

# Thug Lord

## Yukmouth

Thug Lords holdin' the chopper in the sky, nigga bust yours  
All my niggaz, they down to ride for the thug Lords  
Nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga bust yours  
Them niggaz want war! I'm glad you said it, now you old ass rappers gon get it  
Been in the business twenty seconds, held down eleven  
J, you better tell these fuckin' peasants you wet me, you get wetted  
Even your fuckin' [unverified] get detted Fake ass synthetic, poetic emcees get shredded  
Styles pathetic, I move to Texas, take all your letice  
I got a six-million dollar fetish, that's what it takes to build me  
I know you wish some niggaz peel me and drill me You better pay a nigga to peel me, and kill me  
Fill me 'til the shit the empty, play it filthy, put a hundred slugs in me  
Spot a nigga out like Spuz Mc Kenzie, the thug is in me  
My spare time, I rhyme, drink Remy, load up the semi I was born to slap the shit out of macks, take their bitch  
Run up in their studio, duct tape their clique  
A smilie face ain't shit, if you got Yuk in your mouth  
My nuts in your mouth, how does it feel to get fucked in your mouth? Niggaz ridin' Bentley's, your artist stuck  
in the house  
Starvin', broke as fuck in the apartment, stuck in the south  
I'm weighed out, niggaz some where in Germany, burnin' weed  
Learnin' these foreign languages, tourin' Allways performin' like Laryn Hill, my shit's sore as steel  
I'm real, like Slim Shady, bitch quit ignorin' skills  
I kill, niggaz better stop smokin fry, and poppin' pills, I drill  
But all you muthafuckaz, I'm the illest nigga, I feel Fuck a record deal, the game is fake  
My nigga Coolio said fuck 'em  
Start sayin' names and dates  
Make 'em hate the One Hit Wonder This time, my shit hit like thunder  
In the Hummer, nigga, the MOB took me under  
Try'na be mack niggaz, stay your ass in Atlanta  
Old ass rappers, make Oakland look bad like Hammer Niggaz dissin' Yuk, sayin' they don't like my shit  
Then turn around and say, "Yuk, help me write my shit"  
Ain't that a bitch? Thug Lords holdin' the chopper in the sky, nigga bust yours  
All my niggaz, they down to ride for the thug Lords  
Nigga that cross me, his ass gon die, my nigga bust yours  
Them niggaz want war! If them niggaz ain't down wit gettin' cream, fuck 'em  
And if them niggaz ain't down wit the Regime, fuck 'em, I rush 'em  
Aim at their limosine, buck 'em, I never loved 'em  
I never trust them, nigga I crush 'em, old antiques I dust 'em And fuck 'em off in the game like so  
Nobody [unverified] fuck wit my flow, not even you stole my hydro  
My main objective, take this bitch over

They gon make me vice president before this bitch overBeware of the Ayatolla, come and shut you down  
Make you exit out of town, who got the best shit now?  
Nigga, you know your ass was in Tha Row, what side you on?  
That's why I'm doin' my next song with Eightball and Bone  
Bitch, ha, ha, ha, ha Thug Lord ha, ha, ha, yes

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