

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Notorious Thugs

[Bizzy:]

Bone and Biggie, Biggie.

It's Bone and Biggie, Biggie . . .

Krayzie:

We gonna rock the party [rock the party, party].

Better run and tell everybody [everybody, everybody].

alternating with Layzie:

Ride. Let's ride. Let's ride. Let's ride. Come on and . . .

[Bizzy:]

Get high, get high, get high . . .

This is a lake of fire, but I can't even hold on.

[Simulated clapping.]

Krayzie:

Notorious thugs.

Layzie:

Nothin' but them thugstas. Nothin' but them thugstas [thugstas].

[Notorius B.I.G.:]

Armed and dangerous: ain't too many can bang with us. Straight up weed, no angel dust. Label us notorious thug-ass niggas that love to bust. It's strange to us, y'all niggas be scramblin', gamblin' up in restaurants with mandolins and violins. We just sittin' here tryin' to win, try not to sin, high off weed and lots of gin. So much smoke, need oxygen, steadily countin' them Benjamins. Nigga, you'd should, too, if you knew what this game would do to you. Been in this shit since ninety-two. Look at all the bullshit I've been through: so-called beef with you-know-who, fucked a few female stars or two. Then a blue light, niggas move like Mike, shit, not to be fucked with. Muthafucka, better duck quick, 'cause me and my dogs love to buck shit. Fuck the luck, shit, strictly aim, no aspirations to quit the game. Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat, call your click, squeeze your clip, hit the right one. Pass that weed, I gotsta light one. All them niggas, I gotsta fight one. All them hoes, I gotsta like one. Our situation is a tight one. What you wanna do: fight or run? Seems to me that you'll take B, Bone and B.I.G., nigga, die slowly. I'm a tell you like a nigga told me, cash rules everything 'round me. Shit, lyrically, niggas can't see me. Fuck it. Buy the coke, cook the coke, cut it. Know the bitch, before you caught yourself lovin' it. Nigga, roll the Benz, fuckin' in it. Doesn't it seem odd to you? B.I.G. come through with mobs and crews. Goodfellas down for the Mo Thug crew. Who's the killa: me or you?

[Puff Daddy:]

We forgive you, for you know not what you do.

[Bizzy:]

Seven A.M. woke in the morning, with Hen and caffiene and green and nicotine. No dough, so pop a couple of those. Little RIPsta, nigga, Mr. Clean make it gleam, deep in my temple, and I go get sentimentally steamed with my instrumelody and heated especially for your team and the forty-five indeed will beam in between the seams, destroy your dreams. You willing to die? We'll see how many flee when I 'cause the scene. We mean mug, Mo Thug, trained to be perfect disciples when it's survival time, die by double-edged sword, triple six rivals spittin' fire, that's the real truth, bitch, breakin' down for lives, my Messiah, better get ready for Armageddon, shoots expired, it's wild. Bless the child, the one that became a man, but them positions' already there, all that I had to do was stare. Test me now, contend, never no surrender, no pretend, pick up my gun in my hand, one of my trusty friend, friends. Hey, open and let 'em see if we're real. We all suited, beg my pardon to Martin, baby, we ain't marchi n', we shootin', and daily recrutin'. There's a thug born everyday in the ghetto. We start 'em off little, we give 'em a bottle and a pen and pad. They hit the label, kick it.

[Krayzie:]

Little Kray roll on over to the dark spot, to the dome with a shot of burb, now me go back to the curb. Me feelin' that urge to splurge, but I'm broke as fuck.

"Sin, gimme that Mossberg swerve." Off into my pad, 'cause I gotta get my mask and shells to put in this twelve-gauge sawed-off, get 'em mauled off, nigga, y'all lost. They get hauled off. Got a nigga callin', though, for the pump, now Leatherface, Sin runnin', thuggin' and cuttin', Lil' Mo! Hart quick to pull it, ain't nothin'. Bitch, if you're steppin', we're buckin' them guts. That's fucked up. Now let me get down for the crime. Got to go purchase a dime, put in the state, nigga double the crime, smokin' the reefer to ease my mind. Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks, but really me servin' 'em dummies, see. Gotta buck 'em on down, if they come talkin' like, "Give me back me money." Thuggin' with me killas, need us a liter of liquor, but niggas ain't got shit, but a sawed-off pump, chrome .38 pistol, now who ready to get back ? Nigga like me fiendin' for them green leaves, but I ain't had no dough. Gotta make some money, so I makin' my dummy rocks, if I go broke.

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[Layzie:]

[Yeah.] Little Lay, hey, comin' in the form of scripture, fin to get ya and hit ya with magic, drivin' out late, but I call on my gadgets. With an automatic status, we spray. Time to load the glocks, but I'm thinkin' not, there's another evil force tellin' me to do what I gotta do, so I up my pipe, a nigga dyin' tonight, and I'm always runnin' from the boys in blue, biggy-blue's on my ass. Now, I whip out the cellular phone to call Bone, "What's happenin'? Grab artillery. Niggas start packin', 'cause a muthafucka tried to get me in a jackin', and I did him." Hit 'em right between the eyes. The spot was wise. Wanna test a nigga's size, and it cost him. Nigga fuck around with the wrong shit, y'all get mo mudered all day, all day. We can play that way, and I'm on the run. I'm a call my boys, and bring all the guns. Y'all niggas wanna have a little fun with #1, bloody red, redrum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, bloody red, redrum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, bloody red, redrum.

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