

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Intro - Faces Of Death"

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Who the niggaz with the gauge in ya face?
It's Leatherface in the place, about to hit ya in ya
bankroll
All the niggaz that was poppin' before started to rock it
We got this, now try to stop it if ya ain't hoes

Wouldn't ya know, this the coldest flow
And have them feelin' it all over the world, they see the
B-B-Bone
Me and my niggaz is thorough-bred
And every time we pull up in the party we twirl in

Yeah, they be like, "Look, look, there go them Bone
Thug niggaz"
"I wonder if them niggaz is really some thug niggaz"
And then they start to drink and get a little buzz in 'em
And then they get to thinkin' they can fuck with us
niggaz

Now we don't need a lot of bodyguards when we roll
So you know we packin' heaters from the door
Fo-Fo, all I really need to guard my body
And plus I'm with some niggaz all kind of psychotic

You niggaz is fucked, yeah! That's what ya gonna do
When ya run up, ya done up, them busta niggaz fools
And we don't play, catch a feelin', bring it yo way!
We them thugs, niggaz really buzzed, nigga all day!

If we have to, yeah, think about the time
When a nigga disrespect mine, where I'm from, then I
got to shoot!
St. Clair, yeah! Cleveland's right here!
Hustlin' right here, them thugsta niggaz right here!

What, what? Them other niggaz play tenderous, and
won't bust!
Not not me no, not me, I will bust at will, I'll see ya
Comeback boy, for sayin' what? And I'll spray ya, yes,
I'll see ya
You should have never passed, stay in your place
Mind your bidness or end up needin' a witness, yeah

Let me make this the last time, a nigga gotta say this
The original Bone Thugs, them niggaz ain't to play with
We get down for our damn thang, rank us among the
greatest
And I'm sendin' my shouts out, and fuck you to the
haters

Who deny? In 1994 we switched the game up
With the homies with the rappin' and the flow that
always change up
Playin' lames in the games, what a shame, had to hang
up
They music careers, cause my clique brought the
bangers

These niggaz wanna ride on a coat-tail
They stay on the dick, because we servin 'em so swell
I remember when motherfuckers called it bitin'
They used to do that, cause these niggaz couldn't write
it

All I'm tryna say is, give a nigga credit
If a nigga can't get it, then a nigga gettin' deaded
It's all about respect, remember Layzie Bone said it
Better believe I'ma get mine, I'm dyin' as a legend

I'm livin as a legend, if I want it I'ma get it
Nigga, hustle game tight, y'all can't fuck with it
This swagger is so strong, been doin' it so long
And nigga it's so cold, with bidness

We got the thugs on the line and the thugs screamin'
mo
When we put it all together, thug niggaz gettin dough
Settin' trends in this bitch, like we did it before
Still creepin' on ah come up, through the back door,
nigga

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