

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony** **"Can't Stop Us"**

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[Chorus: Krayzie Bone/Bizzy Bone]

You niggas can't stop me, (glock-idy glock)  
you motherfuckers can't stop me, (pop it and drop)  
and the cartel's for the gorillas on the block,  
for skinny niggas like myself,  
artillary shots as well, yeah

[Verse 1: Bizzy Bone]

You think I give a fuck if you don't like me, nigga,  
put em up in the club and fight me,  
I'm sorry that I'm just so fucking exciting,  
steadily courdial like this killa 'posed to  
and I wish you would really try to come get test me,  
you break bread with niggas that owe you,  
I can show you, slowly rollin like these cuts from old  
school,  
cookin it up just like its soul food,  
fuck all ya'll, I never did know you,  
bring the Pro Tools, stack in on up,  
and little thugs that I console to,  
never leave your house without keepin it up,  
to the head dad-dy,  
you don't know what that is,  
couple a bodies under my belt,  
and with mad kids, for self protecta,  
don't know, bitch, and keep my hands on a-little-a bit a  
solo shit,  
it's Bone Thugs for ever,  
cause I know what home is

[Chorus] (X2)

[Verse 2: Layzie Bone]

What you thought a nigga be up an' gone,  
fly by night, no longer Bone, strictly hype,  
nigga better think twice,  
cause all of these haters ain't even seen the light,  
thinkin we can conquer anything,  
and the mission always complete,  
be that little nigga when you see me,  
with a dog out in these streets,  
and they gets my money, I bring home the bacon,

seven to betta, thats what I'm makin,  
better check the reputation,  
nigga can delt with frontin and hatin,  
see I'm polishin, plus I'm cool,  
yea I'm a thug, yea I'm a fool,  
I love the game and I love the rules,  
if you cross the line then imma flex these twos,  
and nigga, oo, if i do, it was for my children,  
if you feelin like I'm feelin, then you probably gon see a  
million,  
Thug Nation, fuck these doubters,  
yea they said that he'll never make it,  
and he's running wild and doin this and doin that, he'll  
never make it,  
who gets the last laugh now, look at me now, countin  
this money,  
been the same niggas as day, they can't get nothin  
from me,  
to all of them non-hankin, congradulatin,  
niggas thats good at no time-wastin,  
penetratin and elevatin,  
believe us who stay for the real waitin

[Chorus] (X2)

[Verse 3: Wish Bone]

(Oh) Now it's a miracle, you know that Bone's gon' pop,  
ten years and still we blow.  
Just admit that we rock all night long,  
you know we keep it thug but still harmonize these  
songs,  
but don't get it twisted, we thug and we real wit it,  
you feelin' we flip and we deal wit it,  
ain't gotta like it, better live wit it,  
destruction, betta live wit it  
now think about you when you was me,  
wearin' my shoes on yo' feet,  
now think again cause that can never be,  
I can never be a hater on a hand that was dealt to me,  
and it seems like I've always been down,  
and I can't take that, rather take that 'fore I go back  
that route,  
you see one nigga on the news, wonderin'  
'What did he do?' When they tell you, you be like 'Ooh,  
that nigga's through',  
but they don't know me, been blessed with all my thugs  
and all this harmony,  
you know we can't be stopped,  
we rollin' past the cops, plus all you haters,  
the finger's all you got? Fuck ya'll!

[Chorus] (X2)

[Verse 4: Krayzie Bone]

I ain't got nothin' to say to a hater,  
As soon as he run up I give him a 'Pow!',  
Put him in the pound with the rest of them niggas  
who thought they could run up and f\*\*k with me now in  
two-thou,  
We fuckin' around with the convicts, breakin' them up  
at the county,  
Now I got nothin' but killas around me,  
following proudly, organized, but rowdy.  
They fearin' us, because of the shit they been hearin'  
about us.  
They say that them niggas got ripped with the  
knowledge  
and we got a nation of niggas screamin' 'Thug Power'.  
Them niggas ain't think we was comin' back on some  
real,  
political, militant, workin' the fields,  
while these busta's stay in the crib.  
Execution! Murder, murder, murder, murder them all,  
Kill 'em all, all!  
Get your shit, nigga get in the car.  
If you ridin', willin' to die for this, really tryin' to survive  
in this,  
hit up and fuck up your rivalries, really get to know  
what time it is.  
I'm one of them soldiers, warriors willin' and ready to  
die for the cause,  
if it's war that's what we came for, that's why I brought  
my dogs for all of ya'll.  
Gauges will be blazin', one gunshot could shake the  
world,  
and drop up on ya,  
unstoppable, stoppable, stoppable...

[Chorus] (X2)

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