

Some of Them Thugz

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I got arms and [?] fists of fury like Bruce Lee's
Don't play me like Jack or Lace Grant, 'cause you can't juice me
I won't sleep, I got an eighth that's made of blood
Call it boho when I'm quicked up or solo

I got [?] box killer down shit
That be blowing they teeth out they mouth, bitch
I ride clean like Dentine then get down and dirty
And leave you ventilated in a hurry, mother fucker

Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets
Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets

Some of them thugs, they ain't thugs at all
You find them hugged up with a broad somewhere at the mall
They get a call for some shit that's about to pop off
Quicker than liquorice being gobbled up by some fat hog

I'm just the one that your bitch's looking to top off
Thugging with big Blaze will get me to knocking your block off
I damage you like an amateur, I'm a legend underground
Champ and you're nothing more than a little challenger

You don't really want to go and declare war
When you don't have a clue what to beware for
There's the door, use it before I throw your ass through it
And I'm sick of all the talking and walking, I'm about to do it

Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets
Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets

I'm a ride these rims and chrome until they fall off
Grip the wheel, you turn the side street
My Fleetwood got a stash spot, fully glocked up
You bet I laid all you want to be 2 Pac thugs

Nine shots, leave a pig head laying flat
Like a welcome mat upside down telling you get back
You come in showing my stack, you got to go
That's why you never fuck with a person that you don't know

Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets
Some of them thugs like me ain't the ones
That you want to fuck with in the streets