Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Da Introduction

[DJ U-Neek] Welcome to the dark side.....

[playing in reverse throughout Bizzy's intro] It's the Thuggish Ruggish Bone..

[Bizzy Bone]
Gotta give it on up to the glock glock
Pop pop, better drop when them buckshot blow
The bone in me never no ho,
so no creepin up outta the ziplock
So sin, sip gin, and lil' mo heart run up, nut up
And flipped in, than slipped the clip in,
mistakin' the bloody victims
Ever if ya test nuts, to the chest and ... [fades away]

Nigga this St. Claire... [echoes]

[Chorus]
Execution double nine style
Steadily sendin them bodies undaground

[Verse 1: Bizzy Bone] It'll be all about that lielo bank roll Betta make that money man, dead wrong Put it on the low betta beat them hoes Gotta get them demons off me Creepin' up softly seepin' up through my soul And sleepin' ain't good to go now When I'm wll rollin' off those 'N betta watch the do' Bet I won't be slippin' sleepin' None ah them thugs I bails wid Put ah trail ah twelve guage shells Bloody be smell 1-8-7 and the 2-11 12-guage and the AK-47 spray Let the Ripster kill 'em now Put 'em off in the grave daily When the slugs start crawl up in ya Well I roll wid realer niggas Pop pop drop to the sound and to ground Lit 'em up to kill ya

[Verse 2: Krayzie Bone]
Them St. Claire thugs we love
When they pumpin' them slugs now what,
See them duck from the scum
When I dug them enemies deep in the muddy drug
Don't run wid them
Choose snooze you lose

And left in the alley fa fucked up What's up wid them shoes ooh they knew So we runnin' offa my dog's truck Bust ah left at the block and what'da ya know All ah the po-po they follow Cuff ah guy and see him layin' behind the store But nigga remember my motto No surrender, gotta get away hit the fence wid the quickness Hit the other side and I swing to the right Running through the gutta hit '95, Peel, bending for safety we make it and chill Gotta make ah mil but ah nine kick off for real Nigga drop that bill or I pop my steel Ain't no competition don't fuck wid my clik And so listen you bitches stay trippin' it's okay When we stickin' and lickin' them pockets So droppa that dolla man glocka holla bang Thuggin' wid ah thug nigga smoking blunts Nigga don't stiff on no weed smoke it off Cause nigga you know when the pockets get ride I'ma run and get ah sack and come choke wid ch'all

[Verse 3: Layzie Bone] Now you fuckin' wid these thuggish killas Creepin' up outta the land and they ready to ride Gettin' high of thai My niggs in the land got glocks fa days on the 9-9 Betta kill 'em all dog Bed make as they fall wid the 12-guage you bustin' on niggas So what now, come nigga get buck pow And not only that get shut ta fuck down And I'm talkin' bout niggas that wanna contend wid the thugstas Some nigga done fucked up Neva no playa hataz in the clik touch loud and we neva no bustaz Neva catch ah nigga sleep Hear the buck shots rain where the thugs in Cleveland dwell Daily collectin' me mail And I meet you in hell if all else fails Oh well

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