

Spray Yourself

C-Bo

THUGG LORD !!!!!!!
Salute!
Whut bitch, aight, AIIGHT!
We got a bitch ass nigga in our presence
A fucking imposter
Get yo ass up nigga
Whats up nigga
You ain't no mothafuckin made man
Money don't make you no made man nigga
The mob make you a made man you bitch
Now get on the floor nigga

Nigga shank yourself
Nigga stab yourself
Nigga spray yourself
Nigga blast yourself
Nigga's packed with wealth
Though I come through fast and stealth
Your fuckin stack get dealt
Now they on thier self
Like massika blast to kill
Never try to graze niggaz
Just cause you a paid nigga
That doesn't mean your made nigga
You Gay nigga
I pay niggas
To spray niggaz
Lay niggaz down for the gray glitter
Send you to the GRAVEDIGGAZ!...
Ready to die I aint afraid nigga
I make money, money never make.... niggaz
I break niggaz
Wake up with a .45 pointed in your face nigga
Now where the safe nigga
I take your rolex honeycomb face out the safe
I gotta get my money on straight
The South is gay
These phony ass rappers is fake
About to hate make a move out of state
Regime Killerz about face
Aw hell the Thugg Lord Salute Me!
Put 21 guns in the sky nigga rush yours
Cause none of yall niggaz want war
Fake ass CB4, Gusto still Yuk flow whut the f**k for
We I walk I scrape my knuckles across the ground
Guerrila walking across town beating down Blood Hounds
Yall niggaz sound like Mystikal
Get some skills thuggin on wax I do this shit for real
BITCH!

Chorus: Yukmouth [C-BO]

You aint a made man you made yourself
Give that bitch an AK let him spray yourself
Hey!.....
Alot of niggaz get paid to wealth
Now they shit just stay on the shelf

Spray Yourself!!

[Nigga and stick the motherfuckin Ten up in your drawers]

Now who the f**k is these weak rappers
Acting like they real but thier fake phony cuban
zirconan actors
The Mob father bringing it real for all the mobstars
While other niggaz in this game to win an oscar
Scared of mobstas
Can't do a concert unless they are paying themself
Can't get a real bitch so they lay yourself
Heeeeeey!!!!!!! Heeeeeeeeeey!!!!!!!
Can't get the pussy unless they paying your wealth
You motherfuckers need to spray yourself
What! What!
Heard Bossaline a major pay per event
Now we gon see you on some murderous shit
Have you heard of this clique
Thugg Lord
Yukmouth close the door
Lets take these Toy Soldiers to war
Remember back when you wasn't shit
At my hotel with the bundles of shit
Give my a hundred g's to bust on your shit
And I touched the shit
Real niggaz that had enough of this shit
Going platinum without a nann nigga bumpin your shit
Now tell me
Weak nigga how you do dat deah
Westcoast Mobbb father bitch we don't care
You must of bought your own shit
To you they shoot your own shit
Came here without poppin your own deal its on bitch
You must forgot when I helped your ass out
Back when you was rollin around town in a glass house
When I see how I might light that ass up
See if you westbound bitch you better gas up mash up
bitch

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[Nigga and stick the motherfuckin Ten up in your drawers]

Alright
Ready to talk yourself marching
I be startin a war so just marching
Parking the ??? in front of the mansion
Fuck apartments
Fuck that shit you talking

Bullshit be barking
I often smoking blunts on my doobe in your coffin
Rap-A-Lot niggaz boss ballin'
Shot callin'
The come to be the boss my niggaz all flossin'
See many loss ends
Trying to keep up
Sell Cheba
Next tell selly a thousand Rap-A-Lot beepers
Smoke reefa
Regime Leader the prime suspect
Something like Puff but I got a new millimeter I ain't
bust yet
It ain't a fine bitch a senorita I ain't fucked yet
I pop X
I rub sex
They love this Thugg shit
Niggaz say Yuk next to take the West over
The fuckin best blower
Chronic catch and sess smoker
The AK 47, Uzi, and Tec holder
I'm the nigga you heard stressed over
And get no rest over
Nigga wrecked by the neck screaming with sweat on ya
Go to sleep with a vest on ya
Cause I creep death on ya
Pull my Tec on ya
Hop on dubs and skates
Sinceraly yours the nigga you love to hate
Lil Bitch!

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