nothin' Now, bustas, yeah, come stumble into my world, see, we can have peace, and we can have harmony. Cause any harm to me, we can afford, 'cause I got a army, nigga.