

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Gun Blast

[Krayzie:]

Yeaa

Better Back Up Off Me

Nigga Never No Soft Your Boy'll Stop Your Heartbeat

While You Out In The Street Yellin Out What You Fittin To Do To Me

In The Middle Of Your Speech Ima Sweep You Off Your Feet, To Sleep

Fuckin With These Thugs

Thinkin Ya'll Don't Bleed Blood

Ima Make You A Believa Pop Pop, What You Receiva

A Mothafuckin Bullet From My Automatic Pistol, Hit You Him Too, And All The Rest Of Them Nigga

I'm Collected And Quiet

But Surprise Nigga I Get Lock

Jumpin Out Of That Rugged Dump It

Fittin To Show These Niggas A Little Somethin

Reppin Shit For Bone Thugs, Nigga Don't Test Mine To The Redline

But Like My Bone Thug Niggas They Ball Show Me The Light, The Light

Caught In The Line Of Fire Boy If You Want To

And A Nigga Gon Be On Your Ass Like Skunk's Funk Pew

I Grab My Dick Let My Nuts Swang From My Thang

If You's A Anybody Killa Nigga, Let The Bullets Rain

We Be Puttin Em Straight Cause If You Ain't You Don Got Into Some Shit

With The Thuggish, Ruggish Bloody Murda Click

[Chorus: Krayzie]

Ima Stay Fuckin Em Up With Me Gun Gun Blast

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[Layzie:]

Undercover Man, How You Want It Man

Ima Fool On The Loose With A Gun In Hand

I Got A Sure Shot Aim For The Runnin Man

That'll Stop You In The Tracks When I'm Dumpin Man, They Did Somethin Man

Niggas Talk Real Loud Words Fly Out They Mouth When You Ain't Around

Talkin Like A Nigga Stole They Style When A Nigga Show Up These Niggas Bow Down

Pound For Pound From The Shoulders Nigga I'm The Coldest Little Soldier

These Niggas Are Ruthless I'm Takin You Niggas Believe I Got Somethin For Ya, In The Holsta

In The Bushes Cocked, Up On The Porch I Got A Gauge And Glock

Corner To Corner This Thing On Lock Yea It's Hot On This Block

Nigga Got Everything Short A Cannons Wild N Out But I Ain't Nick Cannon

Nigga Got M-11s Sr-15s And I Plan To Let Niggas Have It

Fuck This Rappin, If It Come Down To It Nigga Disrespectin What's Happnin

My Family My Money My Thugs Myself My Nigga I'm Flat Out Blastin

Countin Out Caskets On You Bastards Smashin If I'm Ever Forced To Bring The Action

Ima Ride Down I'm Pistol Packin We Can Definetly Get It Crackin

Old Fashioned Like The Wild West Ghetto Cowboy Nigga 06

Fake Niggas And Real Niggas In The Real World Just Don't Mix

[Chorus]

[Wish:]

I'm A Hundred Proof, Want A Taste?

Take It To The Head Or The Face Wrong Place You Can Do It

Never Met A Sucka Nigga Runnin With A Thugga, Not In The Game

Nigga Runnin With A Thuggish Ruggish In My Range

Better Do My Damn Thing And Lift Ya Mayne

Bitch Won't Leave The Same Way You Came

We Soldiers Tight Put Up Your Stripes We'll Rip Them Off Slash Somebody Back With A Attitude T

I'm Sick With The Money Spent On Bullet Proof Nigga Fight Fight

Handle That, Nigga Handle That Give Back To The Music Fuck That Fuck That

Reach Back Throw Back Everybody In The Car Gotta Lean Back

See Now The Game Was Soft So We Back

Hit Em In The Head With A Relapse

Younger Than Most Of You Niggas So What? You Die You Die If I Decide
Then We Ride
If It's On You Rock A Bye Bye
Thuggstas Straight Up Warned You Will, Obey Mine
Oh We Will Ride Yes We Ride In The Nighttime
It Really Don't Matter Get High Up In The Daylight
Thuggstas No Fools We Know The Rules
Don't Get Too Close With The Attitude, Do, Cause Ooo Won't Like How I Give It To Ya

[Chorus]