

Twista f/ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

"Ain't No Hoes"

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[Intro: Twista]

Buck Buck Buck Buck Buck Right Back At Your Ass
For The 07 We On Some New Shit
Now You Have Tried And You Have Died
So From Now On, The Midwest Is Unified
And We Bout To Hit You Wit Some Shit Like This

[Hook: Twista and Krayzie Bone]

Standin firmly on the corner like a soulja
Let it ride on them niggas
Gotta show em that we aint no hoes
Gotta show em that we aint no hoes
(Niggas aint no hoes)
In a circle, sippin' henny, smokin' dojah
Let it ride on them niggas
Gotta hit em, What you runnin for
What you runnin for
(Nigga what You runnin for)

[repeat 2X]

Now you fuckin with a Cleaveland killa (killa)
Now you fuckin with a Chi-Town killa (killa)
Now you fuckin with a 99 killa (killa)
Now you fuckin with a K-Town killa (killa)

[Twista]

What you know about grown thugs, Bone Thugs N
Harmony
Ima be lettin everybody know about it
Steady trippin and bitchin over stylez when we shoulda
been getting gwop
I aint no motherfuckin hoe about it
Now take a shot of patron sit back and zone
On some niggas united cause we the shit when we spit
Early on all the vision was hazy
Now its just Krayzie and Layzie Wish and Twis in this
bitch
We be snappin so accurate with the lyrics when we pop
it we make everybody
Go nuts, Nigga hold up, got the competition sewed up,
go get me something to roll up

And I spit it for my niggas and bitches I know in the
ghetto
And all of my ballers and my family doing fed time
And everybody thats hating on the science of this
alliance
For violence high instance I'll show you its bed time
Crack to herbs, sendin niggas back to work
Bone thugs you cant ask for more
Gotta hit em with what the fans asking for
Aint no way that you can fuck with the fantastic four
Niggas dont wanna see me, cause they know that ima
do ya
And leave you totally crushed
When I told Mr.Ouija that I wanna know my future
He told me that it was us now what you talkin bout

[Hook: Twista and Krayzie Bone]
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[Krayzie Bone]
Now everybody wanna know about it
If its certified, they heard it through the gravevine
Could it really be real, is it a rumor or a straight lie
Proof is in the music so you cant deny we changing
times (why)
History is in the making nigga get ready for this thug
invasion
And lots of money making
Hundred millions we could learn to make a killin real
niggas
And too bad for the contenders
We can spit it, and go round for round (round for
round)
Take em straight back to the underground
(underground)
Bone and Twist on some shit like this

Make a nigga stop quick like whats that sound (whats that sound)
You fanna hear a nigga really fuckin dope
And got that nigga Twista creepin on the cause
Swisha full of bud
Give a nigga love
Feel it through the blood
This is for the Thugs (what)
Maintain all day on the paper chase
The fame came but I rather just take the pay
Man I rather take the millions and not be out on the market
Or a target for a killing, really
So my tech-9 right there when you test mine
Immediatley stretched out
We breathe for the Mid-West side

[Hook: Twista and Krayzie Bone]
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[Layzie Bone]
Look at these killas tonight
My dawgs with a little drama that a nigga had to witness through the business
Trying to trap us in this music game
Can never be defeated
We all beleive in Jesus and he helps us when we need it
And thats how we made it through this thang
Who woulda thought that Lil Layzie and Twis
Midwest Invasion woulda brought us to this
Spit yo game talk yo shit you kno just who you fuckin with
The realest that could spit it, dig it, now here goes another hit
Cleveland niggas always been on the grind
Chicago niggas always been on the grind

Like Makaveli's Thug Nation aint no time being wasted
Sayin a nigga gotta take it so Im going for mine
Now could it be that it was already written
Smokin on the dro but I know I aint trippin
Glass full of henny with a pocket full of money
This is real as you get it, aint a damn thang funny
Real niggas do real thangs, it dont stop
Real niggas play no games on my block
Say Im fuckin with you
Better beleive its Bone and Twista for my homies, for
my niggas
I make that thang pop
(pop pop pop)
Ready when the trouble knock
(knock knock knock)
Souljas from the double glock
(glock glock glock)
Always gonna keep it hot
(hot hot hot)
We takin control of yo shit

[Hook: Twista and Krayzie Bone]
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(Krayzie Bone till fade)
Killa
Killa
Killa
Killa

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