

# Thugged-Out

Tech N9ne

Regime Life nigga!!

What!

Speak on it!

Tech 9! (Tech 9!)

Uh.

Phats Boss (Phats Boss)

Gonzoe (Gonzoe)

L.Q. nigga (L.Q.)!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!

First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!

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Balla position

Regime niggas fuck all'a ya women draped up in linen

I spit this fly shit since I was 5 years old

on some 'ol Osh Kosh Bi'Gosh shit

toss ya bitch, keep it top secret, lock it

Smoke-A-Lot click, walkin around wit ounces in they pockets

bitches jock it

we ridin Benz's, ya'll still drivin 50 rockets

nigga don't knock it

but you need to stop it

top notch shit

I used to cop bricks

rock it up an chop like La-Bobbitt

pushin the 5 whip through the projects til the led 9 spits

nigga you rhyme sick, but you could never fuck around wit my shit

my click my crew nigga

that hard time shit

criminal minded, posted on the grind shit

that cone silencer for one time shit

turnin, pounds into ashes

drinkin Cristal from the bottle

fuck ya glasses

smokin Black-N-Milds to the plastic

the last trial was kinda drastic

limo driver got his ass kicked, tryin to sue us

BUT YOU LOST YOU FUCKIN BASTARD!

I'm A-1 Yola juss like the package

delivered in triple wrappin

niggas get blasted an put in a casket

ashes to ashes an dust to dust, when they fuck wit Yuk

plus I got my own record label

SO WHAT THE FUCK IS UP!

When things is usual we pop Christy

an stack them Bentley's

ya pockets empty pretending to be me

they name me Bossi

my whole click rich like we the Cosby's

slippin's costly

it's cut-throat so fuck a softie

in head to head combat  
you scared to bust back  
an trust that  
call the Regime we known to pull gats in black hats  
hop out the company truck  
give a fuck, fill my cup an celebrate wit Yuk  
now that we grown ups  
rock alligators an bumpin slow cuts  
juss like the Sho Nuff, we can't be touched  
I was raised ruff  
gang banged an hand cuffed  
fightin always showin my guts, flexin my nuts  
hand me my 'Uervo  
flip work like we was Trader Joe's from Cisco  
optimo, now it's X-O  
fightin my for death  
pray it's my brother that's kept  
when you owe, pay ya debt an we can make it some  
We got it bundled up  
gimme my scratch  
it's juss my turn an I'ma take mine  
trap  
nigga don't get attached  
tryin to soak up, listenin  
tryin to locate my donuts an hit 'em  
while we juss got on fuckin up my buisness  
never finished  
til we give up the plate  
extra innings  
swing for the fence  
you think too little  
your world dance wit mud puddles  
my shit Evian, I love trouble  
start wisperin wit ya hands wide open, watchin you  
huddle  
big every down  
everybody got guns, let 'em ring  
you fuckin wit me, let's all go out wit a bang  
in this last day, this last hour  
kool-aid chest cowards wit they life in my hands set  
off the power  
lights out  
the whole house  
wit a gallon of gas to douse  
light a flame an flush 'em out  
every slug count  
miss an get your stripes took  
nigga this is real life wit real names written in the  
black books!

Throw up yo hands if you Thugged Out!  
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!  
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First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!  
I can be a villian if ya.... let me! (Thugged Out!!)  
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!  
I can be a villian if ya.... let me! (Thugged Out!!)  
First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out!

(Check it)

Ever since I was a youngsta been wit this slick shit  
tryin to touch a quick one, number one turn an 18 to a full 36 ain't jokin t  
hats how we did it

we was natural born chemists  
ballin wit this, Benjamin big heads in my fist  
got ya life in my pocket an more than that on my wrist  
I got my degree in the concrete of S.C.  
comprised wit gettin paper, an started investin in me  
utilized my hustle skills beyond my record deal  
and time will reveal whose really holdin the skril  
playboy ya lackin, aint touchin my tax brackets  
you fuckin wit some thugs, wit some multi-million  
dollar an if it's on an crackin then my reaction is clappin  
is you gon' make it happen or is ya high cappin?  
Ya betta get to trackin playboy if you ain't packin  
Smoke-A-Lot, Regime is distributin max spent years over the stove in a mini-  
factory lab  
where illegal pharmaceuticals were sold  
I was probably 10 years old when I learned to  
disassemble  
then reassemble a semi-auto matic pistol blind fold!

(1-5-1)

They call me Regime, cuz I'm way clean in stay Beam  
never live in no day dream, bitch niggas wear  
Maybelline  
throwin up peace cuz you know that I got you  
but I cop too  
Killa!  
Rogue Dog! Rogue Dog!  
57 venomous!  
When I bust this shit got a gang of criminals feelin us  
I'm from Waymeyer the same kinda pain caine grinda  
wit a scripta  
stickin out like a skin head at a ?bahrmistfa?  
fuck wit N9ne get snuffed out  
Phats Bossi, Maxx, Poppa L.Q., Gonzoe  
an my nigga Yukmouth, Thugged Out!  
Any nigga wit the bombay  
never con-ways displayed  
so-right, so-tight  
New York niggas say be John Blazed  
I been to the ringa  
scrapped 'em like I was a guest on Jerry Springer  
wit desert eagle, tech meezle  
a I die a lil nigga  
leave 'em wit a 30 round drummer  
slit ya throat then we skip out, "I Know What You Did  
Last Summer"  
aint nobody fuckin wit Regime niggas  
bust gats at ya cats makin extreme figures  
get ready for the Rogue Dogs, told ya'll we seperatin  
yo jaw  
fuckin yo hoes dog  
lickin toes, balls  
makin mutha fuckin clothes fall  
OH! You mutha fuckas dont know!  
At the show you trippin, gotta go get the steel toe  
to the brain nigga  
REGIME KILLAS keep the function poppin  
you really wanna know what time we leave, shit.... YES!!  
REGIME KILLAS.... NIGGA!!!