

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Murder One"

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We in the last five days of these trials and tribulations
And I'm waiting for the Lord, oh, please don't leave me
forsaken
Caught up in the doom, prepare for Satan
So we facing a situation while I'm drunk and scared
Heavily sedated wonder will I make it to the pearly
gates
Or will I burn off in that lake now?

Could you feel the earthquake shaking the dead
awake?
How many wait? It's too late, it's over now
Niggas had a lack of faith so life ain't straight, if you
incapable
Having a little trouble a day wid ah fiend or somethin'
Betta plead to bloody Jesus, watch how the majesty
control it

Don't let it go slow down hold on
Now can I get a witness shout Hallelujah, Amen
I'm feeling the Holy Ghost makin' moves through ya
Smooth, I made it to free your mind to the rhythm
I got designed when the world drop dimes
This world you'll fine there's no other like my kind

Code murder one, code murder one
Code murder one, code murder one
Murder them mo
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If the world should end today
Fully automatic, gunning through it
Gunning thangs, red rummed when strumming pain

Mo' murda, I heard 'em holla, holla, clock dollas
Swallow me, baby, 'cause we balling hollow point tips to
the CI

Enemies keep rolling, get 'em off that flaunted fluid
Making them nauseous, cautious these niggas is
flossing
My Nina Ross tossed out I'm slaucing
It's for the auction rapper bop the copper got gospel on
'em
Who wanna magnum? Who wanna tag 'em?
Bag 'em up ain't no problem, baby, bitch

Smoked out in high school
Sleeping the fifth grade selling chicken
Gotta get paid we in the kitchen
Cooking up grade and, baby, go on go grym

Hold on to motherfucking gun
Another fifth took one hood shot she split up
Talking bout the get up for everyone ya lit up and hit up
So huff and make it settle

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Make me push this panic button nigga
We moving like the Panthers in the sixties
Khaki suited booted my thugs recruited
You wit' me, nigga, you wit' me?

Militant minded perfect timing it
Always on the incline, ah shit
Nigga that's down for the grind, ah, shit
Keeping real niggas rewinding this

Deep in the ghetto in the streets, ah, Cleveland
We call it thieving mind deceiving
Hear the reasons for hustling season
Bottom line money is power and the power mean
muscle
Money and guns stacked up to the ceiling
Nigga get down for his hustle, his hustle hustle

Now nigga now what ya gon' do when they come for
you?
Well, I'ma tell ya right now what we gon' do

Scream M-O-G and start blasting
Nigga never did like them boyz in blue

No regards for authorities
Wanna dump a nigga up wid the ferozine
Oh you invited to the bloody ass whore scene
Know what I mean, you betta get wid the team

'Cause this is the soldiers ready for war nigga
We from way down under nigga been waiting for the
day
To let off these rounds it's thunder, it's thunder
Got my mind made up and if niggas straight balling up
outta control
Just as those hoes nigga rose
On ah, mission tryin' ta get that dough

Separated mine through prose
Open and close just like a case
Place to place ya feeling, ya safe
HB all up in my face
And it just ain't safe, it just ain't safe safe
I'm knowing they want me to catch it in war
Boy, boy, I seek and destroy any nigga that throw the
decoy

See me I'm stacked and ripping shit
Taking off my shirt and breaking them sweats
Tattoos all over my body seven on the stomach
Skull on my chest, nine millimeter in my pocket
Ready to buck on the crowd
As long as that one little nigga
Sagging and bragging and talking loud

Talking about he, 'bout it, 'bout it
Nigga I got yo whole klik
Real niggas don't run they mouth
Real niggas make moves and get rich

Mobbing in a expedition
Thinking of a proposition
Settle my composition
Feeling relentless fucking up gun condition
Mo murda competition

How many niggas on the front line
Ready for whateva my nigga wid yo tech nine?
Nigga disrespect mine
How will you lose the chalk?
For marrow rip through thine spine

If you wanna listen to what I say
Hey, gotta pay intuition
This ain't no free exploit of an exhibit
'Cause, my niggas too exquisite

I'm so Armageddon just as my Smith & Wesson
Here's a nice slug for you
And my nitrogen glyc bomb
Can land on them nuclear morgue

I watch when they all come stormin'
So when my one hit 'em up they fall
Let off wid' a little frustration bust my gun
Bullets haul

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