

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Clog Up Yo Mind"

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* for an explanation read

(Chorus) Sit back, and let this thugshit, Clog Up Yo'
Mind (x3)

[Krayzie]

Now, I'm ah nigga ta keep ta myself, and don't fuck wit'
nobody
I'm quiet, I'm thuggin'. Why are y'all so fast?
Ain't time ta take ta quicken put to derail my thugs
Well I might be Krayzie, civilized, I cruize in my
Mercedes
as ah bye-bye, nigga feel tha Bone, now spray, hey
especially foe tha police, man. I'm ah nigga wit'
thugshit
cause I'm runnin' wit' tha niggaz in tha hood and that's
how we play
Wanna feel ah my spray-pump hit yo' chest, and finally
realize
who you're fuck with, fuckin with them niggaz in
Cleveland
ya do whateva like he say
Then flip again, in the Land, got tha upperhand
cause I got tha gripping good delay
If you niggaz can dash, wit' tha lethal mass
and then pass wit' tha very blast
It ain't innocent, you should never been there
in tha first place, fall, you got yo' curse today, hah
Willin' die-hard nigga, wanna give up fakin
nut devotion just do what you want
So bitch, Krayzie Bone, real it now, and when did they
lose?
You'll feel the vibe, nigga
Killin cause I'm Krayzie, nigga, cause I got to get the
money
get the platinum fund to pay
But I'm ah be ah thinkin bout my niggaz
when I got ta do sum flippin', if ah nigga ain't got my
back

(Chorus)

[Layzie]

Foe tha love of tha money, I keep spendin' yo
Just sum pap low shit, gotta let 'em hang low
Swangin' lead from my 44 magnum though
Wit' ah nuttin' indo smoke, when my thugs be sure,
sure
Hope ya know, I rip heartz, it's on, jackin' move
then ya betta figure again, and quit plottin
Takin' over this everyday, stoppin' to tha tough
Double Glock and it's not forgotten
Bitchez drop in Tha Clair
It's tha Bone Thugs, in this shit wit' Eazy E and we
made it
and ah nigga wanna hate me 'cause I'm famous
I'd still leave 'em in tha streetz, you can't blame us
(lady luv)
cause when they catch me without my heat, and I'm
thuggin
in tha streetz and I'm rollin
Thuggin by the deadliest G's, you can't fuck wit us
to the pressure out of pressure, I'm loadin, blow you up
Y'all know we don't worship sin, it's tha heartz of men
and we'd tested stress, wanna be blessed consists of
tha sin
in tha wayz of tha sin, to be dead. (Chorus)

[Bizzy]

And I promised, that all tha soulz would last
til the dayz of tha livez of tomorrow
and if you'd follow, tha end of the world
should ah come ah so soon, so I just follow, I know
I know, hey, how ta get down foe my thang
enemiez fold ya, lettin' me soulz, gonna catch ya
flossin' all tha way
Welcome to Tha Land, where all my chemicalz unfold
it goez, around up in slow-mo
Been tickin', and I land down to Newport
I'm alone, yes, but I may not rest
Police will see me silenced stressin
Nigga was steppin' up in ah, when I caughted them
thievin
and I got 'em and there, gotta learn their lesson
Blastin', no more, no I'm not havin' it
Breakin' apart foe neva my daddy
Lil' Ripsta defeat go pathless, so I get crazy
and I face now's nasty blastin
For tha Bone, For tha Bone, hit 'em up, and lesson up

tha violence
Screamin' on ah my murda mo, bullets get niggaz, let's
begin
ah new riot, hittin, and buckin them down to tha pave
Cause I'm in tha new sense of me grave
Couldn't you hataz, wouldn't be saved, hate 'em
Hate ta shook, and put ah pen up in dem
Foe tha love of money makin' go crazy
and Benjamin Franklin please come save me
Hit tha weed, and y'all in, rollin yo finga but spot ya
Bam em, yam em, fiend foe tha greenm see everybody
sweatin
foe tha scenez, still in ah myst wit' tha clich
an unpropable way of ah trial 'cause it's tha funk, sing

(Chorus)

[Wish]

(Now give it to 'em)
Ya, gotta sit back, smoke and choke, meditate, mental
state
wit' tha Bone, B-ONE. We steadily grieve on, givin' you
what
you need man, clone Bone, shock 'em, drop 'em, pop
'em
let 'em know Bone in tha fukkin' war (no, no)
you hataz make feellike, you wanna feel my
motherfuckin 44
But I gotta stay clean, it's cool, then unless he freein
I'm mean sum cheeze, me and my niggaz, and this Mo'
Thug, Mo' Thug
cavalry, on tha streetz
Ready ta ride, when it's time ta ride, ready ta kill
when it's time ta kill, you gon' die, you' gon' die
I've been tryin if you really wanna ride on down wit'
Bone
then come on, come on. If ya really wanna ride, get
down
but get stuff, but ya come on, come on

(Chorus)

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