

Mo Thugs, No Pretender

Damn man, I see all them mothafuckin police, dogg. Mothafuckaz comin down here, dogg, fa real. They only way down this mothafucka, now I'm gon' serve them mothafuckaz. It's on like ah mothafucka, dogg, I'm tellin ya. It ain't down. They gettin tha...Comin on dogg, they gettin tha....shit! Pull tha shit. Damn. Here dey come, dogg, here dey come

Krayzie

It's gon' be that, you know? Hell yeah, gimme that mothafucka, man (let's get ready for these mothafuckaz). These bitches and niggaz, shit. Let's take they mothafuckin head off, right here, though, it's on. Aight, nigga i'm tryin to load this mothafucka. Damn, nigga, it's comin off. It's on. It's on. What's up? What's up, mothafucka (you mothafucka, fuck you, get up)

Chorus

(gimme some back up) (this way, that way) We no surrender, we no pretender, we bang bang (8x)

Jhaz (from II Tru)

Get right surrenda, no pretenda, II Tru, my crew come thick. Family behind us, you don't wanna see this Mo Thug clique, too swift to be faded, just hated by them foes, throw blows, bow down, hoes, Mo Thug ghetto this life crawls, I'm too cold. Neva catch me slippin, mothafucka set up. II Tru to my dyin day, rollin wit A.J. , Mo Thug love, nigga what. You got yo blue suit, yo got yo nine, but if you pop one time, my true's comin back up tight and I'm ah end minds eye. Nothin, but, one ah tha best females, pumpin in yo hear, fillin tha air, wit nothin but potent ass bust males

Tombstone (from Graveyard Shift)

We strap wit Bone and ah dick, on tha what's of tha rank, strapped wit ah 38 and tech hey man, how we love them techs, ain't gotta dump 'em. But when we find tha mothafuckin snitch, lynch him, head straight foe tha ditch, victim, see we gotta snake tha snitch, goin to tha cut so we can brake ah bitch. How you wanna tha nigga red on his blue suit, fryed when he die, let's show tha nigga he could neva ride or fuck wit tha soldiaz, they glide, on tha Clair side runnin wit guages, flippin ya pages, fuck tha cages, should ah known not to fuck wit tha thugs them militant. Hell yeah, we chill, but we ill to tha sense of livin. Still can't help tha way we roll, in tha land so cold, everybody singin tha devil song along tha road

Boogie Nikke (from Poetic Hustlaz)

I'm takin tha lives of all them seargents, luitenants, we pin this. How far, while you runnin to go, when you test us, we test nuts, boy. Betta part tha sea and pin tha scriptures, we're breathin. Gotta get'em where it hurt, gotta get their kids first, I'm ah sell

then beat tha envy in me. I'm wantin yo soul to burn in hell and dwell until tha past they beat you there. Yo family was sold to follow, as I complete my into, on yo people. God bless tha children though, it was business neva personal, betta pray to tha Lord foe yo soul on tha way through tha tunnel of tha light, can you see me, see me

Krayzie

Boy you betta me, tru people, fiendin, feelin when they cough and top drop, their box lock shot.
Toss'em in tha back ah tha hearse, and I wish I could watch tha cops' crooked body rottin. Thugs, wit all them time (time).
Take over tha world, collect tha mind, all tha nigga boys and girls and pearls to anotha dimension, but it really is just us, fuck tha system. It's ya, feel'em and ah, cuz I ain't got time, to be fuckin wit street week leak in mine. And always cool to be thuggin on 99, my parlay be bustin tha niggaz that's on tha ground. Niggaz try to creep up on ah come up, but I betcha nigga come my way, you sprayed, you knew he was real, we really do smoke blunts, we do all tha old stuff, fuck cops a whole bunch. So they wanna die, so we fiend to kill'em at tha cut, we chop him up wit tha m-11, I feel tha pain, we get de guage you g be, fuckin soldia, niggaz is sho', we got tha real shit foe ya. Neva respect'em ready to blow'em out tha town now, come one yall, we take a pow pow dey guaged, dey guaged, we spray, dey lay dey lay, what a wonderful day. But get up, buck, we fuck'em on up, when they pull ya to tha side and they try to put tha cuffs on. That's ah perfect time to get it, pump, then you reach up in tha glove foe ya 'posed and get ya bust on. Let'em feel tha round or hear tha sound of tha 12 guage eruption, destruction we made. Now tha playa gets do, and we got yo pay, yo pay

Chorus