

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Wind Blow

Wind Blow

[Layzie Bone:]

Bone Thugs n Harmony

A yo we aint always been accepted like this till (Listen to the wind blow)

A nigga got dat Grammy

Open the door nigga,

Bone Thugs got a story that's similar to Mike Jones

You can ask my homies

I'm memba back in the days they didn't want me

Now I blew up they all on me

They smiles phony

Its hard to determine who really is rich or which of these niggas is fake

They tryna eat out of yo plate

And you cant get a break

Now how much can you take

For heavens sake

I cant wait they gone be

(Listening to the wind blow)

[Krayzie Bone:]

Sittin back blowin on indo

Waving wit my middle finger hangin out the window lets roll

Get yo muthafuckin hand out my pocket

Now they wanna be wit a nigga

Feel like we partnas

Nigga we was lookin for a deal and you dodged us

Neva did call us

Where was yo promise

But now we ridin by

(Listening to the wind blow)

[Wish Bone:]

Nigga to the real to the sets

When it comes to the streets

Livin peace so it can beat like a drum from the ghetto

Give all peace wont let is go

Say we wouldn't make it

Now we some of the greatest

Bumpin through the trunk and yo ra yo radioooo

[Chorus: x2]

Yo don't love me now

And you'll never love me again

(You cant) you cant say it

You would never

[?]

[Layzie Bone:]

4 tru thugs from the double glock

A nigga ready to rumble

When trouble nocks

2 one way tickets straight off the block

We gonna this pay

Yall niggaz jus watch

All eyes on me

Like my name is Pac

Fuckin hip hop clock

Gotta pass the glock

Takin drastic shots

Till these bastards stop

When the casket drop

I be mashin out

In brand new drop top flyin nigga
(Listening to wind blow)

[Krayzie Bone:]
Killin them niggaz witta automatic weapon
When they step up
they get hit up wit the AK-47
Anybody tryna git the muthafuckin blessin
They betta not mess wit mine cuz im tellin
Any you niggaz run up again
That it aint no pretendin go for sin u gonna git in
Boy you betta listen listen listen
(Listening to wind blow)

[Wish Bone:]
If you get a change of foot
Inch for inch
You betta do it do it
Grab the game
Do it to it
Chase to chase
But still hood
Live it or love it
Dummies of the rocks
Duck up out of my hood hood hood

[Chorus x2]

(Murder) mo murder them all [x4]
[Krayzie Bone:]
See me flow like the wind blow
Never see me cuz I get ghost
So a nigga neva get close
I go fast or slow
No matter the tempo
Murda the instrumental
Murda the rhythm
I ride to the rhythm of murda
Its murda
This lyrical venom I serve a
Gone kill 'um at minimal murda
Nigga burn some some
Stick wit rans dats? that cash
Nigga you betta learn some (some some)
We got the hood hot lock
Even got the burbs bumpin bumpin
They probably tryna get in
Don't nobody wanna be left in the wind

[Layzie Bone:]
Uh-oh
Niggaz that's not tryna listen to Bone
The early bird get the worm
Take the game by the throat and squeeze
Till the muthafucka broke believe
Its murda we wrote
Its dope that we serve on the curb to the booth
These niggaz don't feel it cuz we spit the truth
Aint never no fake and they got me to prove
Haters just hate and we do what we do

Let 'um talk to you in the face
Only because we blew up in they face
If was Bone hurtin
If that was the case

I'll probably go loco and catch me a case
Nigga jus move and give me some space
When I let the wind blow in my face
Nigga don't quit till I finish the race
Number one is the place

[Chorus x2]

[Krayzie Bone:]
Now we ridin by [x4]