

Mo Thugs, Welcome To My World

Welcome to my world, you know procedure, nothin but playaz and truez, man. It's a jazz thang, and a sister gets wrecked foe her domain. Plain and simple, Ken Dawg rollin wit II Tru, who you wanna brang, come alone or come strapped. You and yo clique are fools, AJ AJ, a shout out to my playa realer. My world'll get wit ya, let tha jazz inside ah me feel ya hit ya. You don't wanna see us, come ball with playaz, no pressure. Come alone and strap me and my crew, we got them street sprayaz, welcome to my world, nothin but tha jazz type class, black Jag wit tha creme brag, zig zag, nope to swisha. AJ is my clique, believe my clique'll get wit ya, no bull man. And once again let me repeat, II Tru foreva, runnin through my veins and every heart beat, sweeta seat. Deep inside, dis mornin just a girl. This Mo Thug clique is tight yall, on tha real welcome to my world

Chorus Welcome to myyyy world (It don't stop right), welcome to myyyy world Welcome to myyyy world, welcome to myyyy world Ken Dawg It's Mo Thug, it's Mo Thug, it's Mo Thug, it's Mo thug, my mind is open chokin on this, hit it, we'll split ah. I gotta bang it, hangin, doin my thang'n, yeah, these nuts swangin. Slangin these thangs, 'cause I'm Ken Dawg from tha C. My and II Tru, gonna fade those fake ass wanna be's. Mo Thug, much love, are bind is so strong, puttin it down in this bitch, until a playa like me gone. Welcome to my world, Henesie until I hurl, got my life on riches, bitches, yeah, and livin thorough, but uh, I'm ah keep it real and keep yah head cracked. Stay blue back, off ah sack, that's ah corner yak. Po po they steadily tryin to put a playa in tha pen, welcome to tha shit you put ah nigga in (right) in in

Chorus

Shoot nothin but hard game, it's ah way that ah sista come up on ah brothaz mental, tru playa to tha end, understand if I gotta get mine, I pimps'em. On tha real, though, bring it runnin game foe tha means of payment, underestimatin this playa make ya wonder where ya stash went, bent, is tha way ya got me, fools, dem rules won't save ya, testin this II Tru technique, rollin wit nothin but playaz. This Mo Thug clique, II Tru be known to brake off much grip. Hard ya flossin them reala treala tracks up in tha 9 6, in my world. Hey tha playaz wanna see hustlaz down fall, jazz get my, back up tightly shot wreckin his with that Ken Dawg, it's my call. When it come to them games, steady but should wiggle it. On top ah tha real, playin tha field, shoot wit my regular freely, believe me. My world only got room for a true, so welcome. Cleveland up in this industry servin wrecks where I come from. Gotta maintain composure, representin what becomes this life that a sister lives, till I reach my point up in this 9 6.

Chorus