

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, C Land I.A.

[Intro:]

We still from good old Cleveland I.A.
(Blast away, fuck scrappin.)
We still from good old Cleveland I.A. NNNNasty.
(The original Thugs.)
in madden where ya find me slanging me lello, daily, oh.
Cleveland is the city where we come from, yeah.
and Cleveland is the city where we com from.

[Chorus:]

We still from good old cleveland I.A. NNNNasty. Blast away, fuck scrapping.
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We still from good old cleveland I.A. NNNNasty. Blast away, fuck scrapping.
We still from good old cleveland I.A. NNNNasty. Blast away, fuck scrapping,
fuck scrapping.

[Verse 1:]

Me and my Militent minded, thug ass, mutha fuckin niggas, ya bitch made motha fucka. Let my niggas be niggas. Figure mutiny on the bounty, ain't no scrutiny, you know how to call when you in the county, bitch. Gooney was half the craft, just one of my stoodies. You moody, ah? Where your loochey at? I know where that poochie's at, you boochie ass. Pretty boy, you was a fag, I think he fuckin a white boy. I'm a motor cycle. I was born to ride psycho. Baby, I'm even worse than before. Mom, can I call when I'm lost?
In a coffin of hot sauce, finna fall in foe sho. Roach killas got money for thuggin niggas. He don't got no Doja, n sure enough, he don't got no scrilla, n sure enough, he don't got no scrilla, told ya. Helplessly claim that I shorted you out, voted you out, closed you out. Nigga, you know what this business about, (bout). Got my dick in your mouth. I got my dick in your mouth. Check it out.

[chorus]

[Verse 2:]

These niggas better duck when I buck my tool. Nigga break yourself. Bitch, drop, don't move. Nonetheless Flesh must unfold (hot, hot) glock, drop, stalking gat fools. Ready to pap you if we have to. I do. Really dont know what's happenin. Stack go thuggin with the killas way back, rollin out, and our goal: to go triple platinum. Tease killas from off St. Claire, then all hell's fin to break loose. If you declare war, I declare war. Send in my troops, swoop through. In come nuclear warheads, slay. I'm sendin it yo, when I pull the trigga, missiles drop, then I make your body move. Dance hater. Y'all ain't ready n steady, thinkin you can fuck with the thugs. Oh damn, you niggas got tons of swords sharp like a double edged machetti. We rollin out heated heavily, 50 calibers and AK's. No love for the motha fuckin po-po. Kill em all and piss on they fucking graves. Cleveland, better beleive, we stay theivin, and every last evenin I'ma retreat, but proceed with ease, (leavin em). Cleveland up to they coatroom bleedin. Me n hustlas down for the money, murda, and mayhem. C Land I.A.,(I.A.). Where them heartless thugs bail through the wasteland.

[chorus]

[Verse3:]

All this damn chronic, done got me out some hellified times. See, we be the honest, promise to bring the bomb shit. Blow you away. Put it on my thugs. Put it on my thugs, Yeah, Yeah.

[chorus]

