

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"D.O.A. Remix"

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[Layzie Bone]

Na, Na, Na, Na... Hey, Hey, Hey... Good Bye!

[Krayzie Bone]

Whooo! C'mon, Bone Thug, We gon' do it like this,
yeah... Kray Jackson...

Remember the killa, the lyrical beast? I'm gon' murda
ya!

Up in you like a hernia.

You suck, I'm just confirmin' ya, nigga!

If you did it, nigga, then clearly we talkin' about you!

Get off the bandwagon

Nigga, quit swingin' on dicks and get your brand
accurate.

Kray Jack the man, ask 'em!

Don't need a hand.

Rappin' insane with the same average, always above!

Nigga, never no love,

You niggas is artificial, insufficient, not an issue.

Our position is monumental, all your shit was
accidental!

Simple, don't be no fool!

Don't be consumed in auto-tune. (Auto-tune!)

'Cause it's a deadly storm blowin' through here soon.

Originators can survive it if they stay true and innovate.

Imitators, fakers, they all die

[Flesh-n-Bone]

Y'all simply can't all rap and it ain't no time to play.

Twenty-four hours a day, that's seven straight!

My killers be rallied up, the scrilla - they tally up.

Like Bally's - I exercise you.

Like Dahmer - I victimize you.

Criticize you for using auto-tune.

Recognize here comes your doom.

There's no room for the wack. They be givin' a black
eye to the game.

But there's more than a thousand ways to get 'em and
leave the lames strangled.

Flesh banged on 'em and I never did let up.

Fandango you hoes!

Opponents they keep their back on the ropes, their
faces hit the floor.
Suckers ain't nothin' but jokes with their vocals made
artificially.
I'd rather buck 'em y'all exposed, now they gotta get
disposed.
My temp is still burning hot, while these phony's, they
hardly not!
We can lock on up and then see how hard of a hit you
got!

[Layzie Bone]

Na, Na, Na, Na... Hey, Hey, Hey... Good Bye!... Bye
Bye!... Bye Bye!

Why they want to sound like, dress like, act like? (Bone,
Bone, Bone, Bone, Bone)

Why they want to look like, dress like, sound like?
(It's the Thuggish Ruggish!) It's the critical, criminal,
non-subliminal.

Set it off, let it off, lines is visible.

I battle, I challenge, I rhyme my syllables.

Sound like Bone, that's dispicable.

I'll put you in I.C.U. I see you is not original.

It's pitiful, niggas ain't lyrical.

Give me that deal, give me that miracle!

They lackin' the talent, they lackin' the balance, they
lackin' the harmony.

These niggas pretenders, no contenders, it ain't hard
to see.

No authenticity, they won't make history.

They only makin' Lil Lay-Lay mad, they going out like
they J.J. Fad.

Now how do these stars assume they can use the auto-
tune,

Just because the bass go boom I spend my dollars,
consume?

But naw, I bring these lames to their doom.

Better wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

We bringin' back innovation.

We havin' a celebration, cause Flesh-n-Bone is home.

Been ten years strong, that's domination.

Never need no nomination 'cause homie the streets
respect it.

We keepin' it epic and never neglect it we get it in on a
record.

I'm talkin' about keepin' it classic, they talkin' about
keepin' it plastic.

They puttin' the game in a casket. We gonna live on like
the Jacksons.

I'm sorry I'm endin' your cycle, I gotta do this for

Michael.

You heard from Jay-Z, but nigga this Layzie, it's
somethin' I'm willin' to die for

Yeah... Come on! Come On! Come On!
Na, Na, Na, Na... Hey, Hey, Hey... Good Bye!

[Wish Bone]

Come here nigga, you know what?...

First off let me take it back to High School.
You niggas teach rules, being in a rented crib.
To this day I don't wear Jordan's.
Wasn't the first nigga with them in High School
(?) ass nigga, put that out (Put that out!)
Shine in everybody's category.
Cut that out, (Cut that out!) Flat out! (Flat out!)
It's a damn shame, for spare change, what come out
these fraudulent rappers' mouth.
Or should I say entertainers, I'm complainin'.
North, East, West, and South, cut that out.
'Til 'em all Pac and no slouch. (Get it! Get it! Get it!)
If you can't sing, then don't sing!
The realest knew they place and they did it.
We blaze auto-tune so you need to sense this (Bone!
Bone! Bone!).
Rest and silent hood living. (lifted?)
They feel me resonate it. Get Bible realest.
Quiet me, (Naw!) I'mma stay hood, harmonied out.

[Bizzy Bone]

Invisible cut the Crucifix, explodes into the galaxy!
Show you niggas how loose I get - No! No fatalities!
Zeus, I'm comin' to juice the mix. Operation: Totality
Opium flow wherever I go, auto-tune to the Matrixes.
Shot myself in Cali, woke up without no witnesses.
Satan, think she my mistresses.
Mohammad, where my bitches is?
Eve's wicked as witches is
Yeah! Nigga this peanuts!
I'm T-Pain, back with my Nazarinians and we nuts!
These Palestinians with 3 buck shots!
When Roger Troutman caught his brother back from
Hades like Cain - took him out!
Generals say "Get out man."
Give me my third eye and I'll pitch it back to the
masters.
Like the back of the dollar, but why?
Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!

[Layzie Bone]

Na, Na, Na, Na... Hey, Hey, Hey... Good Bye!

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