

Mo Thugs, Rumors And War

Two glocks foe tha war, niggaz die foe that infantry
If I lay me down to sleep, I'd die foe that SCT
Mo Murda's jumpin on that Clair side, foe that late night (rumors and war)
Just cannot f**k wit them soldiaz
(repeat)

Boy tried to ride, yeah he died, tha trigger just slipped up on'a my finger tips, now anotha nigga dead, 'cause tha 'lair speak foe itself, it must not be said, tha nigga had me in tha red, but I be damned if tha mud is bud, it's thug, yeah. These warriors and rebels we f**kin slug, yeah. Don't dig in, util we get tha snitches that's hatin tha playaz, neva no tombstone was that slaya, trick ass niggaz, we comin to lay ya. Don't think no one can save ya, tha Yard's ready to grave ya, snap Ripple, den I popped his ass, tha who ins concerned, tha lesson to be learned. You get burned, to a crispy clean and you earn, and you bouncin wit cheese, but I'm sick and tired ah ya niggaz talkin shit. I'm sick and tired ah ya nigga startin shit, rumors and war, just cannot f**k wit dem soldiaz

Put'em all in tha dirt, when tha glock pop slugs, them slippin them box, this chamber, wit my glock cop danger, this hustla, just give it on up to tha guage that Shifta, that soldia, gon' stoke ya, just a level doin homicide and murda, that's tha way Mo Thugs gon' serve ya. You takin that buck, and closin that trunk, I'm sendin that body to hades. I'm slingin mo' slugs, round Mo Thug, bitch, 'cause nigga them crazy. Insane, it's this nigga when I'm havin that chronic. Stayin high, escape tha murderis games we play, them soldiaz live anotha day

Hello hello, infantry. Hello hello, infantry
Nigga can't f**k wit tha SCT's, you nigga can't f**k wit tha SCT's
This clique too mothaf**kin strong, this clique too mothaf**kin strong
My niggaz be thuggin all year long. My niggaz be thuggin all year long
(repeat)

Straight foe destruction, clear dat tunnel foe enternal torch'em into forces, cold deform'em, then distortin, set ah nigga up foe tha slaughter. We get allegiance, keep confusin, dilutin my recavity, try to duck and dodge, don't ever wanna bade your casualty. So I stop, take a breath on tha guage, 'cause ah nigga be damned if I go back in that caver pump'em all, put ah slug on my thug, gotta put them coppaz on off in that grave. And it's much too late, I can't be saved. I tried to pray, so death is the only way, deep in hell is where I'll stay. I saw four torchures, on them mo's and stompin soldiaz, infantry movin in, den we come to destroy ya, Lord ya into a trap, and snap that back. So ya betta be equipped and pack tha gat, don't slack, them skoes, them crack, and'em hurt in tha dirt, now I'm runnin it back

We are Mo thug, we are Mo Thug
Mighty mighty warriors, mighty mighty warriors
Guages loaded, guages loaded
Ghetto bound soldiaz, ghetto bound soldiaz
(repeat)

Flesh

Credit hustlaz them bouncin tha top, and I'm chin up on my glide, foe tha nasty, droppin down to them SCT's, pullin drinkaz on bitches stay down foe double clop it kill ya. Murda plot foe tha money, seven I'm bloody mo red rum, wet'em in ah battle hell and nigga gun gun blast, buck shot blows, you choose, wit ah 44 magnum and it was laughin at you. Laugh in tha mash, foe safety, betch you this race on this, 180's dead and gone, runnin through this punk thug town, dump tha bullets, get ya down, what tha f**k, they wanna test Flesh Bone. Get'em make all bow down grab it,

givin up fort, yeah crazed to tha wasteland (wasteland, wasteland,
wasteland). You see dis so shitty
when tha peepa keep peepin tha creep up and make it, man. And if
you claim that you contain, well
stay foe yo shit, let yo nuts hang, neva leave a gang ah Mo Thug
ass niggaz, stay true to tha shit, let
us ran on crome. Decapitator, playa hata, pap pap in it this life
and I'm rollin. Always remember
souljah boys be pimpin two glocks foe tha war, cockin'em back,
popin'em and bitches be fold it,
foldin, showed you