

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Never Forget Me Feat. Akon"

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-Akon- Chorus-

Goin' through the struggles everyday on this pavement/ In every hood I see 'em doin' the same (the same)/ There's a lot of haters that don't want me to make it/ All I want is for you to remember my name/ So that you never forget me...So that you never forget me...So that you never forget me...So that you never forget me...

-Krayzie Bone-

When I'm dead and gone, they gon' remember me as being one of the livest/ Genuine ghetto survivors/ Anything time to reside pumpin they mind a silent killer/Straight out the ghetto a grimy nigga/ with lyrics more potent than a vipers venom, one bite could kill 'em/ When It gets in em niggas never knew what had hit 'em/ Legends! For what we done did on the streets and what we done did spit on these records/ Blessings! We take 'em put em on beats and we give 'em back, no question/ Granddaddy of the Midwest..Krayzie Jackson (Jackson)/ The lyrical serial killer I feel I'm the illest of niggas thats askin about mind and master/ When it comes to the rhyme, I'm faster than half of these niggas rappin'/ When it comes to the grind Im mashin' no time for second chances/ When it all goes down, when they put me in my grave/ Just "Fuck 'em all!" across my tombstone and bury me with my gauge (gauge..gauge)

-Chorus-

-Layzie Bone-

My reputation is solid dog, and my street cred' is on polish ya'll/ Known as a lil boss hog in the hood, boy in ma hood, ima superstar/ Niggas in the past, tryed ta hold a nigga down, but I put in my work and checked it, checked it/ Now these niggas respect, knowing I'm the wrong one, they wanna mess with/ From the gutter, with my brothers, knowin these ghetto streets, they dont love us/ Duckin' these under-covers, these motha fuckers, doin' everythang to try ta rush us/ But these

suckers, know they cant touch us, they envy deep in
they heart/ If they ever, try to rush us, nigga they know
we gonna rip 'em apart/ Niggas go hard, from the
start, nigga this Nina Ross is my body guard/ Fuck with
mine and i charge, lil crazy nigga at large/ Pullin'
cards, on these lame niggas, ill never let go of ma
heat/ Yeah..stand up man, on his feet/ lil Layzie Bone
on the creep...'member, me.

-Chorus-

-Wish Bone-

What I got to for you not to forget who brought you with
that straight thug spit?/ Sped up a little bit with gangsta
talk with that harmony all over it/ Hey Bone sang
(sang), then we mixed it with that street talk/ And we
know that little Layzie, he let us get our creep on/ And
then he went home (home), but its all good (good)/ He
left the right ones (ones), through us he's still in the
hood/ Rest in peace (peace) E/ Like him when I die I
hope they remember me (me)/ That's why I no lie when
I reach you with these beats (beats)/ Took alot from
nothin', remember the thugs for the songs that we
sung/ And makin' it through the struggle, that struggle/
It ain't easy believe me, get breezy, believe it/ Still goin'
on hustle game's strong, but I do it so they remember
me..

-Chorus-

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