

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Mesu'Z Thugz Cry"

Visit "[Mesu'Z Thugz Cry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

For the ghetto media don't let the light-skin fool ya' I
will fuck you up.

This is what it sound like. This is what it sound like.(x9)
When thugz cry. When thugz cry.(x9)

Nigga we represent th planet get schizophrenic n panic
maybe the
past would understand if they'd get off their ass and
mash. How do
you manage? Paranoid ,don't even trust my boyz watch
for the plot
and deploys envoys scopin like a dope fiend but I'm
smokin in the
alleyz with these ghetto guns and erase my funds
Watts, niggaz in
Cali take bullets to the brain still rowdy Jesus really
never died, you
crucified mutual suicide who am I? Local with vocals
goin coast to
coast Heaven'll move me right fo' sho' deception
weather my
brethren but sunny dayz when they parlay get killed
when they get
tah' steppin 'member the weapon'z close and the
doctor said I need
time to myself on the ocean those frivolous thoughts
but I'm brought
up full of this independence caught up sever relentless
evil intentions
nobody knowz him even the henchman warrior, poet,
never to
mention I love my lady rebel we can get the stroke on,
we can get
the stroke on, we can get the stroke on.

This is what it sound like. This is what it sound like.(x9)
When thugz cry. When thugz cry.(x9)

We keepin tha liht on at ruthless and I ain't fuckin the
boss lookin
at me sexy take your cloths off but my dick'll go soft!

never mix
business with your sickness enemy see me flippin in
panic with
your little divide and conquer but my sister was ready
to bomb
her! Get off the dizznik, and up off my voice me and
my boyz give
us a choice how could you ever tell Sony that I was the
only one
makin noise ain't it a breech of trust look in the gutter,
unh, never
judge yo book by it's cover, word to the mathafucker
I.....I didn't
stutter but what if I lost it and came in the office and
nobody noticed
with liquid explosives on top of Versace cloths give up
the ghost
Krayzie's Picasso, lil' Layzie like ceasar, Stacks like lil'
Pesci N
Casino and Wish don't give a fuck! O I'm Gambino -n-
the walkin
dead woke up on the wrong side of the bed Bible of
survival triple
six rivals, triple six rival member you said I read but I
roll with killaz
,Niggaz that'll bust in the club you don't feel us
strapped in the bed,
strapped pickin up the kids in the realist, the realist, the
realist.

This is what it sound like. This is what it sound like.(x9)
When thugz cry. When thugz cry.(x9)

It'll make your body shake when it's too late soon as
you flipped off
the safety baby this we all day don't tell me you crazy,
will they sell
me? Hell naw! For the reason this weepin widow be the
demon so
cheap and at least she peepin go peep deep dead in yo
pockets no
sleep Rollin' with my ccrucifix Lucifer usually uses the
rule of these
wicked tricks in the school of these ghetto games and
the fool of this
bitches mist I say shame, shame, shame. Enemies
attacking me
actually I'm in the grain ask Mr. Majesty these
casualties well they're
passin me by but I hear death callin' when it's so cold in
the room

who's stalling better come after me, we say fuck y'all
all in the battle
we, battle we, battle we.

This is what it sound like. This is what it sound like.(x9)
When thugz cry. When thugz cry.(x9)

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.