

Thugged Out (Feat. D-Tay)

Young Buck

Yo! Let's do this!

Uh!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Ha!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Ha!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Uh-oh, uh-oh!

Regime nigga!

Throw up yo hands if you thugged out

The Regime up in this bitch! Throw up yo hands if you thugged out

First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out

Throw up yo hands if you thugged out

First nigga act up, first nigga gettin drugged out I do this for the

Real killas, and drug dealers

Affiliated wit Mobb niggas, and blood spillas

Put a slug through you tough niggas

1-800-Thugs-R-Us

No dragon tattoo on you, nigga

No love from us

In thugs we trust

Niggas get rushed like hot whitend snuff

Up yo nose

I fuck up yo flows

Leave my competition ass froze

We tag on they toes

I'm as cold as Pocinos

Enemies get tied to a pole, blind fold then I unload Thugged out

My choppers oblivion

Speakin the opposite of Caribbean in Tropolis

Poppin my z-z in

True clocker from welfare recipiants

Type of a crispy

An anamalistic Tupac-er

My race Caristian

Jedi rhyme

The way I spits ahead of my time

Give me a Billboard, an you bet I climb

You mutha fuckas

I love rukus
Thug, makin you hug crutches
Stayin away from you nothin but bum bustas
The empire is back an we bugged out
Phats, Keke, Maxx, Poppa L.Q., Gonzoe an my nigga Yukmouth
These bitches beggin me to come to Menage
A Trios
But Muslims hear us say, 'hum to Allah'
They fly, that's on the crew nigga
You cannot block the Regime from makin knots, no matter what you do
Nigga
Ya black an blue nigga
Undercovers like Malik Yoba
Lyrically Nina's usin a force like Yoda!Nigga this Madd Maxx
You cross the Regime, you get yo life took
We get it fuck the good book
True thug niggas that turned to real crooks
Robbin the microphone, you get yo brain shook
I told ya we takin over soldier
A sober niggas rollin Rover's
Me, Ke, Gonz, Yuk, Tech 9, an Phats on ya
All ready wit the caulked gage, buggin out Oklahoma
Fuck a Corona
We drinkin 8-Balls until we fall out
If you got a problem wit the Regime, your souls called out
We all out for war
These niggas don't want no more
I'm takin over like Michael Jordan
An I'm the first to score
So fuck you fake ass niggas who be plannin a plot
I take yo block over
Wit the nitroglycerian rock
They got us fucked upThey got us fucked up
I've been tough
Since a young buck
Nothin to prove
Lots of pain plus some war cuts
It ain't shit, but a thang to me
Dangerously
I play the man you claim to be
Niggas strike back
Gun fight, we had to hype back
This is the Phats see dream like a Fat Kat
They wanna funk, we get dressed in black
Caulk the strap

Screamin Regime til they bust back
It's Mobb-symboly, I die you remember me
Tatted wit Dragons in a custom coffin Bently
Simply
I'm down to blast so don't tempt me
I'm hella drunk, an hella blown off the genitifuck wit me
See these killas in mine
Buildin this shrine
To feed these fuckin' children of mine
Uh
Look in my eyes
As I bleed the Regime nigga
(Regime nigga, Regime nigga)
Havin a pile of money machineNo I've never been to the pen
But I did a county bid
An I ain't dumb enough to speak on the dirt I've did
Guess somebody caught the killer before the police did
Find him in the car leakin from dope over split wigs
Deadly lyrics to spit
Makin sure the killas feelin my shit
Explicit lyrics an adult content
Shot callas representin at all the major events
And gang bangin' got the streets juss way too tense
I learned to deal wit it
I'm in the fields, windows tinted on my wheel wit the steel in it
We keep puffin an rollin real wit it
That jury linin, showcasin our diamonds to benifits
Of a long time grindin, enjoyin the fruits of our labor
And rented suits from my tailors
Some young playas, strivin for greater
You know it's all bad
Let's make it all good
Pushin the Cavvy to touch the Navvi wit the leather an wood
It's Regime nigga!The hardest nigga from the 'O'
My flow is certified theme music for organized crime
Niggas that burglurised banks, and murdered guys for they pies
Reach for the sky
Techniques like Robert DeNiro in 'Heat'
Karl Kani's
No disguise, in the middle of the street
Buckin at police
Fuck police
Got a Range Rove jeep
Wit tweleve open faced gold teeth
A Rolex piece

Cuban Links, crops, an bracelets
But that ain't shit, to leave a nigga naked, duct taped wit they bitch
In the basement
Where the safe is?
Big faces
Cops raided, but ended up gettin they fuckin' squad car grenade
You want blazed shit?
I spit the nitroglycerian
That's smoother than a pair of new cinnamon Timberlands
Get Benjamin's
But be no P Diddy
I'm from a city called Weed City
See these Regime niggas be wit me
Fuck Christy juss Remmy
True thugs do drugs an come up wit hits
Like Jimmi Hendrix
Shock the world like Snoop at No Limit
Yuk signed to Rap-A-Lot, yeah nigga
I ain't a playa, I juss mack-a-lot
Pack the gat
Tryin to snatch yo watch in the back of the lot
Keep my shit for underground fragment rock
Jackpot J struck it rich hit the Lottery
The top comidity
Blood on wallet be from robbin sprees
Rock Phat Farm, wit tats all over my arm
Bullet wounds like a nigga fresh back from Nam
Yo nigga get yo mash on (echos out)

Songwriters

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