

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Land Of Tha Heartless"

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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 die, that's from comin' up in my
hood
(Want to)
We killas, get a gat, pap, pap, clack back me gun
Bust one, they done, Cleveland is where we from
Hearts-thugs have none

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

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Soon as I hit the scene, [unverified]
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 Clair
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

Forever be ready to pull out me
Murder tools East 99 style, fools
Me put it in mind on murderin' you
Followin' whenever me murderous trues

Niggas that claim to bang, bang
When it comes to slang thangs, they do
They know they cannot buck me
One of 'em sure to slug me

But they hope the thug I be, Bizzy
Better let 'em him be or they'll see
Nigga, hangin', swangin', never to miss
The Biz is me

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Livin' in the land of the heartless
With a sawed-off pump, shootin' craps
Hand on my strap, roll thick, 'cause they jack
Runnin' up on the Bone, you needin' to be pap, pap

Soldier thugs be pumpin' them slugs
Defendin' they drugs, when they roll up
Niggas be creepin' up slow
Heavy packed with they gats
And try to pull a hold up but nigga, now hold on
Wanna test the Bone? The gauge is shown

Any is mind blown,
Lookin' down the barrel
Of this mausberg chrome to the dome
Bone, clack back me gauge in a rage
Copper take these here rocks, double glock

My pistols be pumpin' and buckin' out shots whenever
The trouble knocks, steadily hittin', me clean up
Get lit up for ready your soul to burn
And I blow your shit up, get 'em on the get up

'Cause niggas must learn, yearnin' to earn cheese
Ready to die, so niggas can't take these
Wantin' to clock G's, want to move keys
Not takin' a loss on my green leaves, please

East nine nine, crime finds mine
Strayin' on this road to hell
And prison walls, testin' balls
For the cause, gotta get that sale

And bailin', kickin' up mud, rollin'
I get with my thugs
Rippin' apart shit, so nigga, don't start shit
'Cause we kill in the Land of the Heartless, Die

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