

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Mr. Bill Collector"

Visit "[Mr. Bill Collector](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Them callin' me Mr. Bill Collector
Needin' me money, know he's up tonight
See niggas can't stand us
So they label us scandalous

And if them runnin' off with-a-me cash
That ass gonna have to pay the price
Nigga muthafucka po po
Gotta hit 'em with the fo' fo'

Don't be fuckin' with my money
Nigga, no
See when Krayzie pull the pump, then I kill 'em all
Pump slugs

When blood hit the wall, watch 'em fall
Now, dog, who ya gonna call?
Puttin' niggas in the coffin where they probably better
off, and
Leathaface is not a punk-bitch
So a nigga just can't fuck me

Nigga better have me cash or I kill his whole family
When the twelve gauge pump blast
Now, test me
Never ever let a nigga ride
When he think he fin to slide, pump him in the spine
Get him for the money

Nigga tried to play me and dash
And that's why me thugs should put slugs in that ass
They telly and me never want to see no
Oh jealous muthafucka tried to keep a nigga's ends low

If he scared to smoke a primo
Gotta go whether fiends in the clique that's a no no
Gotta make that money, man
Gimme all my change

It's a murder thang, now
Even in the dummy game, niggas comin' up slain for
collectin' they claim

Now, Leathaface, me pick up me gauge, grab the mask
And, nigga, me blast, so ya better respect us
When you see the bill collector rippin'
Killin' niggas for that mad money thang

Niggas steady payin' them dues, runnin' with trues
Nothin' to lose, everything to prove
Little thug from the C-Town, never caught sleepin'
Always on the come up creepin', runnin' this shit, now

Puttin' that Bone down
Gotta let a nigga know for the love of cheese, movin'
thangs in the '95
Rollin' with Ruthless, thuggin' with my niggas from the
Clair
And we smokin' them green leaves

Fuck with me, now
Oh, nigga, don't test Rest, Strate, Leathaface in the
place on a mission
Don't be messin' with my bankroll
Niggas wanna gank on Bone, so I stack them prank
hoes

And I'm bettin' on me takin' no more losses
Put 'em in a coffin, and they life is better off
And these niggas, they don't know me, they can't know
me
Thought you had a homie, but ya fuckin' with the
muthafuckin' Bone, see

Nigga, gotta get me mine on the nine-nine
In the '95, bodies droppin'
When you hear my pistol select ya dome, respect that
true house
Or underground shit, Mr. Bill Collector, Bone

Them callin' me Mr. Bill Collector
Needin' me money, know he's up tonight
See niggas can't stand us
So they label us scandalous

And if them runnin' off with-a-me cash
That ass gonna have to pay the price
Nigga muthafucka po po
Gotta hit 'em with the fo' fo'

Nigga, take it off, thank you
Please don't make me stack ya
Time to pay the bill, write your check up all night
Catch a slug or chill

Bill collectors, better respect them Mo Thugs
Sellin' drugs, pumpin' slugs all up in that rectum, check
'em
Click-click, fall to the ground
When the glock pop, make your chest pump blood

And takin' too long, better drop it on down
Or ya catchin' two to the head
Shoulda gave 'em up, bitch, to the Mo Thug lunatic
quick to pop
Now, you're dead, yeah

Gotta pull that nine on the niggas every time
Sellin' rocks on the nine-nine
Gotta put him on the pave
If ya want to die, put 'em in the grave, better give me
all them dimes
(Mine)

I didn't want to take his life
But the nigga tried to run
And get away with me llello
I see me, the murderer

I didn't want to take his life
But the nigga tried to run
And get away with me llello
I see me, the murderer

I didn't want to take his life
But the nigga tried to run
And get away with me llello
I see me, the murderer

I didn't want to take his life
But the nigga tried to run
And get away with me llello
I see me, the murderer

Sawed-off pumpin', dumpin' steadily
All the way to the other side we ride
Sherm, when I hit that chrome and now
Niggas is 'bout to die

Thugsta theivin' off in Cleveland
And I couldn't sell out my city
Murder now to come up, move
Bone'll be bringin' that city, with me, pin me

Nigga, this the team, by the way, don't fuck with brains

Put in my mind off onto my murder
Murder y'all all, and I flees the scene clean
And I'm out to fade 'em

Hey, and I'm out for money, gauged 'em
Better pray to save 'em, but it won't any good, now
Bang, bang
Caution to loss in me brain, get 'em up off the 'caine

Bang, kill a nigga
Bang, peel a trigger
Bang, comin' up out to wet 'em, man
Off with the blood, put 'em in the mud with a slug
Thug gotta get paid

Reachin' on back as we bail to pick up me shells
I slip in the buck, and the gauge spray
Sawed-off on the block, cocked, ready to pop ya, now
'Cause broke gets played, this dope get paid, and
nigga
Come drop it down

Them callin' me Mr. Bill Collector
Needin' me money, know he's up tonight
See niggas can't stand us
So they label us scandalous

And if them runnin' off with-a-me cash
That ass gonna have to pay the price
Nigga muthafucka po po
Gotta hit 'em with the fo' fo'

Your rent's due, muthafucka

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.