

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony "I Ain't Satisfied"**

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Layzie: I don't know

Krayzie: Yo!

Wish: What up thug?

Krayzie: Bone Thugs~N~Harmony is back nigga

Layzie: Yeah, belie' dat.

Wish: You know. (Laughing)

Krayzie: Kanye West on the track.

Wish: Oh that's big. That's real big.

Layzie: Yeah, we gon' do it like this baby.

Krayzie & Wish {Layzie}:

I ain't goin' nowhere. {I ain't goin nowhere.} 'Cause I ain't satisfied. {I ain't satisfied.} Nigga's still owe me chips. {Nigga's owe me chips.} And I gots to ride for mine. {I think I'm gunna ride.}[x2]

Krayzie:

Man, these nigga's they got me lacin' up my Timberland's; creasin' up my khakis (khakis). .357 cocked in my hand-- fixin' to get it crackin'. I guess they figured they get away, and wouldn't have to answer back to Kray, and Lay, Bizzy, Wish, Flesh-- remember that, I on the way. Told 'em I'm a ride for mine; ain't no need to die for mine. When they see how I ride for mine, oh nigga they gon' hand me mine.

Layzie:

You probably was thinkin' again it was over for my soldiers. But nigga now hold on, you don't even know us. We them po'est that's the coldest. You can suck us; you can blow us. From the clipper from the shoulders; you gon' pay us if you owe us. From the East-side to the West-borders; consider this the takeover.

Wish:

Look man, you don't want that shot up. Gimme my dolla's and all my change-- I like thangs. New thangs: brand new white T's, in the summer days, you know? So pay up, 'cause I show up. You owe us. I might have to bother you wit' a twenty-two; more like a trey-deuce.- more juice. Grown man; I ain't playin'. Hard, firm is how I stand. Pop up my myself dawg 'cause I really

don't need nobody man.

Krayzie & Wish {Layzie}:

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Layzie:

Them callin' me Mr. Bill Collector; needin' me money, know he's up tonight (know he's up tonight)-- ya damn right. Dawg, I never been comfortable; my daddy ain't Cliff Huxtable. I'm original and I'm loveable. But really, do a nigga look fuckable? I doubt it ho, and I like the dough. Let off shots from my rifle-- like a sniper dawg: a pipe on y'all. Nigga, the Bone was born to ball.

Krayzie:

Taxin' nigga's like the I.R.S.; T.H.U.G.'s, we'll have yo' faith out in the streets squeezin' you foe yo' cheese. And don't even try to resist it, nigga just give it up. Feel the pump, feel the pump, feel the pump, feel the pump, feel the pump; pump, pump, pump.

Wish:

Lights out; we comin' through. We ain't satisfied-- hope it ain't on you. We ain't gon' let it go. Bone Thugs~N~Harmony: original. It don't matter who's right. It don't matter who's wrong; we'll set it off. Wanna lose yo' life (yo' life)? Step up, we'll blow yo' head off. 'Cause we got the weapons for anything that's steppin'. Ya will learn ya lesson-- a real thug checkin'.

Krayzie & Wish {Layzie}:

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Layzie:

(Bone, Bone.) We step on the scene and commits to get live. Nigga's they knowin' that nigga Layzie be ready to set off the raps-- the prop. My nigga we packin' the fo'. You thought you could flow? You gotta go. Still in the show. I'm a rhyme as my ammo'. My life as a barrel is lettin' this loose. Playin' you pussies, like fuck a piano.

Wish:

Look at the game wit'out us. Yes they tryin'-- they ain't

us. We want our spots back; we ain't askin'-- be some jacks. Here comes the Bone and step up. We got a lot of luck left. Here we come, in a rush, wit' that relaxed breath.

Krayzie:

Yeah. When you see the thuggish ruggish, you know just why we comin'. So do yo'self a favor, and bitch go get my money. And nigga don't try the blues wit' me 'cause I can't feel ya pain. Nigga, you know what happens when the tenents bill ain't paid.

Krayzie & Wish {Layzie}:

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