

The Game, Chrome Slugs & Harmony

We got London on da Track
Not against rap
We're not against rappers
But we are against those thugs
It's the thuggish, ruggish bone
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Gotta hit 'em up
Give it to 'em like Pac when I dig 'em up
Tell a nigga, "What?" I had call 'em to pick him up
I got them killers with triggers that's waitin' in front of your house 'til the sun down
Hop out the Bentley with figures then walk in the strip club, they can't put the ones down
Nigga, tell the whole club that I Glock
Shot for shot, I'ma air at your block
I'ma put him in a knot
He come with them niggas, I'ma hit him with the dot, dot, dot
Smokin' Cubans, Cubans on my neck, I want pure gun smoke
Let a nigga know, I'ma put a snubnose to a nigga nose
All my soldiers servin' dope
Crackin' eggs, pourin' yolk
Hit the feds with the fifth, going fishin' with the pole
Never snitch, never fold, dragging Chevys on the road
Hittin' switches, hittin' homes
When they smile, you see gold
We kickin' them doors, we wavin' them fours
We came with the blicky, just give me your cash
'Cause niggas be dyin' every twenty-four
Hand to hand with the work 'cause it give and go
So let a nigga know (We got London on da Track)
So let a nigga know
Never slippin', Tune and Herbo, we get the racks

Thuggish, ruggish
Thugged out (I'm thuggin')
Thugged out, yeah
Thugged out (I'm thuggin')
I'm thugged out, yo
Thugged out (Bitch, I'm thuggin')
Thugged out, yeah
Thugged out (Bitch, I'm thuggin')
I'm thugged out

Murder (I'm thuggin'), a bloody murder (She thuggin')
Murder (I'm thuggin'), a bloody murder (She thuggin')
Murder, I'm thugged out, thuggin'
I'm thuggin' (Murder), yeah
I'm thugged out, thuggin', yeah

Herbo, I'm with the rump, skip bump
Gang bang on my block, I'm one of one
Paid homage to my opps, they got slump
Went to school with a Glock when I got jumped
Momma told me to stop, I'm her only son
Hit to do a five shots, it was only fun
Homicide came by, I was on a run
And when shit got hot, we let off a drum
I did everything under the sun

I walk on the moon
Make the whole crowd move when I walk in a room
Got two new coupes, when I start 'em and vroom
And that S580, I'm coppin' it soon
I hop out the 'Vert when I'm pop into work
Nigga run up on me, he gon' pop in his tomb
Send his momma balloons, I'm mobbin' with goons
I yell, "Fuck twelve" like I'm talkin' to noon
I'm thuggin' for life
I'm just twenty-six, I went against the government twice
I'm covered in ice
Ain't none of us nice, I'll die for my brothers tonight
Stay humble, I might
I'm really that nigga, take fire and cover the mic
It's blood in my sight
I laid in the dark and just try and come to the light

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It's about to be a murder, a bloody murder
This baby chopper eat a nigga like some Gerber
And ain't a handgun but I'm palmin' it, normally, I tote an armory
And this Tommy gun on me, prefer that you call him, "Thomas"
And them long guns spit like Bone Thugs, leave you boneless, nigga
Pick you off like pepperoni, nigga
I got horsepower, you a pony, nigga
I ain't got opponents, nigga
Meet me at the crossroads 'cause you ain't on them corners, nigga
Thuggin' since Bone Thugs, been young thug to a grown thug
Bone a bitch like PornHub
She gon' miss me like Uncle Charles' blood
M squeeze, I just lick 'em off
M-D, all these meds I'm on
Chuck Ts, got the ravens on 'em
Big Bs, call me, "Brazy Bone," yeah
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Big Bs, call me, "Brazy Bone," yeah
M squeeze, I just lick 'em off
Big beam, got the ribbon on
Big B, call me, "Brazy Bone," yeah

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