

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"U Ain't Bone"

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Verse 1: Bizzy Bone

I'm sending a message to warn you imposters
All hating in my business
When I see you I'm a drop you
Get slugged and get drugged
My niggas I'll hustle to pay the judge
Got you when I spot you I should pop you
Even the boss was telling me not to
But I won't stop until they get shot
When they get out the hospital
They gonna get shot, too
The fast one bringing that AK
Better walk, then we even
When I leave and flees to Cleveland
Now, murder 'em and rest in peace
So goodbye. We're shutting it down
And now we're prowling niggas from alleys
Cloning our sound, we found your town
Now is you ready for the war?
Cry loud and go
Many if all niggas 'll fall off in they sleep
And even oppose and order them hoes
Gonna flee with me?
Bitch, fuck with me then see that
My little aliens, yeah
We come to your city. Can they really
Put it on down with the pistol?
Can you feel me, feel me?

Verse 2: Layzie Bone

They beat biters, dope-style takers
When I see you face-to-face
My nigga, I'm a treat you like a hater
You niggas ain't Bone, you clone
You wrong. What the fuck?
You niggas ain't thinking
What's the consequence?
Now I'm 'bout to get
Real deadly. Ready for the war
When we just start bombing shit
Trying to cop my click?

Hell no! Real raw. Y'all niggas thought this was a game?
Now it's time to make you feel the pain
Wanna test my everyday thang?
I aim straight for your temple
It's really that simple when I seen it splatter
Had I even killed one of you clones
Then the rest of y'all wouldn't even matter
Scattered. Run for the border
Your career is getting shorter
Nigga, better hide 'cause I already warned ya
Mo Thug Records taking over
I told ya. Soldier man your post
Better cover your coast and lock all entries
If one of my sounds is off in your town
Then it's going down by the means infantry
Instantly finna be World War 3
If you fucking with my family jewels. You fools!
You niggas break golden rules
Gotta walk the walk in your own shoes
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
Them niggas going platinum every time
I'm ready to ride. You ready to ride?
It's do or die. Then, nigga, I die
I jump in my Five Double-O
If you got it, better flaunt it
I'm a drop the top, and lock the locks
And cock the Glock; it'll make you want it
Come get it. And while you're rapping
On your song, just remember no pretenders
Bitch, you hoes ain't Bone!

Chorus: Krayzie Bone

I hope you realize that you ain't Bone
You ain't Bone
Why don't you realize that you ain't Bone?
Nigga, you ain't Bone
Ring the alarm (Ring the alarm)
To let 'em know that we're charging
Clones pay
Come on now ring the alarm (Ring the alarm)
To let 'em know that we're charging
Clones pay

Verse 3: Bizzy Bone

Straight from the corner and I'm a thug
All my diamonds
I bet you wanted to stop my shining
Didn't we warn you, nigga?
The sign. See? Blinded
Run but they finding

Me in my Double-big-Five-O
And critical with a pistol
With pistols. Feel that the verbal 'll
Serve you. Heard my words
Are satanic and wishful
Then see you all get pissed off
My generals need no horse
We need AR-15s, twenty Glocks
With beams, and TNT
Nigga roll with me
Burial. Fuck the world!
When I deal, hope I repented
'Cause if the world I resented
It just might catch me up in heaven
But I'm a work this earth til it hurts
Gotta done make the worse
All the way through trial
I'm back in the court for some dirt
Get 'em off soil. They wait for alarm
I curse that silly ass bitch said I stoled a purse
And at them bullshit awards. But they told me
I stole beneath of my shirt. And it makes me sick
Even Ripsta's sistas plus family understands
Fuck with it. Put it on your Grammy
Even my mammy's scared to tell. And
Deep in my mind, devil seeped in. Scary
Stay wary and carry on. Promise to burn me
Never bury and hurry if you ain't Bone

Verse 4: Layzie Bone

These niggas wanna erase me
'Cause they can't face me
Crash collide with the niggas that hate me
Fucking with the real, y'all see how the fake be
Ducking the cut, trying to look for safety
Make me reach for my pistol and pop it
Niggas gonna pay on the day that I spot him
Toss him in the trunk of the Caddy
On the way to the rodeo, killing all carbon copies
I'll be damned if I let a nigga breathe. Indeed
I grieve for the war. What's next?
It's all about respect, bitch nigga
I'ma get that shit if I don't get nothing else
To the end I'm steady flipping
Fucking the world til they give Bone props
Nigga, you got knocked on blocks
With rocks, beat down by the cops
And it still don't stop. Glock Glock
I'm grinding, steadily climbing
To the top of the charts. Where you wanna be?
Off in my prime it's all about timing

As I look at my shit make history
No mystery. Mistook and, nigga
That eight-time platinum real
How do you feel to the thugs appeal?
Make nigga wanna sound like Bone for a record deal
Should'a kept it real and quit fronting. Nigga
Go round-for-round with the best
Nigga, step up and meet your death
Fucking with Kray, Little Lay, Biz, Wish, and Flesh
Yeah, it's all about survival of the fittest and it's on
Nigga, realize, or you die. You bitch ass niggas ain't
Bone

Chorus 2x

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