

# A Thugga' Level

Krayzie Bone

Big ballin' bitch like Boss come thru like it ain't no thang  
Paper chase, hustlin' nothin' changed  
Ask me again I'll tell you the same  
Don't hustle the fame nigga, muscle the game

Put it down in the street for mine  
24/7, stayin' on the grind  
For days and days I shell at the cops  
Enough grenades to get at the block

I'm a drug smuggler  
Part bitch, part thug, part hustla  
You lift my crib and I'm touchin' ya  
No love for ya, draw blood from ya

'Cause a nigga like you dreamin' to Boss  
And you fiendin' to floss and who pounds is flown  
We're bustin' motherfuckas with the black game  
Holdin' them fiends

And lovin' my crack  
In the front got bud in the back  
Who can get more thugga than that?  
From hookers and jacks  
Put the house up, bitch, I'm bustin' the gat

Y'all niggaz always testing  
Gonna make me pull this Wesson  
If money ain't the answer rephrase the question, dawg  
Big Boss and Krayzie Bone is runnin' up in your town  
With an uncountable amount of numbers of mongols  
Y'all mad, we the real number oners  
Rollin' like big, Thugline nothin' but runners

Trouble Boss, a double cross  
A nigga named Krray they good as dead  
From the B-O-double, doin' double time  
And these tricks comin' up to bread

We on some thugga shit  
We on some other shit  
That you ain't fuckin' with  
The thuggin' don't stop

And you can't touch the clique  
You know you love this shit  
Take it to what we spit  
The thuggin' don't stop

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I heard a silent motherfucka creepin' up from behind ya  
Bet ya didn't think that I'd find ya, huh?  
With a nine or pump your shit'll be fucked  
And I ain't even popped the goddamn trunk

I bet they never saw a nigga bring the heat and be so cool  
Freeze everything, nigga don't move  
You can choose to be a fool and try to get away  
But never make it out the room when the pump go, boom

Fuckin' 'em up, scream "Fuck the world" while I cuff my nuts  
Real niggaz don't lie, hit 'em in the mind  
Every time goddamn we live  
Send 'em to the graveyard, who gonna save y'all?  
Matter of fact motherfucka, who paid y'all?

You runnin' up on them niggaz, you know gonna bust back?  
Take no more shorts fuck that  
Pistol control, we roll streets so they all know  
If they run up I'll pop get your hand out my pocket  
For the glock, glock shot 'em all on the floor

You dealin' with some motherfuckin' real niggaz  
Thrill niggaz, we'll kill niggaz if they wanna kill me  
Still runnin' with the AK-47 ain't shit changed  
Still got the same artillery

Bust at them bastards  
Me and Boss steady breakin' it off in they asses  
Wanna see me get glasses  
'Cause I be all in your face but you walk right past us  
But that let a niggaz know they don't really wanna swang them thangs  
Fuckin' wit them thugs, the thugs, the thugs, nigga the thugs, what?

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Bare witness to Mrs. Gangsta  
We're gun-toters, blunt smokers  
Big bank folders and high rollers  
Quick to burn off into toaster  
For fun this bitch judges wanna pose as gorilla

Pimps, killers and soldiers roll

You don't slip and we thought that we told ya  
Know what Thug Luv nigga to bone ya  
They can run your shit and bend a corner

Scatter and spread like mustard  
Jam them buzzards up and leave 'em smothered  
Quick friends gats find ya like bookie  
And they down with me like fo' flat

Y'all niggaz got nuts, our niggaz got nuts  
So we can go nut for nut, see who first to crack and split  
Like ya down like wipers  
'Fore the motherfuckin' piper pay the bitch

You motherfuckas fin' to feel it?  
Thugline put it down keepin' it the real it  
And I ain't really trippin' off these niggaz  
They say they gonna get me yet they miss me

'Cause I've been here niggaz thuggin'  
Waitin' for you motherfuckas to come bring it to me  
Fuck waitin' I'ma mingle with it  
The nine millimeter and plenty more haters

If any more niggaz roll up put the cut I'm fuckin 'em up  
When I hit 'em with the pump don't duck you gonna die  
Fuck you, die, buck you, die  
Reload, unload one more time

Hit him with the pump make sure he dead  
He bled blood, we bail  
Ask me if a nigga prepared for war, hell yeah

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