

Bone Thugs n Harmony, Flow motion

Flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow
I flow (flow) when I go (go) in flow mo

[Layzie]

Layzie Bone is in the house

I'm gettin it starrted up

And it's my parrt of the cut to let you know

That the (harrder not to haul), you're stuck

I get the gauge, and let it blast

And get you shot, and then you drop

You're popped, so now I got to free the block

I'm breakin' 'em, takin' 'em, makin' 'em

Fakin' 'em, shakin' 'em off

To a new height, I rocks the mic, yes I'm hype

I love to write, so don't you bite

Yeah, I'm the Bone, that nigga

That's on the microphone

You shoulda known, you're fuckin with me

Yeah, it's on

'Cause I got Krayzie and Bizzy Bone without a doubt

Wish Bone, and my bigger brother Stan Howse

So call your posse

You gonna need 'em when the Bone's approachin'

'Cause I be doin a flow motion

[Wish]

We never get caught whenever we run

Because we throw bolo

I'm hypin' 'em up, and strikin' 'em up

To keep 'em in flow mo

You step and you're stuck

Now, what in the fuck

Is up with this dumb shit?

I'm packin' a nine most all of the time

now back up bitch

I'm locked down all the time because

I might go psycho, for drinkin' that Cisco

and poppin' my pistol, you're claimin you're rough

I'm callin' your bluff

So, what's up, sucka?

I'm callin' my niggas, pullin' them

Triggas quick in the mutha fucka

I flow (flow) when I go (go) in flow mo

[Bizzy]

A 187, A lesson for niggas who think they get with the Bone

The weapon is kept in a trench and, so gimme the gat

At once you're shown there's nothing flow like flow mo

I roll with the Bone, no never go solo

Time and time again, think I'm gonna need for smoke 'em

So, so, no, no, 'cause I don't think that

Biz will ever back down, you cross our ways

So you sing, then you chill in the background

I'm psycho and like no (?) on my level

Let's meet in the cemetery

And no, don't forget the shovels (Layzie: I'm diggin a ditch]

for the sucka who thought that they could fade me

Chillin with my nigga Wish, Layzie and Krayzie

The gauge be pointed at your temple in our land

My F-L-O-M-O-T-I-O-N can

Flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow, flow...

[Krayzie]

Well it's the nigga the nigga the nigga the once again

And niggas they pick up the pen and they try to contend

'Cause so (?) when there's a MAC-10

It's blastin', pick up my gun

And now you're running now from the assassin

Pumpin' the clip and you askin'
"Who in the fuck was that masked man?"
The nigga that pulled the trigga
'Cause I'm slimmer they figured they bigger
But when you can see the real killer is peelin' your cap
Nigga that's runnin' the pack
They step so pack the gat, tossin' ya life
I proceed with the murders, servin' off in a coffin
You're fucked, because your niggas
They heard that I buck
So don't think you'll win when I got my steel
And I'm feelin it, when you feelin' a pain
well, like I'm insane
And know I can throw the gauge if you complain
There's never another to go with a brother
While smutherin' suckers been goin' undercover
We leave 'em in gutters, ain't going to get caught
But who was the sucka that's squealed on a murder?
Well, 187 The weapon is kept and ya step and get learned a lesson
I grab my Smith & Wesson
For punks that run to test
And so punks get ready to drop
'Cause I'm on a roll and you'll get smoked
And I'm kickin a gangsta twist
Let's keep 'em moving in flow motion