

Thug Nation (Featuring Krayzie Bone)

Layzie Bone

Yeah, yeah, L-Burna baby
Yeah, yeah, Sawed-Off Slim
Thug World Order up in this motherfucker
It's a Thug nation, oh what a nation
No, you can't stop me
Layzie and Krayzie, forever paper chasin
Y'all been waitin, for true riders well here it is up under your nose
Thought it was over the book was closed
Like it will stop us from gettin this dough
I'm a pro and I mean business, and I'm in this shit to win this
Started this, and I gots to finish nigga pimp, I'm a straight up menace
I'm about my cheddar levels deep, fuck a beef cause in the streets
Niggas creep, with that heat they play for keeps, tryin to eat
They got my bigger brother in the slammer locked
And I gots to keep my hammer cocked
This Thug order don't stop, we rush and invade yo' block
We ready to put in some work
If y'all ain't ready to twerk then what is your purpose?
Y'all talkin about it but I ain't see niggas walkin about it yet
This ain't knowledge nigga this common sense, go to jail or hop the fence
I'm lookin for niggas that wanna get down
With the nation and pop a cop and shit
We demonstate - but we don't sing, march or rally
Nigga we in yo' face, with a fo'-fo' magnum pressed against your waist
Try me, and I'll knock you off of balance, watch 'em stagger
Hit 'em with shit that'll make 'em back up and think before they act up
[Hook: Layzie] + (Krayzie)
Bye-bye niggas, die die niggas
What would make you think you wanna fuck with these niggas?
We's chiefs playa, anybody killa
But this nation of the thug niggas out to get the thug figures
It's a Thug nation, oh what a nation
No, you can't stop me
Layzie and Krayzie forever paper chasin
Real, T-H-U-G's (T-H-U-G)
So just start a line, and pick up your weapons and I really hope
You got the hearts to ride, cause niggas these are the times
Enemies ain't that hard to find, some of them been around all your life
Nigga that misses that guard the prize, even if we gotta the riot - we pushin

Nigga are y'all for that? Or will you stall when we fall under attack?
The combat is real; bomb back or be killed
Pistols are cocked and loaded ready to let it ring out
When we spit flames we gon' aim about yo' head and blow yo' brains out
We only roll with them organized niggas, them money-makin them wise niggas
My niggas +Creep on Ah Come Up+, we on the rise niggas
+Hail Mary+, and I come from the soul like 'Pac
These nuts I got, got me what the fuck I got
Now must I, cock my Glock, make these cock-a-roaches scatter
Take yo' life it really don't matter, what's the matter automatic
Man you thinkin this is real, that frontin I can't feel
If you ain't know then this the deal, cross the gunline get killed
Nigga we got guns with tons of bank to split
We do when we runnin this gangsta shit
What we eat we got the wheat indeed, quick to flip and stank a snitch
We down for you some prankster shit, face elimination
Ain't no holes in no organization, no time ain't finna be wastin
I'm puttin the smash on it, I'm out here to get it you do the math on it
We live it we breathe it, the world gon' see that nigga we goin half on it
I'm on the line, the front of the line, makin you niggas remember
Who is the general in command when you pussy niggas surrendered
Hit 'em with one, hit 'em with two, hit 'em with three-fo'-five-six times
When they collapse stand over the nigga and pap, you better make sure he die
We comin to battle with brains fried, so we came quiet I cock this
So when we get ready to aim five, no mercy is fat when we bomb 'em
You talk about drama, with 50 million niggas suited and ready for killin
It's gon' be the illest, right to the finish
We in it to win it, that's from the beginnin
Envision the niggas, somebody better tell the law that we here knockin
First cop that open the do' we gon' shock him, pop him and drop him
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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