

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Music Makes Me High"

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Bizzy:

Yeah. Supervision.

If you look into my eyes. If you look into my eyes (tell me what you see.) Tell me what you see, you see ...

If you look into my eyes, tell me what you see, you see ...

Bizzy:

See, they don't understand me. I've been through him, and him, and him, and then come at me again. I know niggas that in the pen, and figgas for you and them. Evil creepin' on my people. Chances are slim. Be married to the music. Boom! Hit the stage, ready to die for it, cry for it. Cut the games. Many tried for it, lied for it, get a catchy chorus and fly for it. Take orbit, let gravity be your fortress tonight. Elevate your brain, hold your heart and just sing, pause gracefully we age through all the pain. Sentiments in rain. Evidence of it heavenly fangs distained for my explanation on plane. The fame was the sum of our money, chained in a murder, murder shame, with a pistol and a pissed-off bang! Well, then let me finish with thug love. I'm off to hit the club with the bud and the track, hit the mud. Keep the gun, it's my first love.

Tell me what you see, you see ... If you look into my eyes.

Supervision:

I'm making love to my music, my music. My music makes me high.

(Bizzy: Tell me what you see, you see ... If you look into my eyes.)

Supervision:

I'm making love to my music, like my music my lady. Sippin' on Brandi, intoxicated. Hummin' to __. And I'm chillin' with Krayzie, and we high off that Thai. My reason why, like R. Kelly, I believe I can fly. And plus, around me I can't see, my vision clouded. Premeditate I'm or bust, and please label me 'out it, 'out it. As I collect my thoughts, take me a breath. God bless my homie [insert name], he took one in the chest. And yes, but he still here to rap a song, just another day. While ya bullshhhh, crack the top on that Alize! Cause we don't play in this land of the loc', where brothers, they smoke trees up with dust, and see, they bleed. Then they plead. Cause I'm on top, straight ballin' Makin' love to my woman, but my music steady callin' and never stallin' But it comes to me, you should please let me have prophecy, yes, I make love to my music. I'm makin' love ...

Krayzie:

I love music. Any kind of music, as long as it's pumpin' to keep me thuggin' self in check. Maintain the mentality I got to keep my composure, and music the perfect potion. When I'm coastin' roll a blunt up, roll I'm up. Put some of them

jams on. And, nigga, we zonein' so put on some old school, homie, let's hit the dance floor. Music really makes me happy. When I'm stressin' mental hot, I put on some instrumentals. Stop, I think about what I done been through. I put it to paper, then put it to wax, and kick some facts, sit back and relax, now everything is all right. If it wasn't for this music, I'd be dead, fuck a jail, I'd cause a nigga ain't never goin' back to that hell. Feel me. Kill me. And if it wasn't for the man upstairs blessing me with talent, like the average thug nigga, would I vanish? But this platinum got us niggas established. Got us living lavish. Apply yourself, survival tactics, nigga, and

yÄ!??Il can have it.

Even though itÄ!?Ä¯ stress and strain in the game, one thing I canÄ!?Ä° do is ... Is stop the music.

Supervision:

IÄ!?Ä! making love to my music, my music. My music makes me high.

(Bizzy: Tell me what you see, you see ... If you look into my eyes.)

Layzie:

Nigga, it don't stop, and it won't stop Ä!?Ä¶ause i just can't quit. This game be

runnin□through my veins with nothin□but platinum hits.

And nigga it don't stop,

Ä!?Ä¶ause it won't stop, Ä!?Ä¶ause it just don't quit.

This game be runnin□through my

veins with nothin□but platinum shit. Nigga I gotsta have it. ItÄ!?Ä¯ like automatic

rounds when I put this down. Constantly fuckin up

instrumentals, you remember

that thuggish ruggish sound. You can feel the love goin through the speakers,

creepin□ livin□life on the deep end. Better believe you

wonÄ!?Ä° catch me sleepin□

put up a beat and I heat, dismiss the flames. Nigga, cut the games, me and my

music we sleep and eat together. We hop in the Benz,

get off in the winds, and

we run the streets together. And we on a mission to

stick up the industry full

throttle. Mo Thugs, mo money the motto, so, nigga, the

slugs that I bring come

hollow. Nigga we can do this in the song, or nigga we

can do this in person.

Whatever you do when you cross the gunline boss, little

Lay'll be puttin□his

work in. Ä!?Ä¶ause me and my music, nigga, we don't

take that shit. Nigga, put the

pen to the pad, get mad and I break that bitch. Nigga,

it's just the thug in

me, mixed up with the indo and the Ol□E. When I drop

this thugsta poetry, I

make all y'all know who the fuck I be, niggas!

Supervision:

IÄ!?Ä! making love to my music, my music. My music makes me high.

(Bizzy: Tell me what you see, you see ... If you look into my eyes.)

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