

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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