

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Land Of Da Heartless"

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Krayzie:

Don't niggas don't wanna start shit.
Buck, buck to the bang. Sendin' bullets to the brain,
nigga. Yeah.

A nigga that always at my city with me,
now, who was that nigga they put in the plastic?
Nigga that thought he could bang.
That nigga's stuck. That nigga's blasted.
They got my man from the Land. Never ran,
I step with deadly men.
If ya come a little bit closer, I can turn you into sand.
Now follow me, now roll, stroll down to Cleveland.
We thuggin', we theivin', we put it in deep, and the
blood is seepin'.
Got niggas in alleys, fuck niggas in badges. We say
bang.
Eighty-eight through the ten-five (and Clair).
St. Clair ain't shit to fuck with. Pumpin',
Krayzie be bumpin', dumpin' the bloody body.
Me never knew one that could flow with the tongue.
We comin' to shoot up your posse.
My niggas--they comin' up out the woods, to get the
goods.
Krayzie be thug, and (want to) die--that's from comin'
up in my hood.
We killas. Get a gat, pap, pap, clack back me gun,
bust one, they done. Cleveland
is where we from. Hearts--thugs have none.

Chours:

High techs and khakis when jackin', sawed-off, there's
really no place to run.
Niggas get vicious with my click, 'cause even the
bitches carry guns.

Bizzy:

Soon as I hit the scene, Samething,
feelin' for a pistol, but I didn't have no gun.
Come with original thugsta shit. I be flippin' it with me
tongue.

Nigga, Cleveland is the city where we come from,
and I show them hoes up outta the club
that thugs don't run from none.
Follow rip one, now, on and on, them definitely got me
back.
And I'm throwin' up St. Clair thugsta niggas,
with or without my gat.-

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