

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, 9mm

With the heata, 9 mm
Go loco with the heata, 9mm
9mm, millimeter, millimeter, pop, pop
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Get ready for the big payback
Been thuggin' and keepin' the gully since way back
Lot a *** been talkin', they runnin' they mouths barkin'
Runnin' around false, they claimin' they want a weapon to rob us
My record is flawless, my method is lawless
I'm an automatic weapon, ***, you just a target
The number one artist from the land of the heartless
Fittin' to get cha, hit cha ***, they couldn't call it
One *** left and they talkin' about we ain't happenin'
So we had to give that up and make 'em recognize platinum
Look at everybody rappin' just like I'm rappin'
Got to admit it the Bone Thugs is the masta
They die and there's no competition, no competition
Tear the roof off the ***
I put a boot off in a ***
Still down to blast or clash with anyone of you ***
Who start we ain't trippin' off none of you ***
Leatherface, the boy is back with a little bit of action
Bring it, rap it, sing it, bust it
Whateva dog, whateva y'all want to do I'm with it
Wicked
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I done had a mil, took a mil, blew a mil
Still in the streets, that's how I live, I live
It don't mean a damn thing
Still got a little change, believe me comin' in
I pass a *** seen a lot of ***
Point him, point him out, that's him here
It about to be E with a big cast, eat him up
Send him on his way, kick him in his ***, have a nice day
Went the wrong way, got a lot to say
It can get so murderous, murderous
Touchin' us never, that Bone Thug still the crack
Crack and I can't lay back on the comeback
Spit on these ***, spit on these ***
Run up any you ***, any you ***
Won't be no recognizin' ***
Just one warnin', impatient one time only, okay
Don't repeat myself, bad for my health
Don't want to do that, rather spray
Catch me on the wrong day, catch me on the wrong day
Better stay out my way, better stay out my face
That's the last thing you wanna do, Thugs true
See the blues I *** at you, now you boo
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Y'all know how I feel about fake ***
***, ***, ain't no love for 'em
Put a *** in his place, momma cryin' at the wake
That's right, that's what a *** does for him
I play above the rim
With no lames in my circle 'cause I love to win
With the real *** with the thug in them
And if you talk too much, I put a slug in 'em
Oh no, don't play with 'em, Lay gon get 'em
If Wish don't get 'em then Kray gon' get 'em
Straight up we spit 'em with a nine on my side
And I slide to the rhythm
Let me slow it down in case you didn't catch my drift
Lift a *** up out his shoes, trigga finga not hesitant
Let me speed it up, hit 'em like the ammunition
Comin' from my heata, y'all *** can't see these thugs
17 shots from the 9mm
On the creep with the night vision
Infrared beams pointed at your dome
Can't wait to see a *** response
When I rip that vest with the Teflon, Teflon
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