

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony** **"Gun Blast"**

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*[Krayzie]*

YEAA

Better back up off me  
nigga never no soft your boy'll stop your heartbeat  
While you out in the street yellin out what you fittin to  
do to me  
in the middle of your speech ima sweep you off your  
feet, to sleep  
Fuckin with these thugs  
thinkin ya'll don't bleed blood  
Ima make you a believe pop pop, what you receive  
A mothafuckin bullet from my automatic pistol, hit you  
him too,  
and all the rest of them niggas that you got wit ya  
I'm collected and quiet  
but surprise nigga i get lock  
jumpin out of that rugged dump it  
fittin to show these niggas a little somethin  
Reppin shit for bone thugs, nigga don't test mine to the  
redline  
but like my Bone Thug niggas they ball show me the  
light, the light  
Caught in the line of fire boy if you want to  
and a nigga gon be on your ass like skunk's funk pew  
I grab my dick let my nuts swang from my thang  
if you's a anybody killa nigga, let the bullets rain  
We be puttin em straight cause if you ain't you don got  
into some shit  
with the thuggish, ruggish bloody murda click

*[chorus - Krayzie]*

Ima stay fuckin em up with me gun gun blast  
Ima stay fuckin em up with me gun gun blast  
Ima stay fuckin em up with me gun gun blast  
ima stay fuckin em uo with me gun gun blast

*[Layzie]*

Undercover man, how you want it man  
Ima fool on the loose with a gun in hand  
I got a sure shot aim for the runnin man  
that'll stop you in the tracks when I'm dumpin man, they  
did somethin man

Niggas talk real loud words fly out they mouth when  
you ain't around  
talkin like a nigga stole they style when a nigga show  
up these niggas bow down

Pound for pound from the shoulders nigga I'm the  
coldest little soldier  
these niggas are ruthless I'm takin you niggas believe i  
got somethin for ya, in the holsta

In the bushes cocked, up on the porch i got a gauge  
and glock  
corner to corner this thing on lock yea it's hot on this  
block  
Nigga got everything short a cannons wild n out but i  
ain't Nick Cannon  
nigga got M-11s SR-15s and i plan to let niggas have it  
Fuck this rappin, if it come down to it nigga  
disrespectin what's happnin  
my family my money my thugs myself my nigga i'm flat  
out blastin  
Countin out caskets on you bastards smashin if I'm  
ever forced to bring the action  
ima ride down i'm pistol packin we can definetly get it  
crackin  
Old fashioned like the wild west Ghetto Cowboy nigga  
06  
fake niggas and real niggas in the real world just don't  
mix

*[chorus]*

*[Wish]*

I'm a hundred proof, want a taste?  
take it to the head or the face wrong place you can do it  
Never met a sucka nigga runnin with a thugga, not in  
the game  
nigga runnin with a thuggish ruggish in my range  
Better do my damn thing and lift ya mayne  
bitch won't leave the same way you came  
We soldiers tight put up your stripes we'll rip them off  
slash somebody back with a attitude that right  
I'm sick with the money spent on bullet proof nigga  
fight fight  
Handle that, nigga handle that give back to the music  
fuck that fuck that  
reach back throw back everybody in the car gotta lean  
back  
See now the game was soft so we back  
hit em in the head with a relapse  
Younger than most of you niggas so what? you die you

die if i decide  
then we ride  
If it's on you rock a bye bye  
thuggstas straight up warned you will, obey mine  
Oh we will ride yes we ride in the nighttime  
it really don't matter get high up in the daylight  
Thuggstas no fools we know the rules  
don't get too close with the attitude, do, cause ooo  
won't like how i give it to ya

*[chorus]*

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