

Bone Thugs "Down '71"

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Playa hatin' ass muthafuckas man fuck dat
Man put that shit out man
You ain't 'posed to be smokin' no muthafuckin' weed in
court
Man fuck dat, man they got my nigga
Man that shit ain't cool man
Okay, order in the court

The people versus Bone Thugs N Harmony
Case number C601999
Will the defendant please stand
Is there anything you wish to say on this matter
Before sentencing Bizzy Bone?
No man
You know the muthafucka did it
Well, the court sentences you to death by electric chair

We had to get 'em up wid two thugs
Runnin' side by side wid number one
Murda mo drop my guage on 'em
When the po-po chase
If they catch me barehanded I'm done

Rip's gripping the six shot pump so spill it
Copper lettin' the lead off
Copper thought that he had me caught
Little Layzie blew his head off

Get him up and get up
The bullets they start to get lit up
Number one best start duckin' wid ah gun already
buckin'
Bust me lead on the double glock 'n
Where the fiends roll up for rocks 'n

This perfect getaway
From the pigs when I peel and I hit the fences
Rippin' up the trench and
I'm bailing while they trailing
Better in hell than in the cell
And it ain't no telling where the coppers be dwelling

One had spotted me pick up ah piece and shot a me
But I practice what I preach
And see that these slugs up in his body got him
Run wid smoke coming from the barrel ah me gun

Hit the bend oh what the dum, dum I got yum, yummed
on the dead end
They set in then they lead in
They wanting me off in the coffin
Cops from everywhere was yellin and wailin' I went
unconscious

From the stompin' taking ah loss and waking up in the
coffin
And without no stallin'
Cell I was tossed in to be arraigned at dawning
Looking in the eyes of a judge
He knew right where to put that thug

Made to be so wid no parole
In the hole but I won't budge
Sent me to deathrow
Watchin' the time by fly past

But Rip'll be sittin' mindless never spineless in silence
Hoping I die fast but chill
Never do sleepa gotta get put that on all me reefer
Somehow must beat ya so peep out the creep or the
reaper will meet ya

Bailin' on ah mission flippin' the script
Betta check what the wind just blew in
Betta think again it's a preacher wid ah grin
On ah mission for revenge wid that Mack-10

Little nigga Rip had to empty the clip
Gotta pump them slugs up in them cops
Steady made 'em drop glock went pop pop
Goin' out like a thug on the double glock

Back from hell and ready to bail
Time to hit they trail 'cause they wanted my nigga fried
Holdin' the Bible when I got a grenade I'ma go inside
the squad
Gettin' ready for the rumble
When I heard them mumbles

Pullin' me guage in laughter
Keep buckin 'em faster all I was thinkin'
When I see them bustas scatter
Betta watch out for them buckshots

Cause them can't fade me guage
Gotta bust them souls in the grave
So I'm buckin' them straight to the pave can't be saved
I'm bucking little Ripster reinforcements comin' in
faster

Blast give my nigga double Zs the Mack-10
Lettin' the gun gun blaze on they ass
Gotta rip in them chests through vests
Mack-10s sawed off eruptions got plenty ammunition
No missing listen destruction I'm bustin'

'Cause I'm making that getaway bound to getaway
Niggas got to escape and it's never to late
When you dash and tryna' break
Nigga just can't test the bone fate
We steadily runnin' duckin'
Comin' up to the front door barricaded
And I pulled ah grenade tossed to the door let it
explode

And we made it creepin' in the courtyard
So Krayzie feelin' safety coming
Hittin' the fence and jump in it quick
From Krayzie's Tech-9 bullets humming
Well, it seems as if them two boys Bizzy and Layzie
Done got theyselves into another jam
Well, I'd love to see them boys get theyself outta this
one

Soon as I went in the smoke rollin' real fast like a dog
And began wid a rage and the guage can't let go
They done labeled my nigga psychotic
Bitches is got him sittin' on deathrow

Scoping out the tower peeping the scene
So when my niggas trail
Screaming out one eighty seven and bail
Gotta get my nigga Rip out that cell

It's all over now
How my nigga number one disguised as the preacher
Won't be pullin' ah Bible mission for survival nigga so I
creep the
Tech millimeter somebody done pull the alarm now it's
on
Slaughterin' Bone sprayed off the tech
Gotta let 'em know which way was on

We got gone but them police was pullin' up quick nigga

what's up
Quick bust in first when he hit that fence niggas got cut
the fuck up
We steady bucking steady duckin' buckin' while I was
jumpin'
All we was thinking is don't get caught

Nigga like me get the gun running
Gunning fronting wid thugs gotta get to the smug
Turn around and we pump slugs put 'em in the mud
And all across my face was the red that lay in blood

Dodging the who make the gun flip wid ah swoo
Bailing back on wid my troops
I'm runnin' wid 4 crazy niggas
That's down wid they niggas they ain't scared to shoot

Now I'm rolling no more than ah half ah mile we get
stopped
Cops surround Bone we load glocks
And squeeze say "Fuck all these road
blocks"
Busted ah you then put that bitch in reverse

And I get the swish and I push the button
That boy came out the trunk and
Put it in drive see that souljah boy bucking
Back in the other direction

Po-po came quick then heat up
Niggas blast at each other
Open up they doors and they get they feet up
I jumped outta the car had to jump over the hood
'Cause I'm headin' straight for the woods

So the niggas they follow behind me
We getaway smooth ah nigga made good
Came up quick to the hideout
Wait until midnight till we ride out
Hit ah car so we can drive out
While we waited we all got fried out fool
If youse a thuggish ruggish thug nigga scream mo
Took one ah my niggas off deathrow now we got one
mo to go

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