

Atmosphere

"Frontline Warrior"

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(Chorus)

Nigga thought I told ya, (told ya) that the war ain't over
(over)

You can roll (you can roll) you can get rolled over
My nigga we the frontline warriors

Whoever wanna bring the noise, talkin bout me and my
boys

Disrespected on a regular like a nigga got caught
Well it's all about his Mo Thug music

Put my name in your mouth and a nigga gon' do you
Who the fuck them niggas tryin to play?

Lay don't stop until you meet my glock
I'ma get you make your bady rott, nigga make the
party pop

Nigga why not? Time's tickin on the clock aint the heat
hot

I'ma hit the weed spot joy ride with my niigas till the
beat drop

We got big benjamins spendin CEO's
While you playin we buyin y'all rentin pin me
Probably livin in a tent pocket full of lint

Tryin to flip it like I flip it nigga got me bent
And like I said it on the last song nigga we joyriders,
and y'all aint Bone

B.B.O.B. the bad boy of the Bone

I'll be thuggin for eternal wanna test me its on
Now where my niggas at? Get the gat peel a nigga wig
back

Nigga dig that dig that

All original clevelands own criminal here we go
From a place where a nigga might bury ya
Nigga act up and I better take care of you scared of ya
I be ready for the war

Nigga I'm americas most, bailin coast to coast
Steady thuggin out here in these streets
Lookin out for the rollers duckin these haters they
wanna face

Well I keep my heat
And it ain't no peace and fuck tha police
Come out the house all eye's on me

Jump in my 5 double 0 B-E-N-Z XL and I hit the freeway

[Chorus]

(Bizzy)

????on sunday

Never know I might bust on you one day ohhh

Swiggin with jack and the bombay oh bye bye go po po

Yeah nigga fuck you o hell yeah fuck you too

Better than God devise realize you can end up bigger

But my niggas in the middle ballin we wont stop

The foul sinnin the killin now

And then nobody gets in the middle together

And they tell the nigga it good to be back

From prison but don't nobody feel him but them niggas

around the globe

And the mission was money was gold

Everyone nutty when money because he was out of the gutter

When nothin but avid souls better make us and touch

Noone will touch me one wait till they ruff enough

Got him at last but I just corrupt

I dont even erupt

Creep on ah come up, what up

Trapped in a rapture the trumpets pumpin tellin us

somethin

Snatch you we havin a blast you tattered like cattle

And medalion diamonds in the ???

Ghetto was bastards runnin much faster than the

average asses in the shadows

Out of the battlefield

[Chorus]

(Big B)

Call me a secret weapon

I think the war is on

And when they ask em who is he

It's 7th sign and bone

Call me a secret weapon

When the war is on

And when they ask em who is he

It's Big B and Bone

Frontline soldiers

[Chorus] til fade

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