

# Regime Mobstaz

Tech N9ne

Regime Mobstaz  
Regime Niggaz  
Regime Killers  
Regime Life

Yo, yo!  
I'm a Regime original  
My flow's aqua  
She give me yo' snaps  
She give you more claps than an opera  
Street Sinatra, here to tease the shopra?  
Yuk and Tech nigga, Godzilla and Mothra  
Try and stop the Regime killaz will cost ya  
Pop the glock to get the message across ya  
You niggaz deserve an oscar, playin' doctor  
I'ma silence you niggaz as if I was ? and ?  
For 2Pac ya dropped nigga who shot ya  
Saw this beam light, scream like Chewbacca  
We got twats on lock the tiny ??  
My mom say stop or I'm gonna tell poppa  
I Rap backwards  
Ish Hop  
Ya mock my  
Shit is gonna be a slip knot ?  
We reign ??  
Tech is coming way clean  
If you ain't Regime  
Then fuck ya!

We the real street criminals  
Regime generals  
Mash for the most  
And we sell it for the minimum  
We Regime alliants  
With appetites of giants  
Hungry as some lions  
We the kings of the jungle  
Y'all don't wanna step inside the ring in this rumble  
Empires will crumble  
Platinum rappers are humbles  
Pissin' on you peasants  
Whenever we make our presence  
Original and authentic  
Far from a gimmick  
Suckers try and mimic  
But they just can't get it  
No, they don't have their mind on it  
I don't hear no soul in it  
They don't have they heart in it  
We gone put a hole in it  
To go hardcore  
All we do is go hard  
Cuts them chicken's off  
But we let 'em go hard  
Regardless who you are  
We will break you off a bar  
Load off the hollows

Discharge 'em in your car  
It's Regime nigga  
And it gets no bigger!

The life of a gangsta  
Ice and big bangers  
The skyline changes  
Cat, we live dangerous  
Fuck who you came wit'  
This where the game twist  
Seperate the Regime nigga from the nameless  
Hit 'em with the stainless  
Show 'em what pain is  
Speak that language  
Work them angles  
Y'all get mangled  
We street niggaz  
And once we spit we sayin' you (Come on!)  
Real shit  
I split ya frame du'  
Have ya name all mixed up with bad news  
What you tryna prove  
I blow you out ya shoes  
Y'must got my team confused  
We make the rules  
Break yo' face then bust the .2  
What you accustomed to  
Nigga this what a hustler do  
When Gonzoe and my niggaz lace ya crew  
Regime!

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Regime the regiment  
Worldwide confederates  
Suspects and federates  
Villains, killers and terrorists  
Radicals individuals  
Money making material  
Underrated and hated  
But over time we made it  
And dedicated to get it  
To never sleep I hate it  
Forget about the bullshit  
These niggaz rather debate it  
On these streets is how I get it  
A fetish for living Hellish  
It's talented how sell it  
Then cock it back and pull it  
I'm serious when I do it  
No it ain't nothing to it  
Snatch ya chains  
Splatter brains  
Acting like they knew it  
Regime the new team  
Kill for the cash green  
Split spleens to crush dreams  
Empty out magazines  
Holla back to swallow stacks  
Treat 'em like dope fiends

Anything you need I got  
I'll be your first thing  
A hustler  
My nature, never to fall  
Regime 'til I die, throw slugs in ya jaw

Niggaz know me sell  
I don't give a fuck  
I keep it tucked  
It's the dirty sizzle  
Regime missile  
That's what's up  
Niggaz talk a lot of ruckus  
We fuckers  
Don't wanna buck us  
I keep my niggaz dirty like truckers  
Nigga you heard me  
Been in the game ?? for better  
Nigga whatever  
You fucking with a war nigga  
Yo fuck rappin, I'll kill ya  
Dorasel'll smack ya franchise  
Playa it's over  
Snatch the Tec-9's from Yukmouth  
And blast \*gunshots\* back at ya Rover  
I told you I'm the dirtiest  
??? gettin' up the earliest  
Fuckin' wit' my street niggaz  
And white boys that'll eat niggaz  
I don't need a butcher to do my ?  
I get mines with a heat nigga  
Pass by the spot wit' yo piece  
Smokin' a sweet nigga  
Business as usual  
We back up on the rocks wit' it  
I'm feeding my fiends  
I do it 'cause my pops did it  
Still got the same heater  
My niggaz leaking shots with it  
bitch ass  
So they can think my cock did it

Regime!  
'Til they slay me and they lay me  
Seize deep, pushin daisey's in Hades  
Regime!  
'Til the plate's clean  
My brigade'll swing a blade at the mainstream  
Until they pay me  
Regime!  
Until the Heavens fall  
A weapon's kept in my drawers  
To protect the every cause I represent  
And every car  
Second of we'll never fall  
Fo' the mumbles, stumble, crumble not!  
I'm a hustle mayan  
Turn the fuckin' drum into an oven vacade  
Hey! Wait! No - I'm - not - done  
So real and scary  
Military 'til I'm killed and buried wit' my shotgun  
I'm in it to menace  
And sinnin from minute to minute

'Til I finish, all riddled they gimmicks and image they mimic  
Specific I'll slay them  
Stitch 'em and pitch 'em a franchise  
Regime ride to empire  
Grant Rice!

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{\*Yukmouth talking throughout the chorus\*}

Yea nigga! You can't fuck wit us nigga  
Regime mobstaz, tatted with dragons and mashin' - nigga!

The thug lord ayatollah ran wit' twelve disciples  
One hand held the Bible  
One hand held the rifle \*gunshot\*  
All hail my arrival  
From VL's Disciples  
To Crips and Piru's and rivals  
Run for survival  
It's murderin' mayhem  
Them birds on the gray ?  
From the curb of they town  
Get served and sprayed down \*gunshots\*  
Pounds of Earth'll break down  
The cops run a search and shake down  
Ever since I signed with my niggaz from H-Town  
Prince J and stayed down  
Made me put them cakes down  
I run the Bay now  
Shake and break like earthquakes now  
And fuck hoes, ass up face down  
Regime rock throw backs ??? gats  
Fitted caps and gats  
Jags, Benzes, Lex and  
A branch fell but the tree won't fall  
We stand tall  
We gone ball  
This Regime bitch!

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