

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, BNK

[Eazy-E:]
killa, killa, killa, killa

[Eazy-E:]
Black nigga killa. Hate brought death around the block as a hollow point bust through the punk's back. Raisin' Cain, feel no pain as I penetrate. Nigga five deep as I strike at a quick pace. I got the evil of my dead nigga trapped in my mind so my soul is a threat to all mankind. Born to kill, I'm wicked by nature, 'cause the streets of my neighborhood breed young hellraisers. A 30.06 with the scope I make a skinhead brain bust all across the West Coast. Muthafuckas catchin' heat as I bring anger, and release more danger from my chamber. The evil in my blood is possessed, so I creep low from the back slow and push lead through that nigga's flesh. Ain't no hope when every nigga wants to be the nine-milla, on the trigger, the black nigga killa.

[Krayzie:]
We be the mighty warrior. Black nigga killa, what's up? You ready to die? You think you can fuck with them thug niggas? Come on, tell me the truth, nigga. Look in my eyes. Bitch, we get live. Bone thugs-n-harmony, nigga--Cleveland's thuggish ruggish niggas still down with the thug shit. Buck, buck, bust. Let 'em know we still run this bitch just like an assassin. Say, nigga, we nice but can get nasty. Get into war, what else can it be? Nigga, you know what we came here for. You know, when we shot through the door, my niggas was serious, playin no jokes. Just 'cause I'm a rapper, you thought it's for show? Okay nigga let's see if this a real fo'-fo'. You thought we was studio, saw us on video, seen us in person so here we go [here we go]. What is your problem? Here come the bullets, better dodge 'em. I sneaks up behind, so I'm fuckin' with killas. Nigga, don't make me kill ya. Got a bodybag for any you bitches thinkin' you realer.

[Wish:]
Since, we some killers for sure [sure], hit 'em up, hit 'em hard, if you ready to roll. Niggas out tryin' to fuck with us, but I'm givin' you one warnin'--that's a no-no. 'Cause I got what you need if you are ready to die, to die, to die. Nigga, bye bye. Shots might be fired. Yep. Everybody gon' run? Naw. Shootin' at me? Better hit me or one day . Fire! Here I come, come. And you don't wanna see. We like that [that], 'cause everybody pack guns, but Bone go pap pap. Really just out for the money, ya'll. Really won't hurt none of y'all, but playas went too far so I say, "Fuck y'all. Fuck y'all, y'all, y'all haters. All, y'all, y'all, y'all haters."

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[Flesh-n-Bone:]
I'm servin' these bitches daily. I'm a black nigga killa--that's what you can label me. Unfadafe, see? You don't really wanna fuck with us. You can't touch us. You ain't able. Rest in peace. Flesh creep and sneak with a streetsweeper. Niggas don't ever know what hit 'em. I split 'em and snatch they soul like the Reaper. Have you ever seen a killer, dressed in a trench coat, sold over a hundred pounds? Rollin', downin' a fifth of Rose when I stroll, and who wanna fuck with me now? Lay 'em all down when I creep through your town and clown. I bet you feela this nigga behind the trigger, clack back. Stack, that black nigga killa.

[Layzie:]
['Cause dyin' be easy.] Nigga, you know what Bone be sayin'. Rollin' with big guns, ain't no playin', stayin' down for the murda mo', slayin'. Aw, shit. Just to let you know, man, that 187 for realer. We black nigga killas and down to ride for E [E]. He'd a ride for me, and that's the way it's gon' be: N.W.A, nigga B-O-N-E. All around the world, most dangerous groups, marchin' like troops. Lace your boots, be ready to shoot, 'cause if you ain't then a bullet might hit you. Picture yourself in a coffin--so stiff and cold, full of formaldehyde. Better scatter, dodge 'fore this bullet lodged in your ass,

simply for the cash. Been around the world, seen so many faces and so many places. Aced this game, while they try to erase this daily basis. Gimme my space, shit, show me some love, though. Just pump your fist in the air and holler, "Mo!" Could you do me that? And I'll hit you back. Little nigga just wanna know where my thugs at. Some at the track on the back. Oh, yes, some niggas on corner 'r ound sellin that crack. Some of my thugs grave long gone, lot of my niggas' at home playin' Bone. Could they rest in peace? My niggas sleep. Makaveli, Biggie Smalls, and Eazy-E. T-Rock got shot [T-Rock got shot]. Lord bless his city [bless his city] thats why [why I] shoot, shoot 'em up. Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up. Shoot, shoot 'em up. Shoot 'em up, always [nigga], always. That's why I shoot 'em up.

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