

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, 2 Glocks(U-Neek's Rem

Krayzie Bone:

Get'cha gun get'cha gun did ya kill em off off Fuck with the niggas with the guns and ya might get shot get shot

Get'cha gun get'cha gun did ya kill em off off You could be the first to feel the heat to see how much we got we got we got

Krayzie Bone:

I still be a thuggish ruggish nigga dressed in all black khakis fatigues and boots still don't give a fuck about the law still roll with the pump in my car and fuck who you are you fuckin with a couple of niggas that's really insane i'm talkin loco Krayzie as Hell it ain't just a name it's the game we done loosened up a couple strings and shook a couple of screws loose in my brain besides that man ain't nothin changed look at me nigga i'm still a thug nigga I still smoke bud you know I still represent St. Clair wig split shit nigga what this them Bone Thug niggas thinkin I told ya but we put it down like that whoever we got to fuck up to prove it we do it and keep on movin guess who's back up in the house original Cleveland criminals nigga just send em subliminal messages like murda mo murda murda never forgot where we come from watch how you move your tongue cause I got niggas that's ready to jump off in your ass and smash it protect my niggas for combat Leatherface at you and on your ass like I was a heat seaker creepin the reeper quickly sweep you off your feet in Cleveland

Layzie Bone:

I be the coolest little nigga you can meet meet meet but nigga you fuck with me then i'm a fuck with you introduce you to this heat I sweep the streets when I draw down let me hear you say fuck the law now rawest niggas in the town ready thug and go down go pound for pound nigga that's the motto let me see you throw them thangs and if it's real nigga keep it real show me your game i'm sure gon claim what the fuck is mine my nigga I'll take it grab a playa hater by the neck choke him out and try to break it gimme your money drop them keys it's a jack move bitch and since you haters ain't got no business that's how we attack your shit nigga we'll smack your bitch in the middle of the Grammy and the media might ban me nigga this Mo Thug family is for real

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Bizzy Bone:

Lit up sit up get up and count your money 'fore it all get spent up and you wanna get rid of a good bitch good game and every bitch said i'm a good bitch fuckin with my wood grain everybody's still playin that hood game quiet especially when it's haunted my environment ain't nothin niggas dyin' in the chemical fed injections in Jasper Texas split up these niggas off in different sections don't hate my message destiny led to mimic chastity for my daughter water for niggas yearnin come listen to the sermon swervin in my Suburban lick it up with the bottle but everybody know I got some problems had dreams of the Apollo the fiends had faith in me suckas would keep runnin' givin' up the same niggas still with me Bone sometimes it's gun up run up and get your kind run blindly elevate through time nowhere to hide

Flesh-N-Bone:

Our dogs fin to haul off lead sawed off head nigga you drippin soakin red bloody body be beggin me know what should've cocked like 2pac with a glock we're deadly better not upset my thug mentality sucker you know you done fucked up don't you niggas runnin up blastin big ass triggers what the fuck you thought you saw with your head in the sky could it be a bird or maybe it's even a plane but an untame insane human only the Fifth Dawg fuck you thought muthafuck fame but the fact this shit is the fact game gon' remain number one in the land Flesh crept and he came brang bang bang I drops my doggs in the name of the Lord now say how many times will I have to slay today when I raise my gauge oh God how i'm gonna teach ya but it's these tactics that he daily practice you wanna test you don't have it have it runnin up you sons of bastards blast it we sons of assassin mashin' collectin more cash that's true and i'm gunnin the niggas said all my babies get a million strikin' with a wicked hit em with a venomous blow I call all my mighty y'all can joke gonna

surround my soul but go with the calico yo we the tightest you know Mo the  
mighty yeah Trues Humbly United my family never divided Desperado Thugline Mo  
Thug Millenium Seventh Signs for the F.B.I. you wanna come test my enterprise  
bitch you better go think twice and open up your muthafuckin eyes these niggas  
can't fuck with the Fifth Dawg when I parlay everyday stormin your way you  
better lay low so you might just duck when I bust this gauge you see my niggas  
havin a ball all day since we havin a ball all day muthafuckas playa hate  
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