

Mo Thugs, Souljah Boy

We low down, we low down....

Yeah (yeah) (yeah), Krayzie Bone up in this mothaf**ka (up in this mothaf**ka), up in this mothaf**kin nigga (my mothaf**kin nigga). Souljah Boy, 'bout to shut you hoes down ('bout to shurt you hoes down). You know what it is, Mo Thug clique rollin too damn thick, nigga. What you hoes wanna do? (Ride, die. Die die). Yeah, one ah these nigga, one ah these nigga, one ah these

Chorus

We low down, low down dirty shame, niggaz actin strang, catch a clip to tha f**kin brain (put'em up, put'em up)
(repeat)

Souljah Boy

Souljah Boy, off in this mothaf**ka, piece to point tha bitch may suckaz, thinkin they got enough heat to rush us. I'm ah dust ya, heads off, wit tha blink of an eye, you niggaz gonna die, don't ask me why, but still I try. With th vibe that I be gettin makin wantin get cha spit'n yall shittin down to tha f**kin wide, be wide. You hoes wanna find me my nigga Layzie Bone up pine trees, black eyes see, ain't no comin back, get you some ah that, shit you smokin, get me gigg up, hit it up, hit it up, I'm straight loke, and I'm hopin ah, that all ah yall (all ah yall) bustaz got time to play, my nigga, Tombstone, Krayzie Bone quickin round yo way

Chorus

Krayzie

You to betta be thangs, yo brain, put'em in ah coffin, and that's where they lay, nigga wanna roll, th Bone'd get chrome, (put'em in and rip'em out) that how we play ay. Murder dem niggaz that's plottin around me, holla boy toppin yo body, nigga fillin bless yo soul wit tha 12 guage marks burn, leavin you stiff and cold. Nigga what you gonna do when tha mothaf**kin thugstaz come for you. Ya snooze you loose, to catch that skuzie, nigga fiend to shoot tha po po too, and we do. Runnin wit da nigga wit his finger on tha trigger, but I catch him and fill him wit ammunition. Hit'em wit tha bulle and ah rippin, and to get cha, they miss'em, hey. We down foe tha swang and no fakin, detain'em, we quick wit tha f**ka, you up on my, gauages and uzzies and 357's, we load'em and shoot foe yo head, you die. Niggaz they betta not test me, Leath Face, quick when they pull out this weapon, hey, we leavin'em headless. Respect dem Clair playaz, bitch

Chorus

Souljah Boy

I'm on ah mission, ah mission, I'm swift betta empty my clip, you outta beat an ass with fast as safe mine, neva soldiaz 'bout to rip, ya lit, get hit, 'cause I split, wit yo shit, ain't worried bout a nigga tellin, yellin mothaf**kin than as all you (soldiaz) bitches, rollin ya spliff. 'cause I'll shift, wit my grip, off into a whole new level

Krayzie

Knockin wit mic let cha know ya damn wrong, damn wrong....Rest in peace, and seem to been creepin up on me latey, f**k'n, let's all go crazy, sell we daily, gettin we red lay, my thugstaz, love when we buck pump, put'em on tha ground f**k'em. Krayzie release dem shells, I say say f**ka let's all go to hell. 'cause I got my money, my pistol, my reefa, neva forget my thugs, what. Hey, we slay, we spray

Souljah Boy

We pray, everyday, but still I see, that you and me, just don't
mix, so I grab my grip. I'm ah kill ya
clique, that's tha end ah this
shit. So don't you eva, in ya mothaf**kin life try to test me, it's
neva like Rambo, wit this bullet proof
vest and wit a knife, you
betta respect me. Or we'll complete twice, I'm killin yo wife. Yo
bitch get's knifed just like Lesley,
don't test me, don't press
me, Krayzie Bone pumpin up they chest, g

Yeah, nigga. Yeah, hoe ass niggaz. Yall mothaf**kaz ain't ready foe
this mothaf**kin real thug shit.
You niggaz ain't ready.
Gone (gone) down (down), shut'n shit down (shut'n shit down).
Completely down (completely
down). You hoes didn't know
(you hoes didn't know). Huh? You gotta recognize. St. Clair
Wastland, nigga. F**k yall niggaz, stall
nigga. Yeah. (Wasteland,
wasteland, wasteland) Hoe ass mothaf**kaz, bitches, I'm ready to
kill'em. Soldiaz, we on gank. Can
you feel that? Can you
feel that?