

# Yukmouth, Thug Lordz

f/ C-Bo

\* send corrections to the typist

[C-Bo]

C'mon niggaz

Yeah

The Thug Lordz in this bitch

Get up... salute nigga, 21 salute nigga holla..

THUG... LORDZ!

Niggaz that ride or die for their coast, nigga

Yeah, put ya head to the street

Put ya head to the street nigga, holla...holla

THUG... LORDZ!

Thug Lordz in this bitch

Regime niggaz

West Coast Mafia niggaz

Yeah, untouchable niggaz man

C'mon niggaz, C'mon niggaz. Ha.

[Verse 1: C-Bo]

Check, my uzi weigh a ton I hits 'em up an I run

I'm loco, I keep a guns caulked in the lo-lo

I'm King Tut of the hood

cuz everytime I drop a record dog

Shit I bring it to the gut of the hood

An I ain't never backed down, so don't test me dog

Cause I'm a nut, an keep a Smif-N-Wesson pressed in pause

all these faggot ass rappers keep yappin they jaws

Yeah they the shit cuz when they see me they just crap in they drawers

yeah that nigga 50 he hot, but I heard he's a snitch

And he ran up under that white boy, I heard he's a bitch

An I ain't seen him in the hood, no where in the Valley

No House of Blues, or Peanuts, he scared of them alleys

Heard he copped his rims and 'Big O' tires in the hood

Surrounded by police, wearin wires in the hood

Heard they ran him outta New York, and he's comin to Cali

No glocks and cigs, just lots of pigs

Eh nig, your rap career will not outlast Pac and Big's

Yeah you fuckin wit some kids that ain't scared of the bricks

You in there, four-fifth kick dead in the bricks

Thug Lordz'll have ya hit, split dead in a 6, c'mon

[Chorus: C-Bo]

THUG... LORDZ!

Gettin this money like a motherfucker ready for war

we'll never snitch

never flip

never quit my click was heaven sent wit Mac-11's to

hit when we dip they holla..

THUG... LORDZ!

Gettin this money like a motherfucker ready for war

we'll never snitch

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never quit my click was heaven sent wit Mac-11's to

hit when we dip they holla..

[Verse 2: Yukmouth]

Yeah..

If the boss wants you dead, then it's off wit ya head

'specially a bitch nigga that talk to the feds

'specially a bitch nigga that walk wit the feds

to award shows cause niggaz bout to toss him some lead

You niggaz think the West coast is just Dre an Xzibit

They aight, but pay attention Thug Lordz handle they business

We the realest from the Gardens to the Village

Make the hardest niggaz feel this

Make the sargent want to kill us

Regardless Godzilla will murda you nigga

I twist ya cap like a Slits malt liquor for that slick talk nigga  
If ya nigga gang bang, don't crip walk nigga  
Wearin a big chain will get ya ripped off quicka  
We the only Thug Lordz bitch  
After all big faces like Mount Rushmore, you don't want war bitch  
That'll get you pistol whipped an extorted  
You lucky I wasn't on Face shit, I woulda destroyed it  
You better run like Forrest Gump in Air Forces  
Cause our guns look like torches, bustin from drop Porsches  
Or the drop Ferrari, hotter than a hot tamale  
The T-H-U-G-L-O-R-D'z holla..

[Chorus]

THUG LORDZ!

Gettin this money like a motherfucker ready for war  
we'll never snitch  
never flip  
never quit my click was heaven sent wit Mac-11's to  
hit when we dip they holla..

THUG LORDZ!

Gettin this money like a motherfucker ready for war  
we'll never snitch  
never flip  
never quit my click was heaven sent wit Mac-11's to  
hit when we dip they holla (they holla)