

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, U Ain't Bone

[Verse 1: Bizzy Bone]

I'm sending a message to warn you imposters  
All hating in my business  
When I see you I'm a drop you  
Get slugged and get drugged  
My niggas I'll hustle to pay the judge  
Got you when I spot you I should pop you  
Even the boss was telling me not to  
But I won't stop until they get shot  
When they get out the hospital  
They gonna get shot, too  
The fast one bringing that AK  
Better walk, then we even  
When I leave and flees to Cleveland  
Now, murder 'em and rest in peace  
So goodbye. We're shutting it down  
And now we're prowling niggas from alleys  
Cloning our sound, we found your town  
Now is you ready for the war?  
Cry loud and go  
Many if all niggas 'll fall off in they sleep  
And even oppose and order them hoes  
Gonna flee with me?  
Bitch, fuck with me then see that  
My little aliens, yeah  
We come to your city. Can they really  
Put it on down with the pistol?  
Can you feel me, feel me?

[Verse 2: Layzie Bone]

They beat biters, dope-style takers  
When I see you face-to-face  
My nigga, I'm a treat you like a hater  
You niggas ain't Bone, you clone  
You wrong. What the fuck?  
You niggas ain't thinking  
What's the consequence?  
Now I'm 'bout to get  
Real deadly. Ready for the war  
When we just start bombing shit  
Trying to cop my click?  
Hell no! Real raw. Y'all niggas thought this was a game?  
Now it's time to make you feel the pain  
Wanna test my everyday thang?  
I aim straight for your temple  
It's really that simple when I seen it splatter  
Had I even killed one of you clones  
Then the rest of y'all wouldn't even matter  
Scattered. Run for the border  
Your career is getting shorter  
Nigga, better hide 'cause I already warned ya  
Mo Thug Records taking over  
I told ya. Soldier man your post  
Better cover your coast and lock all entries  
If one of my sounds is off in your town  
Then it's going down by the means infantry  
Instantly finna be World War 3  
If you fucking with my family jewels. You fools!  
You niggas break golden rules  
Gotta walk the walk in your own shoes  
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony  
Them niggas going platinum every time  
I'm ready to ride. You ready to ride?  
It's do or die. Then, nigga, I die

I jump in my Five Double-O  
If you got it, better flaunt it  
I'm a drop the top, and lock the locks  
And cock the Glock; it'll make you want it  
Come get it. And while you're rapping  
On your song, just remember no pretenders  
Bitch, you hoes ain't Bone!

[Chorus: Krayzie Bone]  
I hope you realize that you ain't Bone  
You ain't Bone  
Why don't you realize that you ain't Bone?  
Nigga, you ain't Bone  
Ring the alarm (Ring the alarm)  
To let 'em know that we're charging  
Clones pay  
Come on now ring the alarm (Ring the alarm)  
To let 'em know that we're charging  
Clones pay

[Verse 3: Bizzy Bone]  
Straight from the corner and I'm a thug  
All my diamonds  
I bet you wanted to stop my shining  
Didn't we warn you, nigga?  
The sign. See? Blinded  
Run but they finding  
Me in my Double-big-Five-O  
And critical with a pistol  
With pistols. Feel that the verbal 'll  
Serve you. Heard my words  
Are satanic and wishful  
Then see you all get pissed off  
My generals need no horse  
We need AR-15s, twenty Glocks  
With beams, and TNT  
Nigga roll with me  
Burial. Fuck the world!  
When I deal, hope I repented  
'Cause if the world I resented  
It just might catch me up in heaven  
But I'm a work this earth til it hurts  
Gotta done make the worse  
All the way through trial  
I'm back in the court for some dirt  
Get 'em off soil. They wait for alarm  
I curse that silly ass bitch said I stoled a purse  
And at them bullshit awards. But they told me  
I stole beneath of my shirt. And it makes me sick  
Even Ripsta's sistas plus family understands  
Fuck with it. Put it on your Grammy  
Even my mammy's scared to tell. And  
Deep in my mind, devil seeped in. Scary  
Stay wary and carry on. Promise to burn me  
Never bury and hurry if you ain't Bone

[Verse 4: Layzie Bone]  
These niggas wanna erase me  
'Cause they can't face me  
Crash collide with the niggas that hate me  
Fucking with the real, y'all see how the fake be  
Ducking the cut, trying to look for safety  
Make me reach for my pistol and pop it  
Niggas gonna pay on the day that I spot him  
Toss him in the trunk of the Caddy

On the way to the rodeo, killing all carbon copies  
I'll be damned if I let a nigga breathe. Indeed  
I grieve for the war. What's next?  
It's all about respect, bitch nigga  
I'ma get that shit if I don't get nothing else  
To the end I'm steady flipping  
Fucking the world til they give Bone props  
Nigga, you got knocked on blocks  
With rocks, beat down by the cops  
And it still don't stop. Glock Glock  
I'm grinding, steadily climbing  
To the top of the charts. Where you wanna be?  
Off in my prime it's all about timing  
As I look at my shit make history  
No mystery. Mistook and, nigga  
That eight-time platinum real  
How do you feel to the thugs appeal?  
Make nigga wanna sound like Bone for a record deal  
Should'a kept it real and quit fronting. Nigga  
Go round-for-round with the best  
Nigga, step up and meet your death  
Fucking with Kray, Little Lay, Biz, Wish, and Flesh  
Yeah, it's all about survival of the fittest and it's on  
Nigga, realize, or you die. You bitch ass niggas ain't Bone

[Chorus x2]