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Bone Thugs N Harmony "Real Life"

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[Layzie] Bone Thug Nature, Naughty By Harmony.

(Forgive them father they know not what they do)

[Layzie] Yea. Treach in the Mothafuckin house.

[Bizzy] its time to hittem wit the real shit

(Bone,Bone,Bone,Bone,Bone,Bone,Bone)

[Layzie] Mo Thugs

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(Chorus) [Bizzy] We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little layzies eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Layzie] We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little bizzys eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

Well i was born wit my eyes wide/ feelin the pressure of livin today now why should i try/ im tired of feelin this pain/ game gon' recognize game/

and any nigga that aint really feelin me is the epitamy/ of what i be doin these niggaz is slippery/ if you say history let it repeat itself/ treat yoself dont cheat yoself to a life live low/ watch yo health, better yourself but takes care of yourself/ tellem to suck on these nuts, money dont grow on trees what/ killers will stop and squeeze bust/ funny how shit dont ease up/

strapped wit the heat, lovin the streetz i gota go get it what ever we need/ my wife and my seeds dependin ony me im tryin to be the best i can be/ talk about life, i wont get it twice/ makin this money for me and my wife/

niggaz is wana shut me down, what about the kids the kids the kids is great/ watch how my nigga we dominate, makin through were you cant concentrate/ releasin and through em we bomb on hate/ real life comin atcha real life shit can happen real life talkin to ya, now holla at me!/

[Bizzy]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little layzies eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Layzie]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light in trigger treaches eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Treach]

20 20 of bottles of bottles of beer of beer on the wall/ 20 20 of bottles of bottles of beer/ now after 1 of the 1 of the dollaz of dollaz happen to happen to fall/ it be click pow click pow click pow, hananana click clack on all yall/

i got my chrome protect my dome, plus my mask n my mic/ i got my own version called the ghetto passion of christ/ niggaz feel theyselves too much cant see the shit that your in/

i wana save all the cheerin but im pissed like urine/

what is telegraphic, tell a spy, tell a lie/ tell the feds the revolution this time will be televised/ i keep it funk fuck ya hustla wit a muscly hustla/ thats why my odb be hangin out like rusty mufflers/

don dolla dolla (???) not a nine ta fiver/ i love u boo dont want no mo of that baby mama drama/ haters call me i hated all that try me yeah/ whether ya 40 or faded some hustlers is never faded cmon/

[Bizzy]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little layzies eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Layzie]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light in trigger treaches eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Krayzie] Hustlin,looks like me livin got me illin sinnin like everyday/ im spendin my time preventin my mind flippin and goin insane/ and now that we comin up on these last days well into the fast lane/ its only contributin to my bad ways/

this aint even my life 'cause i was supposed to be livin forever right here in the flesh/

and not up in heaven 'cause i know god gona make it better/

we runnin around chasin this paper like thats gon save us/

we so caught up in tryin to get famous its a shame but, can you blame us?/

'cause takin in all these hardtimes keep on blindin our

mind/

why we dont wana be like god shoot for stars in the sky/

niggaz determined to get rich im afraid gon' loose they blessins/

so the question is, you wana stay alive or try be wealthy for now/

[Bizzy]

What are you talkin about, look at these mothaerfuckers in the streets walkin around/ assed out, dead-an-widowed, another abandoned house/

they dont know nothin bout random house/ see em all pitiful wit hands out baby girl was rammed out, harmony-harmony, stand out/

sound of bone take em to beverly hills and round off/ ante up rubberband quicker than you can get an ounce off/

uhh,back to the real world were the murderin happens/ its touchin everybody, includin the news and the rappin/

why would i battle but put it nobody blastin/ everybody would only be spittin metaphors put it on jesse jackson/ and you can just ask him the rappin is real/ and you cant turn me down like that im still your child, pac too i got as much pac in me as you got in you/

give em the game, break it down, yall better read the bible dog/ yall better know who wrote the scriptures, yall better protect your soul/ now the bone is finally focused, pay attention to real talkin/

7 sign mo thug, thug line still shinin on em/

[Bizzy]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little layzies eyes Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

[Layzie]

We been wheelin and dealin all our lives money gon' make me crazy Jesus Christ i see the light thru little bizzys eyes

Hope he can see it in mine Money gon' make me Crazy this money gon' make me crazy baby

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