

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Thugz Cry

For the ghetto media, don't let
the light-skin fool ya', I will f**k you up.

. . . when the

thugs cry

This is what it sounds like (this is
what it sounds like, this is what it sounds like . .

.) . . .

. . . when the thugs cry (when
the thugs cry, when the thugs cry).

Nigga we represent the planet get schizophrenic n
panic maybe the past would understand if they'd get
off their ass and mash.

How do you manage? Paranoid, don't even trust my
boyz watch for the plot and deploys envoys scopin
like a dope fiend. But

I'm smokin in the alleyz with these ghetto guns and
erased my funds Watts, niggas in Cali take bullets to
the brain still rowdy Jesus

really never died, you crucified mutual suicide. Who
am I? Local with vocals going coast to coast.

Heaven'll move me right fo

sho deception weather my brethren but sunny days when
they parlay get killed when they get tah steppin

'member the weapon's

close and the doctor said I need time to myself on
the ocean those frivolous thoughts but I'm brought up
full of this independence

caught up sever relentless evil intentions nobody
knows him even the henchmen warrior, poet, never to
mention I love my lady

rebel we can get the stroke on, we can get the stroke

on, we can get the stroke on, we can get the stroke
on, when the thugs cry.

This is what it sounds like (this is
what it sounds like, this is what it sounds like . .
. . . .)

(Come on, come on,
come on . . .)

. . . when the thugs cry (when
the thugs cry, when the thugs cry).

(Are you ready,
ready, ready?)

We keepin the lights on at Ruthless and I ain't
f**kin the boss lookin at me sexy take your clothes
off but my dick'll go soft! never
mix business with your sickness enemy see me flippin
in the picnic with your little divide and conquer but
my sister was ready to
bomb her! Get off the dizznik, and up off my voice
me and my boyz give us a choice how could you ever
tell Sony that I was the
only one was making noise ain't it a breech of
trust look in the gutter, unh, never judge yo book by
its cover, word to the
muthaf**ka I.....I didn't studder but what if I
lost it and came in the office and nobody noticed with
liquid explosives on top of
Versace clothes give up the ghost Krayzie's Picasso,
lil' Layzie like Caesar, Stack's like lil' Pesci N
Casino and Wish don't give a
f**k! O I'm Gambino -n- the walkin dead wake up on
the wrong side of the bed. Bible of survival triple

six rivals, triple six rival
member you said I read but I roll with killas, Niggaz
that'll bust in the club you don't feel us strapped in
the bed, strapped pickin up
the kids in the
realest, the realest, the realest.

This is what it sounds like (this is
what it sounds like, this is what it sounds like . .

.) . . .

(Yeah, yeah, yeah . . .

come on, come on, come on.)

. . . when the thugs cry (when
the thugs cry, when the thugs cry).

(Are you ready,
ready, ready?) Oh no!

It'll make your body shake when it's too late soon
as you flipped off the safety baby this we all day
don't tell me you crazy, will
they sell me? Hell, naw! For reason this weepin'
widow be the demon so cheap and at least she peepin go
peep deep dead in yo
pockets no sleep. Rollin' with my crucifix Lucifer
usually uses the rule of these wicked tricks in the
school of these ghetto games
and the fool of this bitch's mist I say shame, shame,
shame. Enemies attacking me actually I'm in the grain
ask Mr. Majesty these
casualties well they're passin me by but I hear death
callin' when it's so cold in a room who's stallin'
better come after me, we say
fuck y'all all in the
battle we, battle we, battle we.

This is what it sounds like (this is
what it sounds like, this is what it sounds like . .
. . . .
. . . when the thugs cry (when
the thugs cry, when the thugs cry).