

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Handle The Vibe"

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(Clapping your hands)

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As we ride
By the end of the night
You will envision how thugstas play
Can you handle the vibe

Pedal to the medal we see blue light
They wanted to get rip fuckin' wit my sawed off
Polish it all down till it replenish
Soon as I'm finished my pistol get jealous especially
357 me punish you

Buck at me bangin' wit your magnum for
You crept and you came and shit changed
M 11's grenades and them AK-47's bang
Nigga what you sayin' you came and you went

Now bet on the real it's all the way to the bank and you
think
Fin to get that gangster getting a demon you can
conjure up and see
If we get angels pinnin' my ankles bloody murder fuck
wit Jesus
He done creeping deep puttin' those to sleep
Till I raise up on my enemies

Let's get pumped for the peeps in Egypt and 400 years
of oppression
Spread the message I ain't finished diminished you so
called critics
And fuck them billboard and the billboard status me
kick it
You fucked up for a while up outta the town but that
was a trial

Man and I don't know how style through with them
crowds and now
I got to kick it breakin' new ground wantin' my people to
gather around
Remember the sound of the rounds came from my
town
That only a bitch would bite that we can't allow

And they won't claim my style ready to beat you down
Hittin' them tombstones
(Sellin' volumes)
Getting in costumes now I'm rolling with Makaveli
Pinnin' my pistol steady ready
Buck them flames aim for the pressure point
And a point where I break your hand in nigga yeah

I beg your pardon my nigga but how do you know me
I roll in your city and people be pinnin me yo but some
nigga just told me
He put in your record and you was disrespecting off
the T-O-P
Should've put him in his coffin now go seek 'em and
found pow pow

Put him in the river now nigga who wild wild
What incredible style that's what you was thinkin'
When you tried to get it down
We see that you fuck with a daily crowd so nigga just
turn your ass out

Whenever you ready to rumble my nigga just meet us
outside of the club
Ready to slang slugs nigga done got to drunk and
forgot that we claim MO' nigga this shit is ridiculous
Just dismiss the thought that you could get rid of us

Buck you to hell it was nigga you down with us
Nigga you scared when a St. Clair nigga bust
Aw Fuck left his guts in my trunk
Nigga tried a 211 fucked around got 187

Niggas wit heat who could it be nobody but them thugs
with artillery
We come in peace nigga please freeze
Put 'em on they knees nigga don't even breathe and
these
Are the warriors killas destroyin' ya you're gonna die

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The hatin' season ceasing agree
Nigga let this be the reason
Niggas from Cleveland fin to get even
Steven stopping you bitches from breathing

Time is up you know you can't cop
That thugs who rap fin to put down payments
Criminal mind state of lyricist wanna test us nigga hear
this
My niggas are down with the murder mo

Real thuggas and killas that claim
I'm ready to win it my nigga
Now bet it be ripped to the finish everyday be the same
But artillery shop stackin' bone got heat for
Armageddon

Ready for the war all day want action playa hation
steadily spray 'em
Hit 'em with the buck buck bang my nigga this shit
don't stop
The government all on my dick wanna see little Lay
Bone drop
You see the policeman they give me no break

Fin to rest in peace when they try to send me up state
no thanks
I got mo money up outta the bank these niggas are
stackin our rocks
Refuse the peace and nevertheless
Then you can roll with the bone so come on

When all goes down when all goes down you can count
on me
'Cause I got Mo thugs Bone thugs N Harmony and
that's my calvary
If you ride with Bone you ain't alone nigga trust us
Follow me down these wicked streets I grew up on
wanna sound like us

Ain't nothing to do we come for you kiss mommy bye
bye you gone die
And I got heat for every heat you bring you shoot we
shoot
Better watch out watch out for them thugsta thugsta
niggas
Sneakin' up on you, I told you it's comin' Armageddon
(It's comin Armageddon)

New world order
(New world order)
If we get our shit together Bitches ain't nothin' we none
Make this shit on the streets for you to know to know
We gettin' our shit together
Better get your shit together 'cause when you go you
go you go

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