

Bizzy Bone, BB Da Thug

[Intro: Bizzy Bone]

To the Lord's visionares, mm-mm-mm
Dyin in the struggle (yeah)
Rest In Peace, that's my A.K.A. nigga
Y'all don't feel me

[Bizzy Bone]

See I was born in the womb, beatin down my mom's walls
Now in the 90's you can find 'em makin a chronic call
Definitely I need a blunt, come fill it up with some bud
East double 99 for life, ain't none of y'all fuckin with us
There I was with the Thugs, bustin and pullin out broke-ass guns
Tryna bluff my way, hey, I pistol-whip on shit
I'm still number one - runnin the click
and fuckin wit a, pump it on up in let the Regime get dumb
Buckin wit a 55 chance, Bizzy off in your city
Ready to dance with these itchy-ass, hands
And Bizzy on the off-ramp just cause I'm thuggin
Shit this music got me soft, tramps seein my cousins buggin
But I don't give a fuck, I'm puffin onions, the ounces and Bizzy smile
I made it and you hate it, that's the way the ball bounce
I keep my gun and make the money and that's for my baby son
What a creation in my life, I think he's a thug
And there I was, fuckin with the Thuggsta Lay'
with Flesh workin feedin the family in the C-L-E-V-E-L-A
Better believe indeed, I got somethin up under my sleeve
Connected to the thieves, when it gets thoughtless grow some weed
It's deja vu whenever I'm with you
I could smoke on forever, ain't it true that I do?
I can feel it inside, I can't explain how I feel
Remember when my neighbor Linda let a nigga eat a meal
Learn to fight off my back, on my own did he struggle
In the 'Land on my hustle tryin to piece on out the puzzle
Nobody knows when we'll die, it still maintain through the rough
I be the first to give my life, my life - BB da thug