

# Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Crossroad

[Hook x4]

And, Wally, even though you're (gone, gone, gone)  
you've still got love from (bone, bone, bone)  
My nigga, just rest your (soul, soul, soul)  
(and we'll see you at the Crossroad)

[Krayzie]

I'll never get over what some nigga told me:  
"Did you know your nigga Wally got pap pap and put in a coffin?"  
No! Why my nigga took a fall?  
Saw my nigga try to swing them dums, (in the war) so we lost him  
But, damn, why did ya have to kill 'um?  
I never did think it'd be one of my trues to get caught up in redrum  
I sit and I pray everyday: God, don't let me get smoked  
Oh no, a nigga ain't scared to go, but I still got a lot to live for  
But so did my nigga, my nigga-he gone  
And all that he left are his memories  
But when I die, you gon' see me  
One, two, three, Wally rest in peace

[Wish]

Can a nigga tell me why so many my niggaz had to die, so much pain  
Even niggaz in the hood is no good, puttin one to your own homie's brain  
And a nigga gettin' high, thinkin' back, in the days when we did some fucked-up thangs  
Now, I gotta ask God if that's the reason my homie's gone away  
And I gotta give hate to you gangstas out there fakin' the funk  
Actin' like you got a problem, but you're just too goddamned drunk  
Put down your forties, pick up your fists, and handle that shit like men  
Cause too many punks out there pumpin', thinkin' your gat is your friend

[Hook]

[Layzie]

Come and take a good look deep into these thuggish-ruggish eyes, see the thugstas cry  
And I'm askin' the good Lord "Why?" and sigh, he told me we live to die  
Not another on the team with a dream that can deal with the struggles, like you Wally  
I love you to death, but I wish I could have seen through your troubles  
And it's hard to say good-bye to another...Bone  
I'm feelin' all in the dumps, and all of a sudden, I'm so alone  
Stay strong and hold on to a lifetime of memories  
You're livin' off in my prayers  
Gotta let the Man upstairs know that somebody cares  
Just wait, and I'll be there

[Bizzy]

When I heard the word at Kerm's, Shorty said, "Oh, my Lord,"  
Layin' on the curb on a hundred and twenty-third, bled, dead to the world  
How bad? And what about Looney, now? Damn, she gon' act a fool  
Outa the blue, seemed to, she knew what happened to Wally, she lost her cool  
Remember my thug, when I got mo' love. Sippin' on 8-ball  
Used to tell him to pass the weed  
I wish I could tell him to smoke it all Not my dogg  
The mission is deep, peep, so listen up while ya sleep:  
To get where you're headed you must make a heaven of hell  
and then nigga, you'll smooth creep

[Hook]