

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Frontline Warrior

[Chorus]

Nigga thought I told ya, (told ya) that the war ain't over (over)  
You can roll (you can roll) you can get rolled over  
My nigga we the frontline warriors

Whoever wanna bring the noise, talkin bout me and my boys  
Disrespected on a regular like a nigga got caught  
Well it's all about his Mo Thug music  
Put my name in your mouth and a nigga gon' do you  
Who the fuck them niggas tryin to play?  
Lay don't stop until you meet my glock  
I'ma get you make your bady rott, nigga make the party pop  
Nigga why not? Time's tickin on the clock aint the heat hot  
I'ma hit the weed spot joy ride with my niigas till the beat drop  
We got big benjamins spendin CEO's  
While you playin we buyin y'all rentin pin me  
Probably livin in a tent pocket full of lint  
Tryin to flip it like I flip it nigga got me bent  
And like I said it on the last song nigga we joyriders, and y'all aint Bone  
B.B.O.B. the bad boy of the Bone  
I'll be thuggin for eternal wanna test me its on  
Now where my niggas at? Get the gat peel a nigga wig back  
Nigga dig that dig that  
All original clevelands own criminal here we go  
From a place where a nigga might bury ya  
Nigga act up and I better take care of you scared of ya  
I be ready for the war  
Nigga I'm americas most, bailin coast to coast  
Steady thuggin out here in these streets  
Lookin out for the rollers duckin these haters they wanna face  
Well I keep my heat  
And it ain't no peace and fuck tha police  
Come out the house all eye's on me  
Jump in my 5 double 0 B-E-N-Z XL and I hit the freeway

[Chorus]

[Bizzy]

Might wanna be in church nine o'clock sunday  
Never know I might bust on you one day ohhh  
Swiggin with jack and the bombay oh bye bye go po po  
Yeah nigga fuck you o hell yeah fuck you too  
Better than God devise realize you can end up bigger  
But my niggas in the middle ballin we wont stop  
The foul sinnin the killin now  
And then nobody gets in the middle together  
And they tell the nigga it good to be back  
From prison but don't nobody feel him but them niggas around the globe  
And the mission was money was gold  
Everyone nutty when money because he was out of the gutter  
When nothin but avid souls better make us and touch  
Noone will touch me one wait till they ruff enough  
Got him at last but I just corrupt  
I dont even erupt  
Creep on ah come up, what up  
Trapped in a rapture the trumpets pumpin tellin us somethin  
Snatch you we havin a blast you tattered like cattle  
And medalion diamonds in the ??  
Ghetto was bastards runnin much faster than the average asses in the shadows  
Out of the battlefield

[Chorus]

[Big B]

Call me a secret weapon  
I think the war is on  
And when they ask em who is he  
It's 7th sign and bone  
Call me a secret weapon  
When the war is on  
And when they ask em who is he  
It's Big B and Bone  
Frontline soldiers

[Chorus til fade]