Bone Thugs n Harmony, 7 Sign

Bizzy:
Yeah, this for all you non-believers, especially out in the C-O. Man, fuck y'all niggas.
Yeah, I'm (tatted) so when I die, you can see what's deep in my eye [my eye].
7 Sign . . .
Bizzy:
I put who got you, too, who shot you, who got you, glock you and stop you [stop you, stop you].
Look who got you, too, who shot you, who got you, pop you and stop you [stop you, stop you].
Nigga, this Mo Thug and we can get fucked-up even if I'm under surveillance, I watch out, wanna win, and fuck 'em up daily, throwin' up 7, what am I yellin'? Murderer. Nigga, once you come must be like crazy if you [Muthafucka, don't play me] play me. Nigga, not today. I see you but you can't see me. I know with all of government and, yes, this will get crazy and blow [bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb].
Maje:
Got your mind blown, vocal tones keep it sewn, blastin' out your steroes or your headphones. The roots exploited clones; therefore, it's my job to describe the loudness, the habitat of rap survival kit. Artistic skin abrasion, so when 'em fadin' my worldly reflections, it's magnified to new levels of elevation.
Bizzy:
Seven sign, seven, seven sign, seven, seventh sign seal.
Yeah, now y'all know, yeah.
Yeah, I'm (tatted) so when I die, you can see what's deep in my eye [my eyes, my eyes].
Now, look who got you, then, who shot you, who pop you, glock you and stop you [stop you, stop you].
Look who got you, too, who shot you, who pop you, glock you and stop you [stop you, stop you].
Bizzy:
The Rip here to run in the street, and flippin' on police, yeah they know me, I'm not lonely, only, show me when the smoke clears, and at least I had my homie and a nigga, K, homie. All bitches, look into it as you want the real killa? Well, pull out your pistol, bitch, and shoot it, shoot it. And you knew it, too, when, when you looked in my eyes, I'm ready to die. And I hope my mama really loves me, 'cause daddy's bye-bye. Inner pride with the Ripsta, let 'em hit ya with the scripture, picture me loc'd out and smoked out with a half of fifth of (?).
Maje:
Three sixty-five out of all the round trees, they'll be Japanese, Maje's corruptin' record companies. Nigga, jump for cheese, catch sub-zero freeze and crack once the atmosphere brings the temperature back, slacks only in dress pants, have you ever danced with the devil in pale moonlight? I have. Hollywood niggas make me laugh. Sell a dream to 'em. Cash, no royality, grab they royal keys and dash. My overhead projects how ends meet to foul or ejected, lyrics was selected beyond my control, last door on the totem pole, pockets swoll from tape residue, last interview and went in daytime, it's made a promise to let down smooth criminals gently and (?) grab your earlobe and billion, this is big business, buy tapes, don't lend, niggas (?) while I scrap change for phillies, why grill me? Got bigger balls to chase waterfalls with Chili, explore on four wheels or foot, I bring it to that ass over the hook so when you slip, gots it. I ride up on it. I had to maintain my mental frame, and now I'm Boneless, word sound 'til I'm foamin'. Cybergenics wanted my genes for clonin'. Disownin' heads like Romans fight rebel Trojans. More than civil suits make my longevity boost, articles and promotions make me more potent. Deadly to the mind, 'causin' somethin' to be blind, redefine lines entertwined with all mankind. Would that rain outshine divine Maje, shame, the boogie down Bronx is where the heart still remain.
Bizzy:

I'm a let a nigga know, you know what I'm sayin', just right off the bat. I gives a fuck about no nigga. Don't be no (corvie)-ass nigga. I'm tryin' to tell niggas that off the rip, off the rippa, baby.
[I must be losin' my mind . . .] I must be.
Where's the mob? Find your specialty, let's give this nigga a job. Is you ready for jail? Yes and no, but somebody's gonna try to rob. We can spar, but you gon' drop [drop], I'm a bomb, ready for war, will I p-pop pop, better look out for miles, been doomed since the womb. Will he put me in my tomb? I've been thuggin' so assume when I enter your room, boom. Stomped through Compton and cities y'all ain't never heard of, and listen, I bet there's thousand people screamin' out "murder, murderin' ya." Hypnotized, took off my shirt, I got a (?). I'm tatted so when I die you can see what's deep my eyes. Trues ride but trues die, my nigga, don't cry, I shedded my last tear when I found out love was a lie. So I try, but it ain't nothin' for my mental. So piss off my pencil, and I blast, dash in a rental. One nigga got (?) and off he in a trap with sawed-off they took a chance and lost, let's spray A-K and make gangsta gone, don't finish the wars when they ain't over, I love you thugs, but all them skeletons got so close and they got so (?) if it ain't (?), this family that don't give a fuck who you are. It ain't nothin' like some trouble. How close? How far [how far, how far]?