

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, F---- Tha Police(Remix)

For the love of money.
Gotta make that money, man.
That money, man.
It's still the same, now.

Flesh:

Gotta get on the grind, pop in the clip of my nine, and bitch if you slip, you hit the chalk and fall in the trap, ain't takin' no shorts or no losses. Hop on the phone, callin' my nigga, Sin, at home, polishin' the Muthafuckas we can hit, so bring your shit, 'cause once again, it's on. To the dome with a fifth of (burb), my wig tuck and rolled out to pick up the triple-six thug and follow the murder for robbin' the dopehouse. Smoke gettin' high, now comin' to slay with four grenades and a gauge. I'm a play, watch all 'em fall in the grave and in the driveway, Wish spotted the place and quickly rolled up. Bulldozed through the living room, hopped on the trigger to blow up. Buck, buck, and a kabloom, me blew all them bodies all over the room. Them doomed. Why? The po-po's comin'. Snatch up me yummy, so nigga, don't think it's funny. I'm comin' up quick. Flesh be lovin' this money, this money.

Layzie:

I'm givin' up love to the hustlas, all them St.Clair thugstas, makin' that money, stayin' on your feet. Layzie have that cheese for the green leaves, never catch me sleep. Stay on the grind, get mine, stayin' down. Roll up the nine nine, givin' up that 1lello, makin' me sale--twenties, nickels and dimes. Beat up and stick up the two-eleven, gotta get what's mine, then bailin'. Me kickin' up dust, I'm trailin', feelin' one-eight-seven. Layzie gotsta have it in the nine-quat. Mission: to check a mill and still be real. Thuggin' on the glock-glock. Layzie won't sleep 'til I'm done up, gotta blaze me blunt up, hunt up another plot and scheme, gotta make me nut up. What up? Gotta get that business on, even though the buddah run me, stun me, feelin' love. Layzie love of the money.

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Eazy-E:

Standin' on the corner, straight slangin' rocks. Aw, shit! Here comes the muthafuckin' cops, so I dash behind a tree, makin' sure the muthafuckas don't see me. Now my fat sack of rocks--hell, yeah, I still got the draws. I had to pause, and yeah, it's still muthafuck 'em. Now my game is tight. Tight as fuck is my game. Eazy-muthafuckin'-E or Eric Wright it's all the same. Now, niggas might trip on how I stacks my grip. Eazy-E for the love of this shit. Muthafucka!

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Bizzy:

When dough got me thugsta, thuggish ways, down for my crime everytime. Follow me down the nine nine of me kind. Check out the Ripsta, now, drop down. Run 'em up outta me hood. Rip's straight when he hear me click, rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be. Me put 'em in mud, buck 'em, and pump blood. Got not no better respect Rip, or ya best just check this slug. It's goin' down, steady pump and peel rounds, guh, guh, Bang. Gotta make that money, man. It's still the same, steady runnin' thangs wild. And follow me neer a barrel of a gun, see. For the dub, you're done. For the bud, I run, for the love of my money.

Krayzie:

Nigga down for my thang off in this thug game. So peep as me creep and me crawlin' off on the mission when niggas was bailin' with sawed-offs and wanted to get paid. Runnin' to my side, lil' nigga, Rips got the money. You give up the cash, oh, that was your ass, 'cause me and my nigga was hungry. And, bitch, you might just catch one to the temple, and um, Bone raw doggin', so nigga just make this shit simple and let me fill 'em with bullets and dump 'em in rivers. Remember: me killa, now. For money, me dig ya six six six richer, 'cause, bitch, you were slippin'. I'll cut ya, then rip ya, then buck ya down. Steady robbin' and Nigga drugdealin', needin' a million. Hustlin' drugs when the thugs be chillin'. For the money, these niggas cut, where you find a nigga thuggin' off in braids and skullies, and when I stick ya and lick ya, remember the love of money.

For the love of money.

Krayzie:

Yeah, Bone in the muthafuckin' house for the nine-quats, nigga, yeah, rollin' with Ruthless Records. Layzie Bone, Bizzy Bone, Wish Bone, and Flesh-n-Bone. And I'm that nigga, Krayzie Bone, in the n