

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Land Of The 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 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

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 Mossberg's 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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