

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Raised In Hell"

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Verse One: C-Bo

I was born in hell without a pistol
Now how can I survive with one live without a vest and
4-5?
Runnin from the Task Fo' but smashin for my cash
Bankin corners, hop it then I blast on their ass
See them piggies want me dead for sure or in the pen
Doin 10, instead of me in my Benz on some twins
Sippin Hen, smokin indica bomb
And keep my pedal to the metal til I'm high and gone
I know you rich niggas hate me, can I keep it real and
Feel this rap shit?
Didn't make me, got out the pen and flip the '97
Drop Mercedes, I'm the *?placenta?* of no love
Til the lord save me, straight thugs that'll dump slugs
Til they fuckin grave, mass murder motherfuckers to
the
Front page
When we hit, we empty clips til we get paid
I've been a slave from my cradle to the grave
Nigga, fuck the world, I was raised in hell

Chorus: C-Bo

That's why we buck shit down and yell "Fuck the world!"
I'd rather die here in hell then die doin life in jail
But take the shot with a Mac 12, order hits on the *?
Pack tailed?*" >From the block to Wotts, we are thug niggas raised in
Hell
repeat

Verse Two: Big Syke

I'm bailin thru the set wit a 40, smokin a cigarette
Blastin my radio, oldie tunes by The Marvalettes
Gangbangin vets on parole as I stroll thru
They rassel Gz like two craps and they strapped too
Oh how I love these niggas but I hate em with a passion
But I ride for these motherfuckers, when I don't even

Ask

Thug fashion from head to toe, I let the world know
That this is Thug Life, motherfucker, til I leave this
Ho
So as my knuckles drag the concrete, big homies hit
the
Streets
Transgressions under pressure, preyin on the weak
I sink like a fish, I wish upon a ghetto star
If the enemies come thru and ride on me they won't get
Far
Big homey got out, hold 22's on a hang
Runnin around, sweatin motherfuckers, talkin bout
"Let's throw them thangs"
Bang, I hit him with a bat and heard his skull crack
Then I got *?him the wind in the trach?* til he
Shattered, to get the Mac

Chorus

Verse Three: C-Bo

It ain't no love for bitch niggas
As I dump slugs and pull the plug on you bitch niggas
Pick up my phone and have some thugs hit you trick
Niggas
Wit on gloves or low tommy guns on them stitch niggas
Hit niggas with H-K's, split niggas with AK's when we
Mash for the cash
Doin a hundred, blastin buck shots off in that ass
True outlaws ready for war, souls will never die
The same day we meet death, the same day we ride
Dumpin slugs with Tek 9's, more bulletproofs my 4-5
I just let em fly, screamin out "Bitch nigga die"
We's about be a killer nigga, look outside
Tell me one reason why I should pray for eternal life
Born and taught in hell, with a gun store on every
Corner
Bodyguard, bulletproof doors, it's hard to be a goner
Strapped with heat, these West Coast streets of
Killaforntia
From day one, they have straps on em, cos we was
raised
In hell

Chorus

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