## Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, The Righteous Ones

(feat. David's Daughters)

[Chorus: David's Daughters]
I am waiting for the righteous one
Enlighten us the righteous one
I am waiting for the righteous one
Enlighten us the righteous one
Are you waiting for the righteous one?
With the faith of titans with your beauty enlighten us

[Verse 1: Layzie Bone] Mama said it's a cruel world

And I still can't believe some of them things that I've seen with my own eyes

Weak niggas frontin like the strong guys fuckin with them Bone guys

Nigga you die, you die m that sneaky little nigga still off the hook

Off the chain and a muthafucking wire

You can label me a hitman that's out here for hire

Throwin up blood til the world expires

Nigga's lost and it turned out

Ain't got no direction and don't know which way to go

Nigga save your soul cause we all gotta struggle or strive

And that's called survival

It's vital nigga better know what to die for

Living in the battlefield it's all about respect and honor

Niggas be strapped with the gats and armor

Ready for whatever nigga fuck the drama bitch what?

We can make a mil take a mil tell me how that paper feel

Is he real is he real?

Would it make a nigga kill for the house on the hill?

Drive a brand new Benz and no bills?

Fuckin right it will that's why I stay heated

Cause I got to let'em know a nigga's needed

Nigga fuckin with me while I'm weeded

Comin with the beef then nigga you eat it, eat it.

## [Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Bizzy Bone]

And you're feeling so thuggish outta Columbus

Seen my mama? Hey, remember me baby?

I bought a Mercedes, a crib for my babies

And lately got him running from Lady Death, still I'm shady

Okay they say he schizophrenic and crazy

Back in the 80's tryna get up out the foster homes in dreams a teen

And now my mama lets me down

She wouldn't pick up the phone

I'll make it all on my own

But that's a whole other song and y'all don't leave it alone!

I save then baby, c'mon!

Murderous, somebody noticed when I strike through the killing fields, dead!

T-Rock done got shot got a glock for the nigga ar-tillery shop

Drop when the nigga pop and the party dont stop till they call the cops!

Somebody get with the bacardi, got to get to the block

You know it's me and my niggas, all the guerillas, killas

Still I'm puttin Biblical bop

Stay in rhythm with my eye on the clock and tick-tock!

## [Chorus]

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## I am waiting for the righteous one

[Verse 3: Flesh -N- Bone] We got Mack-11's AK-47's

Yellin mo murda with the beam got lots of felons

Bloody bodies smellin

Caught up in a 180 ah got grenades and cannons involved

When I'm barkin just fuck with the 5th Dawg

Nigga we got a missle to haul off the shotty guns

And a barreled sawed-off

And all the body bags come with the white chalk

Nigga while you on a mission my nigga better protect the chest

A super nigga bullet-proof vest nigga take it from me Flesh

You don't wanna be sorry yet again We don't need another nigga-less army

So investing me with artillery quality satisfactory guaranteed

I ain't no con I'm a nigga that's waiting for some shit like Nam

To pop off in my country!

[Verse 4: Bizzy Bone]

When Kennedy was shot on the drive, the roof went on fire

Hide all, you little children in a dire

When I spark in the dark with a lighter

Light up and don't die in silence

Somebody was sitting on the backs of the lions

Somebody was drinking from the back of the lamb

Somebody was spittin' ammunition in the radio-even in Zion (Zion)

Millennium and also through the city when they hated

Don't be bucking on my Bone

When someone's home and never play to me

And pray to me, can't play with me

So label me a runaway slave

And "Cst la vie"!

Murda Mo criminal's insane

Isn't worried about the aliens

Move faster and then ask 'em about the state of men and help the matter

Brace yourself, I can't tell if I'm in peril

I ain't well, fucking up some, soaking up some

How will he run from jail?

When the jail's within himself

The righteous one!

[Chorus]

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