

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Strictly For My Grind

[Bizzy:]

Loose!

Sippin on gin, fuck juice,
A hundred percent brew,
The gankin for my bankin keeps you shankin wit a deuce, deuce,
So easy when me pull me lead off,
No one's allowed,
When you see me nigga, keep your head up,
No need to bow,
We say fuck you now,
Let loose the strays and i get em,
Bet you'll catch em, forget em,
snatch AK's and I lit em,
So...Speed em up, dont catch the buck and dont you fucks wit me,
Eazy E on the gank move,
I ganked you, so easily,
Fools. Slipped up,
Now whos' got they dick up your shit,
Flipped the script, slipped a little RIP and set trick.

[Flesh:]

Just think about all the past times,
Stack sneakin the gun, Im blastin up in your car so,
The glock glock goes pop,
And I might drop the bombs, disaster when I'm rollin,
I keep the gun I'm holdin in a me trench and,
Dont mention, Im a lunatic, "click",
Runnin me dick in,
They cocked, they plot,
Say who know when, but me be fuckin,
Thats right, I chopp,
Me be the punk who calling me bluffing...

[Bizzy:]

It shouldnt a went wrong,
All done, when the RIP pump that pistol grip,
Thugged out on a 187,
Where the niggas, they temple split,
Hit em up, get em up,
nigga dont get caught runnin with them hoods and,
Be nothing but thugs and slugs and drugs,
Be running off in my hood and nigga dont fuck with the glock glock,
Gotta drop for the pop of the buckshot,
You see me hangin and bangin and naming,
Nigga dont test, that gauge's cocked,
They drop the top,
Me bloody me jackedt when buckin the pap pap,
No need of a word when you served,
You heard it when i clacked that gat back,
Runnin with gats and bats,
So nigga dont test RIP,
Cuz youll get a peeled cap,
Pap pap that dome,
better check that temple when a nigga done got that skull cracked,
Lil RIP done grown up,
The bigger the nigga, the quicker get showed up,
Lets swerve to the bird,
Hit up a hold up, so many bodies done blown up,
Nuts, bucks, and guts,
Niggas mistaking they balls for dogs,
All niggas will get mauled,
Come find em, pick up a pole and flip on all yall,
And I'll never hold up,
Especially when I'm rosed out,

Better bring your click,
Them guns run, roll out or get blown out,
You dont...wanna get nutty cuz nigga you gon get bloody,
Once you see the braids and skullies,
Cover that throat, when i cut it up, somethin lovely,
The thug i be, me,
Smuggin up in the Land, buckin niggas and
Pumpin me slugs up in the man, the man...

[Krayzie:

Im runnin the graveyard shift,
Now lemme get down for my crime,
gotta go purchase a dime,
Smoke on some reefah to ease up my mind,
And pullin the stick to get down for the crime,
Swig on some wine,
Slip on the glock wit me rocks me ready to serve them dummies see,
Gotta buck em on down if they come back talkin like,
Gimme back me mony,
Thuggin wit me killas,
Need us a liter of liquor, but niggas aint got shit,
Wit a sawed off pump chrome 38 pistol, now who ready to get bent,
Nigga like me fiendin for them green leaves,
but i aint got no doe,
Gotta make some money so me making me dummy rocks,
choppin up soap,
Split em up, get em up, hit em off the block,
Put a hand pullin on each loaded barrel,
Cuz a fiend might trip when he hit the shit and flip,
Finna see this aint yayo,
But nigga dont come back,
You might get a peeled cap,
Or maybe concussion from niggas stompin that ass to the curb,
Oh nigga, its like that,
Niggas, drug dealers peelin killers soft,
That sawed-off so,
Come and let your nuts hang,
If you thug gotta cut them balls off though,
So nigga respect this,
Or you're gonna rest bitch,
Off in the grave and your brain'll be hangin,
From swangin with my gang and,
Nigga dont want no problems,
But then if you wants to cause it,
A 9 milimeter, sawed-off, a .380 tech nine comin out of me closet

[Layzie:]

My nigga, just call it a raid,
Putting your shit to the pave,
Finna go meeting gauge,
Live in the Land of the brave, craze, dazed,
gotta blaze the maze and never did phase bone,
My thugster brothers ruggish never did take no loss and,
Putting niggas in the coffin,
You're dearly departed, better off and,
Senseless killers, Sawed-off haulin off the best of niggas,
And i put to rest them niggas,
Flesh'll test, and i flex on niggas,
Mr. RIP get clip, come and rippin em with the pistol grip,
And if them trip feel the bone, now watch me get fatal with flim,
Now come to the teacher,
More creature cuz i never did love ya,
Motherfuck that buster,
number one with the gun gotta stay above ya,
Fuck wit a thug, a nigga get drug,

You feelin the stiff from a 38 slug man,
Lemme see you hang, swang, bang to them brains,
Chain gang,
So a nigga remain insane, maintaining that steady buzz,
You feel the stress, test the best,
Now nigga what,
Nuts up in a them guts,
Trust that i bust them slugs up,
Runnin up rappin that big shit,
Ending up getting your wig split,
Bitch, dumped in a ditch,
Never knew no one could fuck wit the bone, its on,
And show the double glock is where the thugstas roam, its on,
So trick that buster, listen,
Better check your ammunition,
Bones' shit be hittin, no competition, leavin em pinched in...