

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony "Mind On Our Money"**

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People ask me how do you maintain  
You got to keep your mind on money  
(T H U G)  
Don't let the snakes ever short you for ya change  
Nigga, let 'em know how much you want it

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Nigga 1993, hooked up with Eazy E  
1994, rushin' through the door with the bone flow  
Nigga was creepin' on a come up, doin' it for the love  
of money  
1995 we really let 'em know, Cleveland is the city where  
we come from

Brought styles muthafuckas never heard before  
But we never got our props  
Till we dropped that said song, see you at the  
crossroad  
But the man know, Eazy runnin' with the lost souls, rest  
in peace

That was 1996, we back in the mix  
I guess they thought that we'd gon' quit but we got love  
for this shit  
But everything started changin', business rearrangin'  
Then the time when bone and ruthless wasn't vibin'

Tried to keep my mind together through that industry  
shit  
Somehow I'm feelin' like what I deserve I didn't get  
But I'ma stick it out, believe I'ma keep my head up  
And show my loyalty for Eazy E, even though I'm fed up

1997 hey, everybody grab ya weapon, it's the art of war  
It don't stop, it won't stop until we drop, body rott  
Not to mention when we venture through the family  
scriptures

1999 nigga, still strugglin'

Tryna get some money with this mastermind I'm  
jugglin'  
Sharpen up ya thug mentality  
And by the year 2000 I'll be thuggin' but so I'm  
[unverified]  
I gotta get some money, blast if I get hungry  
So if you read that i done flipped, then you know the  
story, about me

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Take a good look into my eyes and all over my face  
your bloody death  
With a bloody bloody, mess, I'm servin' you none the  
less  
[Unverified] that crazy muthafucka  
From the world's most dangerous group

Mo thugs nation, [unverified] on your life  
That's absolutely what I'm gon' do  
Blast at them niggas who thought they knew me  
Now I'm that muthafucka that be [unverified], the  
nigga that bust all y'all

My mission in life to be the coldest nigga that ever spit  
shit on the mic  
I'm comin' in smooth, rockin' this Hip-Hop music just  
the way you like  
Tellin' all biters to please stop tryin'  
Let it go fry fool, when I make my move, all y'all gonna  
die

Split up and fry, open his eyes [unverified] pop  
Shot one through his head  
Oh my, oh my, now look what you made me do, this  
nigga dead  
It ain't my fault, you niggas too soft, ain't got no skill

Now look through the [unverified] stop steel  
Y'all some fake-thug livin' tryna get notice by hangin'  
with stars  
No need to say no names, niggas know who the fuck  
you are  
We all true sound, nigga united gatherin' souls, how we  
roll

And that's love for the paper, foldin', I saw these hoes  
But I had my [unverified] nah, nigga that's my nuts  
[unverified]  
Don't touch that  
And then he won't hesitate to buck for the love

You can't dust on these bustas, so they die  
They only got love for those who love me  
In the meanwhile I main to keepin' my mind on my  
money  
And no, this shit that we spit ain't funny  
Especially when you hungry, nigga  
With no hustle, nigga, to get them funds

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In '91 I'm runnin' from the fuckin' cops, don't ya know it  
That bitch was tryna' find a hidin' spot, he show it  
Know niggas that'd had no pussy  
Said that would never read or get to L.A.

And niggas went cannibal on 'em, either  
Smokin' that reefer, niggas know how I'm livin'  
'Cause I was havin' children when y'all was lookin' for  
women  
But mine aside, so why you tellin' your same  
[unverified]

When niggas ain't have shit, tell me who's the one that  
ride  
We gon' ride ride though, you can call me Mr. Murda-  
Mo  
Get [unverified], burn the whole store down all by  
myself  
[unverified] for fuckin' with the bone flow

Heaven and Earth, God and my loved one and ya gotta  
roll  
And what you want my people to hear, that I'm a fuckin'  
sell-out?  
But who's the one on solo shit and who want me the hell  
out?  
I'll bail out with a [unverified], that pussy makes me  
change

Or expansion on the mansion or acres in the shooting

range  
Shootin' thangs, it don't make you a villain  
(Shootin' thangs)  
The villain is chillin' with his children  
Bitch, I keeps it real

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I keep my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
A straight up soldier in the field out here pushin' my  
line  
Nigga designed a gold crime as I'm racin' through this  
obstacle  
007, Layzie Bone, knew it was possible

Got shot, got out the hospital, started on my mission  
Listen, nigga pay attention  
Oh, and did I mention, had a tape before I crept on a  
come up,  
Faces of death

Blessin' 40 O-Z's, lay and leatherface and double Z's  
[unverified]  
Niggas often wonder why my mind on my money  
Nigga these bitches all up on me and half the industry  
phony  
It's like this nigga, i don't even fuck around

If a nigga ain't got no money for lay, I'll come around  
Ain't it funny how niggas turn funny-style  
When they think they fall in trinkets, ain't even ran a  
mile  
See my niggas doin' a damn thing, flesh

Trues humbly united gatherin' souls, just to let you  
know  
Heaven's movie, yours truly, Mr. Gambini  
it's the mentality and next to the baddest, Little Stevie  
And when you ask me how i maintain

I watch my niggas rule, act a fool and ace the game  
Mo thug one, witness the family scriptures  
Mo thug two, family reunion comin' to get ya  
Mo thug three, presentation of the mothership  
Niggas on some other shit, by smoke and maintain

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