

Yukmouth, Thugged Out

Yo! Let's do this!

Uh!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Ha!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Ha!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Regime nigga!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out
the Regime up in this bitch!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out
first nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out.

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out
first nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out.

Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*

I do this for the
real killas, and drug dealers
affiliated wit Mobb niggas, and blood spillas
put a slug through you tough niggas
1-800-Thugs-R-Us
no Dragon tattoo on you, nigga
no love from us
in thugs we trust
niggas get rushed like hot whitend snuff
up yo nose
I fuck up yo flows
leave my competition ass froze
we tag on they toes
I'm as cold as Pocinos
enemies get tied to a pole, blind fold then I unload.

Verse 2 *(Tech N9ne of the Regime)*

Thugged Out

My choppers oblivion
speakin the opposite of Carribean in Tropolis
poppin my z-z in
true clocker from welfare recipiants
type of a crispy
an anamalistic Tupac-er
my race Caristian
Jedi rhyme
the way I spits ahead of my time
give me a Billboard, an you bet I climb
you mutha fuckas
I love rukus
thug, makin you hug crutches
stayin away from you nothin but bum bustas
the empire is back an we bugged out
Phats, Keke, Maxx, Poppa L.Q., Gonzoe an my nigga Yukmouth
these bitches beggin me to come to Menage

A Trios

but Muslims hear us say, "hum to Allah"
they fly, that's on the crew nigga
you cannot block the Regime from makin knots, no matter what you do
nigga

ya black an blue nigga

undercovers like Malik Yoba

lyrically Nina's usin a force like Yoda!

Verse 3 *(Madd Maxx of the Regime)*

Nigga this Madd Maxx

you cross the Regime, you get yo life took

we get it fuck the good book

true thug niggas that turned to real crooks

robbin the microphone, you get yo brain shook

I told ya we takin over soldier
a sober niggas rollin Rover's
me, Ke, Gonz, Yuk, Tech 9, an Phats on ya
all ready wit the caulked gage, buggin out Oklahoma
fuck a Corona
we drinkin 8-Balls until we fall out
if you got a problem wit the Regime, your souls called out
we all out for war
these niggas don't want no more
I'm takin over like Michael Jordan
an I'm the first to score
so fuck you fake ass niggas who be plannin a plot
I take yo block over
wit the nitroglycerian rock
they got us fucked up.
Verse 4 *(Phats Bossalini of the Regime)*
They got us fucked up
I've been tough
since a young buck
nothin to prove
lots of pain plus some war cuts
it ain't shit, but a thang to me
dangerously
I play the man you claim to be
niggas strike back
gun fight, we had to hype back
this is the Phats see dream like a Fat Kat
they wanna funk, we get dressed in black
caulk the strap
screamin Regime til they bust back
it's Mobb-symboly, I die you remember me
tatted wit Dragons in a custom coffin Bently
simply
I'm down to blast so don't tempt me
I'm hella drunk, an hella blown off the geniti
fuck wit me
see these killas in mine
buildin this shrine
to feed these fuckin children of mine
uh
look in my eyes
as I bleed the Regime nigga
(Regime nigga, Regime nigga)
havin a pile of money machine.
Verse 5 *(Poppa L.Q. of the Regime)*
No I've never been to the pen
but I did a county bid
an I ain't dumb enough to speak on the dirt I've did
guess somebody caught the killer before the police did
find him in the car leakin from dope over split wigs
deadly lyrics to spit
makin sure the killas feelin my shit
explicit lyrics an adult content
shot callas representin at all the major events
and gang bangin got the streets juss way too tense
I learned to deal wit it
I'm in the Fields, windows tinted on my wheel wit the steel in it
we keep puffin an rollin real wit it
that jury linin, showcasin our diamonds to benifits
of a long time grindin, enjoyin the fruits of our labor
and rented suits from my tailors
some young playas, strivin for greater
you know it's all bad
let's make it all good
pushin the Cavvy to touch the Navvi wit the leather an wood

it's Regime nigga!
Verse 6 *(Yukmouth)*
The hardest nigga from the "O"
my flow is certified theme music for organized crime
niggas that burglurised banks, and murdered guys for they pies
reach for the sky
techniques like Robert DeNiro in "Heat";
Karl Kani's
no disguise, in the middle of the street
buckin at police
fuck police
got a Range Rove jeep
wit 12 open faced gold teeth
a Rolex piece
Cuban Links, crops, an bracelets
but that ain't shit, to leave a nigga naked, duct taped wit they bitch
in the basement
Where the safe is?
Big faces
cops raided, but ended up gettin they fuckin squad car grenaded
You want blazed shit?
I spit the nitroglycerian
that's smoother than a pair of new cinnamon Timberlands
get Benjamin's
but be no P Diddy
I'm from a city called Weed City
see these Regime niggas be wit me
fuck Christy juss Remmy
true thugs do drugs an come up wit hits
like Jimmi Hendricks
shock the world like Snoop at No Limit
Yuk signed to Rap-A-Lot, yeah nigga
I ain't a playa, I juss mack-a-lot
pack the gat
tryin to snatch yo watch in the back of the lot
keep my shit for underground fragment rock
jackpot J struck it rich hit the Lottery
the top comidity
blood on wallet be from robbin sprees
rock Phat Farm, wit tats all over my arm
bullet wounds like a nigga fresh back from Nam
yo nigga get yo mash on. (echos out)
(talking)
[How old were you, Mr. Washington when you hit the streets permanatly?]
Maybe 10.
[How did you live?]
I became a runner.
[A drug runner.]
That's right.
[Could you give us a description of how you lived, the next few
years.]
I kinda moved up. I lived where the money goes. Then I got busted, 2 and
1/2 in ??
[And when you got out.]
I got a piece of turf to myself. Took it. One block at a time. Nobody
stopped me.