

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony "Rebirth"**

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Everybody wanna sound like, sound like  
Sound like Bone, Bone, Bone  
Everybody wanna rap like, rap like  
Rap like Bone, Bone, Bone

As we continue to pick up the pieces  
They follow us Kings 'til the sundown  
Deadly issues of telekinesis  
Better show love or lay down

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Hold down, welcome to the showdown  
I think it's 'bout time little Layzie let 'em know now  
Take it to the streets and let the pump, pump go pow  
Take my style, let me show you how I go wild

Now you playin' with a fully grown man  
With a fully blown plan, with a fully loaded clip  
I'ma go up in your shit  
I don't play with little kids, I spank that ass  
Boy, you know who we is

My homies the greatest, I roll with the best, see?  
Who in the fuck wanna test these niggas  
From the S-C-T, C-L-E? We got heat  
Y'all know what happened to the thief  
When the king catch him stealin'  
Got his hands in the cookie jar

Off with his hand, fuck it, off with his head  
Make him stand front and center  
Let me see what the rookie got?  
Bet a nigga ain't got nothin', they bluffin'

Tryin' to come up on somethin', bubblin'  
I'ma say this really, really, really loud  
Y'all wanna rumble, I'll bust them, rush them  
Trust him, never, on a whole 'nother level

If God The Creator, then y'all niggas' devils  
The fight won't end 'til the war get settled  
And Bone gonna win 'cause them Bone niggas' rebels  
Playa, yeah, nigga

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They don't wanna see me shine  
Everybody wanna sound like Bone though  
Come back in the Bone zone  
But you just beginnin' with the daddy you don't know

They call me 'The Granddad', granddaddy of the Bone  
flow  
Well, little lazy rappers, obviously we never figured  
This would be the lick and we'd be next to shine  
And we got everybody screamin' and singin'  
But these out of shape suckas need exercise

So I'ma get up in their mental  
I'ma work 'em out over the instrumental  
Give 'em a criminal rhythm, the lyrical nympho  
Wanna see the wicked? Better know what you're in for  
First, the fan side could be forgiven, you didn't know

Second time, I got up in 'em like here we go  
No matter what, they sayin' we still the most realest

That ever did it, feel me flow  
And everybody want a little bit against

A little Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish, and Flesh  
A little taste so they can test  
And make 'em see how we the best  
And I'll be realer than the rest don't flex  
'Cause the pump gonna get 'em

I'm like a bullet to the chest, suffer a cardiac arrest  
That's so hard and I can still get their heart and leave  
'em dead  
And give 'em all they can get  
Send them suckas to the lyric cemetery or the rap  
hospital  
Never no competition

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Come on, now let me take you back to The Land  
You know where the heart of it all  
In 1993 when we was up out the scene  
The fellas with hell of a harmony with the flow  
Hooked up with Eazy-E and shook up the industry  
And y'all just in time to get another phase

This certainly is somethin' that you wouldn't wanna  
miss  
The drama when it hit the fan, we got 'em trippin' off  
the gift  
And split a wig up with a pretty sick twist  
The Ruger like a surgeon and it's on  
Exactly what I cut you with is sharper than a scalpel

Actually, it's too many Bone Thug clones  
And they all malpractice, arrested and send 'em to the  
gallows  
My trues brought a style that's unfound  
And you can feel it naturally but we ain't no magicians  
Really ain't no thing to make a fraud disappear

Steady givin' what they love to hear, make 'em listen up  
close  
Everybody know we got the dough  
We choppin' nothin' but missiles, still the nigga who the  
greatest  
Y'all lost, can't even afford the cost, this is authentic  
And nothin' that's dealin' with them world wide bosses

We got the sauce, baby, we got the juice  
We keep 'em in a frenzy fiendin' for more  
On the Thug Line with F.B.G., 7th Sign  
And Mo' Thug once again we about to blow  
We about to blow, set it off, explode, set it off, explode

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I'ma treat it like a race and I gotta win it  
Ahead of you bums with the Bone flow  
Thug invented, haters wanna wonder  
Why them thug niggas still gettin' in

Nothin' changed the game like we did so we here, still  
with it  
Gotta tell the truth, we changed things  
Bringin' somethin' new that's everlasting, I'ma keep it

real  
It's next to nothin', doin' the same thing 'cause less  
creating

Flow just borin', the spit just corny  
What happened to old bitin' 'self? Writin' battles done  
face to face  
I miss those days, these days, ghost writers  
Fake artists with nothin' to say

I'ma give it, wish due my street dues  
Just stay cool. I know I got you  
When I need to pop you'll let loose  
And you don't wanna see a thugsta hit with a Grey  
Goose

Or we could buy the bar, just stay cool and we good  
Recognize we thug, could of been all hood  
The flow's all love, thugs could of been all hood  
Pick up on it, never fully get it, this Bone flow  
Smilin', hatin' but you'll see me on the low

In the game with the number one  
Straight from the Cleveland slums  
Straight off the block, never hustle to the floor though  
Kickin' 'em down how them Bone Thugs came through  
Yeah, yeah, we took it to another level, level, level,  
yeah

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As soon as I'm receivin' the call, now give me the ball  
I run with the dogs, then keep the b'all

Now meet me at the mall, you can check on every shelf  
on the wall  
They makin' money off the Bone Thugs equipped with  
a saw

With a knife in my back, everybody rappin' fast  
But the harmony ain't in it and now that's too much to  
pass  
Now that's too much to ask when you pick up a crash  
course style  
To change up, come on

My trigger finger's itchy but my carpel tunnel was  
[unverified] was written  
And rippin' problems like water flowin' in humbles  
I'm workin' with seven shovels, the grave diggers and  
others  
Nobody understand The Man, clones, now shut up

I'm quicker than a boogey wicked monster, never just  
like the movie  
We know when we pray to God [unverified]  
We get the hustle on in the spring, fall, in summers  
And the winter months, we gonna praise Jesus

Don't even represent us, like we ain't said nothin'  
Present the flow then grown know where we come from  
Sun come shine in, Equinox rhymin', Layzie perfect  
timin'  
Grab my gun

Much love to my nigga young Hova, Twista  
Bun B, Pimp C, A.C. Killer  
Get your money, get your paper  
Elevate like my nigga DMX  
Here's a prayer, God bless playa

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