

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Creepin On Ah Come Up"

Visit "[Creepin On Ah Come Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Devilish Eazy-E voice

Right about now, Thugs-N-Harmony is on a come up
So to all you bustas out there, beware

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

Woke up this morning with the thought of robbin'
A bank to get rich, ain't ate in days
So it ain't no thang to click click, bitch, gimme your shit
Fresh out the pen and I'm low on ends, fuck calm

I tried to stay thug, got flowin' skills but nigga
They bitches, now I just can't buy my bud
With my steel, grabbed the 44 Mag' plus a sack
And I snag my leather rag can't reveal when I glide
With the moneybag

Ride to the hide', count my flags
I be livin' on the dark side and I can't escape
Some say it's a phase
If it is, only way I'm gonna survive is
If I play with my gauge

It's a raid, put your face to pave
If you try to play brave, you'll get slayed
Pull down them shades, empty your pockets
Watches, jewels and you'll be safe

I snatched the clerk up by her neck
Put the gun in her mouth and said
"Bitch, you better move quick back to the safe
If you wanna be killed try some stupid shit"

And pushin' that panic switch will get you nowhere but
hell
Trail to the back with the money in the sack
L locked 'em all in the vault, time to bail, well, tickets
I'm out the door, hopped in the smug and I break fast

Get to my pad, sit back and laugh, locked out
As I flip through my cash
At last, nigga made good and I got away smooth
Now, I'm straight, covered my tracks

Only description is that nigga with that leather face,
fool
I gotta get mine and if you stall then I'm gunnin'
Just work your job, get paid, I'll rob you
See a nigga creep on ah come up

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

See, I'm sittin' in my room, and a nigga feelin' down
Steady thinkin' about how to get paid
Gotta gauge at my waist that be spellin' out murder
That'll get a nigga locked the cage

Lay my head to bed, start to thinkin' hard
Money is the cause, what can I do me for?
Need to hit a lick, not a bullshit but a real lick
Like robbin' a jewelry store

Select which one will I raid, got be headin' downtown
'Cause tonight's the night
Dressed in my black, wearin' makeup on my face
So a nigga can't be seen in the spotlight

Stole two cars, and I parked one north
Parked one east for the smooth switch
When a nigga bail, how the fuck he gonna tell
If a nigga don't dwell in the same shit?

Climb to the roof and I'm peepin' out the scene
And there's no one I can spot
So I get my ass down, walked around to the window
And I broke the bitch out with a rock

Now I jump my ass in, start to fillin' up the bag
And a nigga comin' up on these diamonds
Grabbed a couple herring bones and some rings
And some ropes, still thinkin' how them diamonds was
shining

Went to the cash register, broke the bitch open
Grabbed all the money they had
And a nigga gettin' goin' gone to Bone, yeah
Got to let my niggas check out my bag

And I got away smooth, 'cause I had the shit planned
And ain't no bullshit get brung up
That's what I gotta do if I wanna get paid
'Cause a nigga be creepin' on ah come up

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

Downin' Jamacian spliffs, little nigga Ripsta on this lick
And bang bang, nigga, that's the clique on my brain
Yet another victim, insane, feel the murderous nerve
This twelve shot pump and I gotta bigger gat to back
me

Peelin' in my smug, thug, hoody, black skully, black
khakis
Creepin' in my smug, so reapin', peek into the window
Let me cock this, nigga must've been meant to be
jacked
'Cause here comes me hostage

Up outta the door with a pump to her temple
Should've seen her tremble, push any alarms
And I drop them bombs on moms, it's just that simple
I took my ganjas and fried 'em, don't gimme no hassle,
bitch

'Cause I've been scopin' for weeks and I know
Y'all got some shit, clack back me gun
Hollow point mixed with dum-dum kickin'
Ladies and babies scream onto the floor

Shut up and listen, it's a jack move, fools
Give me the jewels, the dope, the weed, the cheese
And answer me why and you hoes is cryin'
'Cause bitches are dyin'? Bloodin' clot, get up, you
dead

What one of them niggas said, buckshot up into them
dreads
And I love when I hear them pump red
One that callin' me bluff, I stuffed him with the
quickness
See, made out with a smooth thirty G's

So all bodies must bleed, I need no witness
So with-a-me slug, Mo Thug jumped into him smug
Rolled the blunt up, good stuff reefer

Hitted the Bone to give up love to me thugs

'Cause I done made it clean as fuck
And I flees the scene with a buck buck
'Cause a nigga be creepin' on ah come up

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves
Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.