

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Let The Law End

[Krayzie]

Fuck 'em, let the law end
'Cause we simply get the raw end
Coffins open, dump 'em all in

Nine millimeters, three-eighty's
You're feelin' me kill 'em, 'cause I go with plenty artillery
Come and get showed, there'll be gauges and uzis
Let us begin with bullets
Can't none of ya break off a niggas from prison
And let 'em come with us - retaliation
We come and blast 'em with leather masks on
Let loose

[Wish]

You need beware when your rollin' down the Clair
These niggas is killas, try to feel us
Thuggish ruggish niggas from Cleveland
We steadily creepin' on ya
And you better believe that we bring that pap-pap to your doorstep
Ho-check, you don't wanna fuck with Bone
Let loose

[Layzie]

Nigga, bulletproof, if a muthafucka pull it
Then he better shoot
Nigga never no 9-1-1 to your rescue
Never repsect you, blowin' your chest through
Labelled as a menace, but I'm feelin' it again
And I'm in it to the finish, better check my manuscript
Killa, for realer, drugdealer, little nigga, cap peeler
Bailin' through the Land equipped
When I grips the grip, pump, shot it, shot it
Jump off in my hottie
Nigga lodi dodi, rollin' through your party
Fin to show you this Mo Thug bomber, yeah

[Bizzy]

When I storm my cause up outta domes, get me, badge
War anytime I roll
Come with the war, then you're gonna get yours
Expect the four nigga ring yo doors
And don't you diminish
Til I finish you with it or you would missed it
On the hit list, couldn't resist it
Nigga, you risk it, here to stick with it
To the po-po, you know;
Who don't roll in a sixty-fo' Impala go
Lurk, better searchin' all the doors
Runnin' through crouds 'til I get to Mexico
Go, nigga, Bizzy Bone, the story of a warrior with talent
Little Rip gets so sadistic it's story of (story of story of)

[Krayzie]

Killin' for my niggas steady got up in the pen
Depend on me, let 'em leave
Well, we better flee, set 'em all free, give up the game
But I love the way the thugstas stay
And when our niggas really get to poppin' at the cops
You'll be lookin' at a hell of a war
Muthafucka done rocked the boat
And we nigga fin to even the score
Nigga drank to much, took to much
No surrender, no you're never gonna catch me

Never gonna catch me, catch me
I'll keep runnin', I'll keep runnin' for my life
And duckin' bullets while you're tryin' to ruin me
'Quicker the copper
The quicker my niggas'll pull up and drop ya
We shot ya
We shot ya
Hey, my niggas boxed ya

[Flesh]

My nigga, we all in together in position for the maulin'
Pac got his got headlight ahead of me
Keep me raw, and fuck it, let the law end
Open the coffin, top locked, let the body fall in
Quit doggin' all the juice, runnin' loose for my crew
Oh, what I'm gonna do is take a bite of the forbidden fruit
And never seen us shoot
If I could be the 187 on you
Flesh-N-Bone got the chrome, and it's on
For the next that get wrong
Here's my TEC, and it's on, they they won't disrespect
Then sleep with the rest
Don't even expect, 'cause you ain't goin' home
Who's next? Bring it on, whoever wanna flex
Think it no thang for me get with you
All up in your shit, quick when I split up your wig
Your brain gon' hang

[Krayzie]

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[Repeat to end]