

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Gone Get Ghost"

Visit "[Gone Get Ghost](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey nemo

This what we do baby

Its real

E check me out man

Thake this back with ya

Its nothing, Its nothing

Forgive me when Im stopping the rythym

Coppin tha eyes, poppin whena I feel eh the rythym

Feelin to kill em

Willin to thrill em and hand dealin

Spit em and hit em and chill em with wrong

Is it forgive me

When im up shiny things and workin tha benz

And I need talkn the endz

Im hurtn friendz

And down again we talkn the endz

Catastrophe, workin on half the beat

Runnin with tweens

Sippin on corona and gin

My purpose and burst

Strippin while we hittin the curb

Its on again

Hitten the Versace lean

The oxytene

got my feeling proper man

Why tell her

Will it pull em in the upper spot

The mazzlebark

So get it keep the party hot

The cat aint wrong

Said he called Al Capone

To carry drone , so let me know

We tryna say, my Niggas are back

The figures are bigger

The desert eagle, the trigger react

You outta your mind

So let me get into my slo mo

If the bitch cocoa

And she dancing on the flow like whoe(like whoe)

Get on the ass with the money then she can drop it to

the flow
Im in the zone like so
Money in the air like its raining
I aint spinning shit
What ya name is (what ya name is)

Baby what you sippin on , full grown
Come and get into my mouterfucking zone

Take a shot of patrone and you can let me take you
home
I got whatever I signed
And we can Gone get ghost(gone get ghost x 7)

-[Layzie Bone]-
I put the lamborghini ride outside
you and I up in the ride so fly
you and I get close Lest go
get close get close get close.
You and I lets go get those
get those went by to your friends
say goodby to the benz thats ride
we been doing the most doing the most
I meen we thugging tha most doing the most
I meen we thuggin tha most

Baby I dont need no balls to brag.
But I'm the Realist mutherfucker that the game can
have.
Now while you posing up shaking on the dancefloor
moving.
I been tried make a movie call claim that ass.
You Feeling the rhythm, Like its a hellefied mission
your a grown ass women, You dont need permission.
You body is twisting, In your ear just listening.
Wanna roll with a G, And show position.
Your Body is banging, Youse a fine individual
drop it to the flo, Wanna make you get fysical.
How you move to the rhythm, On the beat makes it
looks so sweat
till your tong get lyrical, Here you go girl your a
miracle.
Make a nigga wanna put you in a video.
Lil lay and AK babyhhhhh, Put it down from the land to
Chicago.
Anything that you need, From the pills to the weed,
From the henn to the gin on me. Ya duck you ain't gotta
wear butta damn thing.
Gos I do big things, And its all on me ya duck.
Still waters runn Deep, So do my puckets and thats why
see love it.

And I keep it popping, And I keep it rocking, Like kid on
that kiddycat till i'm buckit.
After I get it, I wanne dismissed, You can style on mokit
if you kiss it, kiss it.
Dam lil nigga visit, capt so beautiful and exquisit. Every
chick a nigga wanna hang with,
Got a porturican speaking my language.
she calling me poppi poppi, Yelling dont stop whyle i'm
still banging it.

Baby what you sippin on , full grown
Come and get into my mouterfucking zone
Take a shot of patrone and you can let me take you
home
I got whatever I signed
And we can Gone get ghost(gone get ghost x 7)

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.