

Chai Xiong

"Pay"

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[Esham]

Growing up, living in a panic zone
Spitting wicket shit on the microphone
Smoke that shit, your brains be blown
You gone, nigga wrong
Only out for the scrilla, thats my fatty, boss
One-eight-seven ain't nothing but spaghetti sauce
Cross me you pay all costs
Heres one your ass just lost
All y'all must pay
Every dog has his day
Thats the reason they made the AK
Who just made the 10 o clock news?
Blew that boy up out his shoes
Old rules, left no clues
Body found floating in a bloody pool
Mass hysteria in America
Game locked down like a pitbull terrior
Bitch been a millionaire, I still won't marry ya
Slugs to you head, six people Pal-bury ya
Colgate froze flows like cocaine
Mental overdose explode your brain
Some might think that it's insane
To take a gun cock back and aim

[Chorus]

You know you can't play me, baby, gotta pay me
You know you can't play me, baby, gotta pay me
You know you can't play me, baby, gotta pay me
You know you can't play me, baby, gotta pay me

[Layzie Bone]

See the number one mission be to get this cash
And if a nigga fuck with that, I'm a get in his ass
I pull the trigger, squeeze, blast if you think you gon
last
Seventeen to the spleen, you a thing of the past
When I really wanna smash I hit the stash spot
Put the nine to your mind and clean your cash out
See a nigga had to pay me if he ever owed me
A thug about my business, I'll do ya homie

Drink the O-E and tote the Tech Nine
I don't care what you claim, you gon respect mine
Mean time, in between time, on the Esham
Finda put it down when it come to the green now
Look into my eyes, tell me can you really see?
Its the truth when I rap cause I bring mine
Bring it like I bring it cause nigga O-T
Original Thugsta from the B-O-N-E
C-Town to the D-Town
Its a Midwest thang we let 'em hang to the grees-ound
Smokin trees by the P's-ound
Blowing big with my niggaz, motherfuckers wanna be
down
But I'm a hit ya with the heat now
Cause when I creep now, deep down, nigga wanna let it
go
But when it comes to the fatty, yo
You see a rich motherfucker turn straight into a wetty
hoe

[Krayzie Bone]

All the way from the C-Town
To the motherfucking D-Town
We down to get it cracking robbin'em and rappin,
jackin
Whutever make us happy
And a nigga only happy if he got some cash
But if I'm broke as fuck then I'm mad
Ready to put a gun to some unlucky motherfuckers ass
And I'm a take him for the stash, break him
Leave the nigga there lookin sad
But if he tryin jump bad, I'm a fade him
The nigga gave me no ultimatum and I don't play that
shit
Unhand the money,nigga
Pay me, I don't got all day
I got a couple motherfuckers to break
I want skrilla, for rilla
Killa, doller bill-a
This trigger is not ya friend and it gots no heart
So don't be thinking I won't stop yours
Give me everything ya got boy
You are now caught in the midst of original
Wigsplitter killer criminals
Better watch out boy you might die!

[Chorus]

[Wish Bone]

Nigga, told the nigga show love
Cause I gotta get mine even if I must bust

Said again I been good
But I'm still in the streets with heat cause a nigga gotta
eat
Its a Bone thing, what?
Cause I love some money
Funky, filthy, dirty money
And I really hope ya don't owe me
Cause I really love my money
Ya die
I don't give a fuck if it's made in the hood
I don't give a fuck man, they say its all good
Just give me my cheese or else.. somebody gon bleed
Can you feel that?
Nigga get back what you don't believe
Ain't no tellin whut the Bone Thugs niggaz got 'n
sleeves
Dressed like a picture flash and I get you
No cameras here just nine millimeters
I'm not gonna lose, real thug, really though, paid my
dues
But niggaz wanna test ain't no tellin who
Thats why I don't give a fuck about bloody pools
Leave 'em in that, fuck that
Bust back, real thugs stay strapped
You dream about it, but I really live that
Yes I love that honey but, oh
I love that money, that money so much mo'!

[Chorus]

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