

The Notorious BIG f Bone

"Thugs N Harmony Notorious Thugs"

Visit "[Thugs N Harmony Notorious Thugs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro 1-5: Bone-Thugz-N-Harmony

[Intro 1]

(Just) Bone and Biggie Biggie We gonna rock the party

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Rock the party,
party

Yes Bone and Biggie Biggie Betta run and tell
everybody

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Everybody,
everybody

[Intro 2]

(Let's) Ride let's ride let's ride let's ride

Get high, get high, get high, c'mon

Let's ride let's ride let's ride let's ride

Get high, get high, get high

[Intro 3]

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) We gonna rock
the party

Rock the party, party

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) Betta run and
tell everybody

Everybody, everybody

[Intro 4]

No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters

Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters

Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

Chorus: Intro 3 and Intro 4 overlapped, Intro 2

[Biggie]

Armed and dangerous, ain't too many can bang with us

Straight up weed no angel dust, label us Notorious

Thug ass niggaz that love to bust, it's strange to us

Y'all niggaz be scramblin, gamblin

Up in restaraunts with mandolins, and violins

We just sittin here tryin to win, tryin not to sin

High off weed and lots of gin

So much smoke need oxygen, steadily countin them
Benjamins

Nigga you should too, if you knew

What this game'll do to you

Been in this shit since ninety-two

Look at all the bullshit I been through

So-called beef with you know who

Fuck a few female stars or two

Then I bluelight niggaz knew like Mike's shit

Not to be fucked with

Motherfucker better duck quick, cause

Me and my dogs love to buck shit

Fuck the luck shit, strictly aim

No aspirations protect the game

Spit yo' game, talk yo' shit
Grab yo' gat, call yo' click
Squeeze yo' clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed, I got to light one
All them niggaz I got ta fight one
All them hoes I got ta like one
Our situation is a tight one
Whatcha gonna do, fight or run?
Seems to me that you'll take thee
Bone and Big, nigga die slowly
I'ma tell you like a nigga told me
Cash Rule Everything Around Me
Shit, lyrically, niggaz can't see me
Fuck it, buy the coke
Cook the coke, cut it, blow the bitch
Before you call yourself lovin it
Nigga you with a Benz fuckin it
Doesn't it seem odd to you
Big come through with moms and crews
Goodfellas to to the Mo Thugs dudes
Who's the killa, me or you?
(We forgive you for you know not what you do)
[Bizzy]
Seven A.M. woke in the mornin
With Henny got bean and green and nicotine
No dough so pop a couple of doze

Lil Ripsta, nigga Mista Clean
Nigga Dean, deep in my temple and not to get
sentimentally sting, wit my
Instrumelody, and heated
especially for your team
And a forty-five indeed will beam
in between the scenes destroy your dreams
You willin to die, we'll see
how many flees when I cause the scene
We mean mug, Mo Thugs
Trained to be perfect, disciples
When it's survival tongue, never double-edged sword
Triple, six rivals spittin fire
This the real truth, bitch
Breakin out for lies
My Messiahs better be ready for Armageddeon six-six-five
It's wild, bless the child
The one that became a man
Put in positions over the pay
All that I had to do was stare
Test me now, contender never no surrender no pretend
Pick up my pen, and my hemp
One of my trusted friend friend, hey
Open it let's see if we're real, we al suited
Beg my pardon to Martin

Baby we ain't marchin we shootin
And daily recruitin there's a front row
Everyday in the ghetto
We start em off little we give em a bottle
and a pen and a pad to hit the lead now kick it
[Krayzie]
Nigga roll wit Bone up into the Thug spot
To the dome wit a shot of bird
Never get tossed to the curb
Be feelin that urge to splurge
But I'm broke as fuck son gimme that Mossberg swerve
Up into my bag, cause I gotta get my mask and shells
to put in this twelve gauge sawed off
Get em all off, nigga yo' loss, take it all off
Got a nigga car door
But the Bone not Leatherface, too many are thinkin
they Thugs
They need the most help to pull it in doves
And bitch if you stickin we buckin them guzzlers,
fucked up
Now let me get done with the grime
Gotta go purchase a dime
Put in a state to get done with the crime
Smokin the reefer to ease my mind
Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks
But Willie be servin em clemency

Gotta buck him on down if he come back talkin

like gimme back me money

Thuggin with me killers, need us a leader

or liquor but niggaz ain't got shit

Wit a sawed off pump chrome thirty-eight pistol

Now who ready to get bent

Nigga like me feenin for them green leaves

But I ain't had no dough

Gotta make some money so

I'm makin my dummy rocks if I go broke

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2

[Layzie]

Yeah, Little Lay hey comin in the form of scripture

Finna get ya and hit ya wit magic

Droppin down licks betta call on my gadgets

With an automatics status we spray time to load the
glocks

But I'm thinkin not

There's another he forced tellin me do what I gotta do

So my otha potnah nigga die tonight

And I'm always runnin from the boys in blue

Biggie booms on my ass now provide the cellular
phone

The carphone, what's happenin

Grab artillery niggaz start packin

Cause a motherfucker try to get me in a jacket, and I
did him

Hit him right between the eyes, despise the wise

Wanna test a nigga size, that'll cost him

Nigga fuck around wit the wrong shit

Y'all get mo murdered all day all day

We done paved the way and I'm on the run

I'ma call my boys and bring all the guns

Y'all niggaz wanna have a little fun wit number one

One, one, then it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum

But it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum

But it red red rum

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2, Intro 3, Intro 2

Visit [The Notorious BIG f Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.