

# Thugz All Ova Da World

Krayzie Bone

All over the world  
(We all over, we all over, we all over...)  
All across the nation, cross the nation, cross the nation  
(We all cross the nation, nation, nation, nation...)  
Thugs all over the world  
We all over the world  
All across the nation  
(We all across the nation, nation.nation, nation...)

Nigga, you ask 'em they gon' tell you who the thuggish ruggish  
They love us  
You hater, I bet you won't say fuck you us to our faces  
Bitch, and ball up your knuckles 'cause we can work  
Too many niggas be thinkin' that I won't bomb back at ya  
Thinkin' I'm a rapper, actor  
Think I won't blast 'em?  
Shit, I'm always ready to bomb back on bustas  
I got my gun  
So test me if you're tryin' to prove that you ain't scared to die  
Nigga, what?  
Who the, who the thugs?  
Y'all punk muthafuckas ain't got no nuts  
I only be dealin' with real niggas  
Them other niggas, they get they ass put in check  
When they try to flex and disrespect me  
And that's when I gotta get even with niggas, retaliation  
I bet I will see you again, and nigga, your day is gon' come  
But, man, y'all niggas ain't ready for drama  
But I'm a put it on Mama  
Nigga, you try run up on me  
Then I gotta shot your head off  
I'm keepin' a gun on me daily  
Cause if you got my niggas' wrong  
Then they sure gon' try to take it

As far as 50 greatest emcees ever, they gave me 32  
Like they don't know how these dirty judge get thirty  
They must be shady baby naw just maybe a stunt  
The greatest producers, and didn't mention ?? once?  
The greatest groups of all time  
Stop you're cryin', sporty, find a shorty  
Fucked up by not namin' Naughty  
Pass the mask, the glock you faggots better stop  
Blaze the page out of 50 If it rock and glock  
Tryin' to fuck me I'm a fuck you wearin' rubber  
Tell 'em niggas at the mags that I ain't sharin' a cover  
Bring troops and boots from chrome coupes to hoops  
That's us, like namin' emcees and boostin' passed the news  
Run through wussy pussy, and better ya  
There's the predator, rhymes to better ya, blah!  
Where's the editor?  
Once a year proof that they're easy to swallow  
And I'll bet you'll have a different view of emceein' tomorrow  
Thugs all over the world!

Now I done been all over the nation  
Kicked it with real soldiers that's 'bout they paper

Had to be so many of these fakers  
Had to quickly shake 'em  
Knew what I had to do  
Said, "Nigga, look the year is '99"  
And I'm dead serious about my business, shit is gettin' ridiculous  
They gotta be ready to pop, pop, pop, pop the 9 millimeter  
Keep your weapon next to the pocket that you keep your profit in  
While we fuckin' with niggas that's naughty  
Haters look, saw that Treach and Leather Face  
We comin' to get the riot started

Since I been around the cadaver  
Gather matters just wait  
See I splattered the matter, rat-tat-tat-tat and shoot 'em in shake  
See I'm comin' like a rhino  
Pass the fine ho  
We fucked in Illinois, right outside of Chicago  
Got rhymes out the ass so find a lasso  
I can either rap, ride, rush, war, riddle, or rastle  
Leave in line, the ass-whippins with extra clips  
Clips with my nigga Krayze Bone with some thugged-out shit  
To my thugs all over the world!

[Chorus til fade]