

Bone Thugs N Harmony **"All Original"**

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Better not be so quick test us
'Cause we'll come to kill ya, now, we'll kill ya, now
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Triple platinum, nigga, digga and still thuggin' with
The roughest muthafuckas in my city and a nigga
wonder
How they still chillin' like that? Ain't you scared of a
nigga
That's tryin' to jack ya paper, snatch ya? No

I really wish a nigga would turn and wanna take what's
mine
'Cause I got an AK-47, shootin' trey-O times
You didn't think I'm willing to find a way to say, oh, my
But check it out, though

I done made enough money to buy my ghetto
A lot of weapons, y'all and I made it, takin' out my weed
Here, stay high, nigga, so paranoia is factor
When a nigga wanna act up, nigga, figure, I'm quiet

Then he look at my sawed-off's and they figure
They can try me like a muthafucka
Won't swang back or somethin' or even pull a nine
Out my jacket and start dumpin', fuck 'em

I think a nigga see us on the video and playa hate
And say that we ain't true to what we say but then again
When you see us on the street and playa hate
We bang them fuckin' brains, we bang them brains

But then we switch subject and fuck with them
Clones that suck the thug dick, run around foul
Tellin' people we stole your style, muthafucka
We ain't never been in your town

It's all original when it's comin' from the Cleveland
criminals
So here we go, got a gun, should I buck 'em on down
Or should I kill 'em when I put the instrumental on?

Why they wanna sound like Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy
Wish and flesh? I'm so full anguish, gotta style so cold
Everybody and their mama wanna claim it
But they can't get the hang of it, yeah

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Beat 'er up and you'll sleep when I step so stone-cold
I chalk 'em, coffin off and they frontin' that time
That they shot a nigga straight to the temple done
A little bit simpler to me and all bodies start steadily
fillin'

Get real high, steady droppin' the time on 'em
Time from time and again, here to pick all that know
With the bone, it's a party everyday, so say, mo'
And it's still this strong to brain

I hop on the phone with the homies to see
What's happenin' in the hood, it's all good
Niggas, they thug us, smuggle, roll so deep
In they own cut but they gon' sacks sellin' for life

If you pull a shyste off to the fiends, then gank 'em
And leave 'em naggin' for the sake of come up, yeah
Takin' ends and we'll split ya, lost it in the stick up,
yeah

We better shank 'em, thank 'em, fuck it
I thank 'em and hope for respect 'cause shit
He got sacrificed, my snatchin' a life in the midst
Of the dark and I sped off with the quickness, strikin'

Send a knife to the back of a playa hater, hate a thug
And they thought that I bruise easily come
They go through this little, spin 'em
Most of what goes around, comes around, ooh

Bla-bla-bloody mess even though hoes really wanna
Test us to the chest, flesh buck, buck
Haters guess with a gun, they change
In a whole new muthafuckin' attitude

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Nigga, let me in, double glock and never about to

change, man
To the temple, I aim and claim to gain control, fin to rid
your soul
Creep or roll, put some pressure on these hoes that
Yo, they pose as foes, gotta let 'em know

Got a nation of my niggas out to back me
Got another nation, killas out to try to jack me
Exactly, what the fuck you thought you was gon' pull?
Fool, try to jack a St. Clair, true, you lose, you lose

Nigga, I'm a tell you 'bout these haters distraction
They down with the puffin', the passin', lookin' for
some action
Facts and stacks, never will my mission collapse
If you really want a thug, then you better pin these raps

I'm a give a little game in this world that
We livin' in it, sinnin' in it, and it really ain't free to me
You get it how you take it but the only way
You'll make it, givin' peace to the G O D, your Lord

And it really don't mean that evil's gonna quit
Because the hater's gonna hate and then the real
It's gon' feel but I bet that after all of y'all fall
That the faker's gonna perish in the fire

Dip and you know when I'm rollin', I'm equipped
With the ruger on my hip with the infrared beam
And I gladly put it on ya from the land of California
Leavin' all of y'all goners, if you know what I mean,
yeah

So quick to test us, jump off in the Lexus with KB
We gonna take a little journey around the world
And see what we see, any y'all niggas comin' with me?
So, come on

Let me up in here and kill 'em, feel 'em niggas wanna
bite the bone
Bite the bone, didn't a muthafucka say, I'm wrong?'
Well, I get down
For mine, for my nine and blow, we shoot 'em up, buck,
yeah
Strange we erupt on playa hation, anybody hatin'?'
Erase 'em

And biters, every time I see you on TV, it makes me
feel good
'Cause I know when we run up on you, you'll see we
We gotta get paid good, nigga, don't shit come for

free

In this land of poverty, bone in harmony, we hungry
Since it's all about money, give bone a little bit of that
evil money

Don't gather the fly shit, fuckin' with Cleve
Top of line in my Benz, should I let 'em spin on all of
y'all?
Should let my 20s spin on all y'all haters?
Everything we write, I swear, it's all original
Niggas mad at bone because we be all original

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