

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Mind Of A Souljah

[Layzie]

It's all about Mo Trues Humbly United Gathering Souls
Babi Boi, my Angel, Daddy'll meet you at the Crossroads (Crossroads)

[Bizzy]

Babi Boi . . .

[Layzie]

Mind of a souljah, mind of a souljah, release and feel me

Everybody by now should know my label, my thugsta
These things guidin' your struggles
All it is, is about this hustle, whatever it takes to piece this puzzle
Why declare war on these fakers and haters eliminate us, traitors ?
These are the days of our lives (lives)
Do or die, (that died to Boo - he go bye)
Whom die they lie in the face of our society
Try at of every attempt to quiet me
I got a nation that's down to ride with me
Here's the deal, can I get a witness?
It's deeper than survival
Who am I? My brother's keeper?
Yeah, I be clutchin' on my Bible, willing to die
The wicked is near me
Dearly departed, but nobody hears me
Is we all gon' fall in misery?
It's so serious, it bring tears to me
Ears to the street, like a drum to the beat, creepin' up my block
I'm already knowin' a nigga wanna do me
So I stay strapped (Don't pose for the cop)
Crooked cops, they gonna harass me
Ask me the same ol' bullshit questions
Knowin' I'm a thug with bud for days
Keepin' a pistol in my possession
But a thuggish ruggish soldier like myself gon' move on
And prevail, avoid jail, collect my mill with my Bones, splittin' domes
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
Come on, don't make me hurt ya
Come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on, come on, come on, all about that bloody murder
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, make a move and I'll have to hurt ya
Come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
All about that bloody murder

[Bizzy]

Baby Boi . . .

[Layzie]

Mind of a souljah, mind of a souljah, release and feel me

Still to this day, it's a struggle
Addicted to trouble, we never goin' change
Mom made us thugs, see
Soldiers, I think we must be to O.G. ? loves thee
Mama plead my family tree never helped a mother come up
Seen it was hard tryin' to bring her sons up--they dwelled on the worse
And ate nothin' for done up, comin' up, made it, eternal
If I struggle, thank God
I'm a count my blessin', trouble but never no stressin'
Just called it a lesson
'Cause life will be runnin' that test and better off in a cell
See a nigga walkin' the streets

And they label us foolish children
'Cause I always knew this
While the rest of my days I be livin' in Ruthless
Fuck what you're thinkin', law, my Judge is up Heaven
Look at my stomach and see the '7'
Even scales is how I'm bailin'
Rebellin', tellin' y'all nothin' but a soldier tells,
critic can kiss my ass
I might go to thinkin' about my past
Get mad, I reach in my stash and blast
Fuck all y'all that treated a nigga like we wasn't shit
And soon as we hit, now what do we get?
These fake-ass niggas tryin' to get in our click, all on our dick
But you can miss me, actin' phony in my presence, love it or leave it
You can't believe it
It ain't that season
Get to steppin', hater
Only Mo Thug allowed, say it loud, Mo Thug and I'm proud
Mo Thug and I'm proud.
Loud! Proud! Loud! Proud!

[Bizzy]
Baby Boi . . .

[Layzie]
Mind of a souljah, mind of a souljah, release and feel me

Better watch for the nightfall when them come
Better watch out for the night stormers
No light's in sight when them run, but then once we warn ya
Caught ya slippin' up out of your game, playa
Wasteland soldier, see what we facin'
Chasin' po-po on the hood like Jason
Casin' your set, fin to blow your station instantly
Fin to be World War 3 if ya fuck with my family, try to test the men
And we single-handedly take over your mind and the rest of the planet
See, I'll be damned if we surrender, agenda's still no pretender
Put it all down, make 'em all remember:
deep in Hell is where I'll send ya
Welcome to the Land of more indo
We smoke
We choke
You know we blaze
Break out any cup with the pipe, what's up?
Parlay, come around my way
Lay keep it real
Keep it real
Peace be still, time after time, can't forget that money
Man, that money, man
Mo' money be on mind, bottom line

[Bizzy]
Baby Boi . . .

[Layzie]
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