

# Regime Killers 2001

## Yukmouth

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

### [ CHORUS ]

I got some killers on the payroll, and they know  
When it's time to handle business, nigga, lay low[ Phats Bossi ]  
Money to double, still in the struggle, stuck to my hustle  
We all fight back like maniacs with broke knuckles  
It's mo' trouble cause now we seein you niggas  
Paint a vivid-ass picture, Boss spittin the scriptures  
Nigga, I'm Bossi, Bosslin done turned to cash fiend  
I straight pop codeine and drink gasoline  
What what, I'm too sick for y'all  
Tatted with dragons till I fall, givin dick to y'all  
In this pitfall I'm on the grind for mine  
My people choose a life of crime, pistol-pushin with nines  
On the payroll, apply the pressure when we say so  
My troops turn wacko, shoot through your backdo'  
My life real, seen a man die slow  
And I still can't sleep, sweatin bullets fo' sho'  
So don't push me, Boss is one tough cookie  
My team Regime, pumpin them shots out a hooptie[ Mad Max ]  
Who down to rock with the murder plot of a cop killer  
Drop niggas, spillin they brains, rollin with hot niggas  
Rot with a club to your face for tryin to rock with us  
Straight up, get razorblade-cut for fuckin with us  
Regime superiors, Max Ju spit rhymes, strip mine interior  
Rippin your shit imperial, kill niggas' material  
My whole crew ain't fearin ya, Mad Max the High Priest  
I got some real killer muthafuckas behind me  
And I be obviously on top of things  
With the Regime I'm too clean, make it a murder scene  
Glocks and murder beam, niggas ain't never heard of me  
Burnin em to the third degree, leavin niggas in the infirmary  
Wait for recoupin, still choosin your brain, stupid

The Dragon recruited real niggas for thug music  
So peep game and next time you speak my name  
Be prepared for incoming from the heat of the flame  
Regime[ CHORUS ][ Tech N9ne ]  
Regime Killer number one, I'm back up in this bitch with Yukmeez  
On the payroll so I spray those foes, make you get on your knees  
For the pesos Tech N9na ??? great holes with these  
You stay yellin you're a merely killer for the cheese, nigga please  
Awfully sick, he tryin to fuck, so off with his dick  
Can't floss and he blitzed, molotow in his lips  
Tossin his dick in a box of chocolates and walk in his ship  
Talk to his bitch and whisper (he loved you) softer to kiss  
(He bows down) You get ??? N9ne ???  
(We wild now) You wanna rewind mine, I'm prime time  
Qwest Records tryin to hold a nigga back  
So I ??? Saafir and tellin me ??? get his shit back  
Off with their heads, let them hang high  
Caught in their beds, let it ??? die  
Tech Neen, I'm a fiend for strings by Mike Dean  
For the green I damage spleens, then I scream "Regime!"[ Poppa LQ ]  
Let's take a out-of-town trip with a thousand crips  
With a thousand A.K.'s and a thousand clips  
No 50 Cent can come to Cali and rob nobody  
Cause gees catch and send his ass back a cold body  
Young guns'll lay ya down regardless who you are  
Shit, we make a livin out of extortin you stars  
Robbin you for your jewelry, snatchin you out your cars  
Poverty's a plague, I rob before I beg  
But you don't expect me to score, times are hard  
You're broke but you're scared to steal and break a law  
You need not worry 'bout me, I live it raw  
A hustler with a cause, flippin paper, gotta ball  
I had to crawl before I walked but now I'm standin tall on em  
Lookin down on em, 'bout to drop my balls on em  
It's time for platinum minin, military grindin  
Right when these suckers ??? start declinin[ Governor Matic ]  
Yuk threw me on part 2  
Regime Brick City niggas mobbin when we come through  
Nigga, the Governor got it sowed up, spots get blowed up  
Funk Doc, Diesel Don, yo, them niggas even showed up  
As I rolled up, the nine Glock get load up  
For the hold-up, the new hundreds we fold up  
Confiscate drugs, niggas' mouths get taped up  
Kids get draped up and bitch up-slapped the make up  
Then I take up all clothes, jewels and paper

You got 'cash money', but you don't wanna run the safe, ha?  
 Nigga, don't play dumb, I'm steady gettin money from those that hold up  
 Used to drink weed tea, now my shit robust  
 Now hold up, car patrolled up  
 It was 12 Outsidadz in a two-door Toyota  
 We splatter brains over crack cocaine  
 In the court we still came to pay Judge Mills Lane  
 Nigga, it's not a question  
 My uzi weighs a ton, 'I'll have you undressin  
 Like you was strippin down on Western  
 Killers on the payroll, pockets stay swoll  
 Hearts stay cold, that's why we's on payroll[ CHORUS ]Regime Life, niggas  
 Thug rituals  
 Regime Life  
 Thug Lord  
 Regime Life, nigga[ Yukmouth ]  
 Now where them toy soldiers at? There they go, right chea  
 Get them bitches, kill them niggas, there they go, watch it  
 Where them toy soldiers at? There they go, right chea  
 Keep them bitches, kill them niggas, there they go, watch it  
 Get that bitin-ass rapper, wanna-be actor  
 Fake non-playin Basketball nigga that got dropped from the Raptors  
 I spit in your face and slap ya, boy  
 With a .38 kidnap ya, boy  
 Ductape and wrap ya, boy  
 ??? and flash ya, boy  
 Lacerate and trash ya, boy  
 Mash ya, boy, I hate Master P like Pastor Troy  
 Shame on that nigga for tryin to steal a name from a nigga  
 Ice Cream Man put flames to a nigga  
 I figured by now that nigga done been broke off some scrilla for stealin that shit  
 But until then I'm killin that bitch  
 All you got is Snoop Dogg and Mystikal in your click  
 And all them other muthafuckas are like Mystikal-in your click  
 You're still in this shit, "Fuck Yuk, I ain't feelin his shit"  
 But fuck you too, you fell off and I'm still in this bitch  
 Willing to rip the fuckin head off a villain that's sick  
 My raps burn like ghonorrhea, need penicillin to spit  
 The Thug Lord, Ayatollah, fire the flame  
 Rappers tired in the game, make em retire again  
 Fuck gold, fuck platinum, nigga, I did that shit  
 In '95 and '96, so what you did ain't shit  
 Niggas go triple platinum, nigga, do some amazin shit  
 Some eyebrow-risin shit and quit hatin, ya bitch  
 How the fuck you a mack when you beat down hoes?

At videos give a bad-ass bitch a bloody nose  
Nigga, the studio in compton I put you on in '84  
You was a crackhead in dirty-ass clothes with dopefiend flows  
Broke muthafucka out livin on skid row  
Nigga, you from L.A., you ain't even from the Big O  
This year them bitch-ass niggas gon' get theirs  
You swingin from my balls, why you down there smell my dick hairs  
Ya bitch  
And Dru Down, the real Mack of the Year, ya bitch-ass nigga  
Longevity that, huh  
Bitch[ CHORUS ]Regime Life, nigga  
Ya bitch!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>