

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Dayz Of Our Livez"

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Krayzie:

Bone Bone Bone . . .

Wasteland soldiers

These are the days of our lives [of our lives, of our lives]

I've been strugglin', hustlin', thuggin' it forever

Come and look deeply in my eyes

[with Layzie: my eyes]

I've been strugglin', hustlin', thuggin' it forever, and ever

Bone, Bone, Bone . . .

We gotta prepare, gotta prepare, gotta prepare for eternal warfare...

Only time will tell who dies

These are the days of our lives

[Layzie: Only time will tell]

Come look deeply in my eyes

These are the days of our lives

See the murder mold our lives

[Layzie: See the murder mold]

These are the days of our lives.

[Layzie: These are the days of our lives]

These are the days of our lives

Now come into my world,

and you can see that we are more than thugs.

[with Layzie: We're more than thugs. We're more than thugs.

We're more than thugs.]

With just a little twist of harmony,

we're bud smokin' lethal warriors.

[with Layzie: We're warriors. We're warriors. We're warriors.]

Repeat 2

Layzie:

Eternally thugs.

Now I come, tellin' 'em soldier stories.

Been daily collectin' my lesson without an question

without any question, stressin', no restin', we journey

this blessin'.

Shift in the game, rearrangin' thangs, 'cause once the
world was
bringin' me down.

Mesmerized, controlled by the other side,
and the devil was in my town, looking for me . . .

Wish:

. . . but he won't get me in time, fuckin with Bone, and
he's likin'
these rhymes.

We rhyme, better believe, it's all the time, nigga, we
'live.

We straight up soldiers [soldiers]. Bet a nigga dun told
ya [told ya].

We rob before we go broke, nigga, we robbin' y'all, all
a y'all, all a y'all.

Krayzie:

Y'all my dogs.

If ya call or ya fall,

depend on a nigga where ever

and I will be there. Lean on me,

but let us get rid of the enemy for a while (while)

but if you think you can hang . . .

Now come into my world,

and you can see that we are more than thugs.

[with Layzie: We're more than thugs. We're more than
thugs.

We're more than thugs]

With just a little twist of harmony,

we're bud smokin' lethal warriors.

[with Layzie: We're warriors. We're warriors. We're
warriors.]

Layzie:

All up in the studio, y'all know we roll hydro.

Everytime we rhyme,

I'm high.

Look at me deeply in my eyes.

I rise to stay top of the game.

Nowhere did I have to run,

now way did I have to turn.

Sherm, but a lot of niggas won't learn,

but the money that I earn,

won't burn, so come again.

Wish:

Better watch that mack ten, nigga.

This one's for me and my friends.

We steadily rollin'. I told ya.
Keep bringin' home platinum and gold
ones.
Pap. Pap. Put it all in the ground, yeah Bone,
yeah, we used to get down
[get down]
with a clack back,
put on the ground, now get down.

Bizzy:
Well, I must be
Stroll,when I roll,
when he ain't gonna get no.
Sittin' alone in my window, little Eazy,
bless his soul, it's so cold,
[so cold]
Lil' Bizzy got stress for to peep the streets,
and none of these police holice know me,
still wanna pop that bitch
bitch. No .

Krayzie:
Now, come into my world,
and you can see that we are more than thugs.
[with Layzie: We're more than thugs. We're more than
thugs.
We're more than thugs.]
With just a little twist of harmony,
we're bud smokin' lethal warriors.
[with Layzie: We're warriors. We're warriors. We're
warriors.]

Bizzy:
And it ain't no mystery,
the fist of weed and I better put in a me (?).
Lil' Ripsta (scripture sista, reach any I want my readers.
Say they in,)
and maybe devil be up and get one my of friends.
Twenty-twin, twin,
(and then I bust out the pen and the pad)
"So, who wanna bag?
Who wanna bag?
You wanna bag?
You gotta bag. Sold."
Send one of my dogs to liquor store for the blunts to
roll.
Only my Lord can tell who dies.
So pick up the puzzle and pieces and put it together of
our lives.

Krayzie:

My Lordy Lord maintain.
It's hard 'cause I'm a soldier at war.
'Cause everybody wanna try to pick
out the devil in me,
but the evil's embedded in me.
Weed keeps me at ease.
Take notes, oh no,
'cause here it comes.
That murder mo comin
' to carry you, oh, you, oh. (...?...)
when they pullin' they gauge out, nigga.
They put it up to your temple,
and we blow your brains out. Die.

Now, come into my world,
and you can see that we are more than thugs.
[Layzie: We're more than thugs. We're more than
thugs.
We're more than thugs.]
With just a little twist of harmony,
we're smokin' lethal warriors.
[with Layzie: We're warriors. We're warriors. We're
warriors.]
Only time will tell who dies.
Come look deeply in my eyes.
See the murder mo, the lies.
These are the days of our lives.
Repeat 2

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