

## Bone Thugs N Harmony

### "Prisoner"

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[Bizzy Bone] I keep it poppin in the city and it's harder than the column Lock it, if not then we gon' do it with the quickness, and the holy 'ah Swifter with the thought, is they slippery, liberty or not? I'm stuck up in the prison, religion, and do you see the cause? Hatin in the temple, we got it, is you ready or not? As-Salaam Alaikum, can't break 'em unless the hatin stops Clockin in the nation, wanted my presence in the sÃ©ance God, I'ma play on, mosiac, don't even say it Okay, no way, 55, no ways That's the way we play, all day, all day Christ, slice the diamonds in the knife Yes, B.B. I'm the best, most definitely Hefty, the water is so maximum, then holla back at 'em "You got 'em Daddy?" We gon' mash on 'em (mash on 'em) Ghetto harmony, the army in the faction of the masses Mob Life, Soprano, my nigga with no apples [Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone] Baby chill, you know that you gon' be all right And everything is tight, stars in the sky and a little of the moonlight Ride to the rhythm of a prisoner Ride to the rhythm of a prisoner [Layzie Bone] Okay I'll do it for the money, the chains and the bracelets Caddy coupes and the Maybach too, daily I be chasin it Nigga I'm impatient with it, all the time I'm tryin to get it All about perfect timin, dig it? I'm a giant, you a midget I could talk or show my digits, put that on my love You talk about it, we live it, put that on my thug We thugged out niggaz, from the St. Clair area Still got bank that's buried up, these motherfuckers is scared to touch Rush up on a nigga with the wig split still Even though these niggaz sue I gotta keep it real For the house up on the hill, I murda murda kill That there is where I live, up there we do it big Protected by Jesus, stand back, back Artillery shops so stacked up; I be waitin for a nigga to act up My ride down's a smooth one, these guns man I use them Most times I got two guns, I'ma burst and I'm a fool son [Chorus] [Bizzy Bone] Now what are you thinkin about, leavin me stranded, I didn't plan it Fresh Ralph Laurens, umbrellas to limos, still standin Check the watch baby, wait, I must do business alone Give me problems when I come home, now you in the zone I'm makin love, let you know it's the choices of a dove Who

hardcore? Genesis baby, this is the cov' Second God  
and give me immaterial love fo' sho' No Eve, not an  
angel in sight, baby you know When it's over then it's  
over, you can put it on, oh There they go, watchin  
mental where your spirit and soul Never been married  
and my brother's been murdered, but momma  
boast{?} Close the case, then we gone, spend eternity  
with the Lord No sentence, no repentance, just clean  
clothes in the ward Huh, we in the yard, Allahu Akbar  
give me the swords Slap skins with the homie, watchin  
my mother and child Worship no cow, Thug love, baby  
you know my style [Chorus]

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