

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Wasteland Warriors

(feat. Souljah Boy)

[Krayzie: Talking]

Yeah, got my niggas from St. Clair up in this muthafucka, nigga  
P.O.D.'d, my nigga, Sin  
Fin to put this shit down like this, nigga  
(We off to the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto...)

What if we slowed it down?  
Then, nigga, you would hear me  
I know niggas would fuck around  
And say we tried to steal your style  
Come on to funky town, that's where we gets the rawest  
Thuggish ruggish Bone, so sho' nuff, that's what they call us  
My niggas is older, now, so they know when to unload  
So, when them funky, funky jump me  
Gon' be ready to roll (ready to roll)  
It's part of no static, see, we just out to get paid  
But, oh no, niggas heard the flow  
And wanted a piece of the cake  
It kinda pissed me off that ? figured they could get skills  
But when kept on disrespectin'  
Make 'em think we shit's real, nigga  
I'm from the Land where every niggas plan  
And schemin' for the money, man, so we packin'  
And they don't understand them niggas rappin'  
But still they actin' like criminals  
? reciprocal  
They don't know it, even though  
Oh, no, no, can't let you go  
When I pop pop pop (pop, pop)  
That funk'll gon' blow you away  
Playa hation strikes a nerve everyday  
Oh, gotta say fuck all y'all, all y'all  
Wasteland warriors, we stressed, we stressed, we stressed

[Krayzie (Layzie)]

Warriors ride (bloody murder, bloody mo' murder  
Murder, murder, murder, play, play)  
Wasteland warriors ride (bloody murder, bloody mo' murder  
Murder, murder, murder, play, play)  
War corruptin' my mind

[Souljah Boy]

You know it is, what it's gotta be  
Ain't no stoppin' me when I be droppin'  
And these Mo Thug roll the sword from the front and back  
Don't stop, but the Double Glock they don't look out for these  
Where your troops is down to get loose, bitch  
Sue these stupid muthafuckas  
Don't make me huff and puff and start some ruckus  
'Cause the niggas be down for the count  
And the first nigga step up, get shut down  
You shouldna been takin' my fuckin' style  
That's how we still gon' do it in the C-Town  
Arrest me on the rebound  
It's the P to the O to the D from the T to the H to the U to the G  
You hoes ain't got mo' killas than me  
So muthafuck what you's thinkin'  
Brothas don't hit, they're weak and wrapped up in my sheet  
While your bullethole still be bleedin'  
But here's the reason for the season's on my muthafuckin' bank  
Why you lame, be actin' strange?  
Boom to bangs, nigga insanes

Out to rearrange this muthafuckin' figure  
Knowin' damn well, I'm a muthafuckin' killa  
Nigga, bow down, and I'm outta your picture  
Just might killa, got a cap peela, nine rounds spilla  
We done muthafuck you  
And you don't wanna see fade 'em all with the blood heater  
Streetsweeper get your ass deceased.

[Krayzie] Warriors ride  
Bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder  
Murder, murder, play, play Wasteland warriors ride  
bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder  
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[Bizzy]  
Rip quick to kill ya, fill ya, and I hits that quick  
Nigga, what you saw  
We ? somebody ? with a pistol runnin' through ?  
And they call war, ready for the cause  
Clones get the thug, end up gettin' them ? gotta break  
Your face be on that table, ready for more  
Y'all clone him, and what if I got my peeps to flip in  
And vote and go ahead and smoke 'em, open 'em up  
And your luck get fucked-up, ready me buck buck buck  
I'm still runnin' from feds, ? all the disrespect  
But I won't get cut and love, Uh-uh  
What it makes you want my ? yes, some are ?  
Thinkin' me bloody get with the ?  
And roll but I had gun before you knows  
Don't roll, and I gotta go and face it  
So picture me nearly dearly get in judge, roll

[Layzie]  
Aw, shit!  
Nowhere to run; here come judgement day  
Let's make these jealous bitches pay, uh-huh  
I'm off in the midst, and runnin' and chasin' and casin' your ?  
Feelin' it might save me, baby, gotta be goin' through this life  
I snatch your life just like it's a day which type'll it be?  
Come and roll with this #1 nigga in my 500 Benz  
You know I got ends to spend, top ten ?  
Count dividends, and I'm rollin' still real  
Attitude like, "Nigga, what?"  
And me Mo Thug Souljah Boy like all of 'em niggas  
Mo Thug employ in my city  
Destroy y'all, how wicked is this?  
It may be, nigga just gotta keep real, baby, lately  
Little Lay been dodgin' hits, try to keep all my people safe  
And outta the way  
And you know I get greater later, so I continue windin'  
It's all about perfect timin', feel me  
it's about perfect timin', hear me  
What's on my muthafuckin' mind in this:  
These playa haters got me pissed, bitch  
But let me get my gauge  
Leatherface, go get your mask  
We gon' blast and roll on these muthafuckin' niggas  
Everlastin', everlastin', everlastin', everlastin' - the #1 Assassin

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