

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Down For My Thang"

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Creepin' up outta the woods, gotta give love to my
hood
Smoke, and I choke, and I creep on a come up
Niggas be tryin run up, but I bust, and they drop to their
death
Now they done up. Gun up, hunt my blunt up
Creepin' 'til sun up, feelin' slightly shady
Call me lightweight crazy, number one nigga little
Layzie
Nigga don't wanna fight
runnin' deadly thugsta soldiers, droppin' them thangs
Bone done told ya. Testin' nuts, so a nigga gonna have
to show ya
Faded a nigga that stepped up. Let's slip in some shit
See 'em alls just stood up then put a foot up that ass
had to blast that click-click
Sprayed the gauge, all cocked, and ready to spray
down to the pave
Puttin' them souls up off in them graves
dwell in Hell, they'll all lay slayed
Amazed, must I blaze. It's insane when I take that bud
to the brain
Toke, choke, holdin' me smoke until-a me strained,
feelin' no pain
Better be packin' your weapon, 'cause my shit is kept
And I'm ready to let loose sawed-off hangin'
danglin' up under the trench, fin to blow that chest
But you shoulda wore a vest, fool, 'cause the Bone
don't front
Nigga check or get wrecked
Got Flesh on the set, with his finger on a TEC
Loc'd out with the khakis and high techs
Respect them St. Clair thugs hustlin' drugs, gotta make
that money, man
Rap be the thang, and the fact remains that we owns
that rap game

Bang, bang, gotta get down for my thang
Bone be me gang

{Flesh}

We runnin' with no hoes, and the bigger Bone that's
known for gettin' his swerve on and kickin' it on the
stage
(Off in the rag), gettin' my serve on
So, leave 'em alone. They come
They need to be shown that Bone done

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