## Bone Thugs N Harmony "Schizophrenic"

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(Bizzy)

Yeah, Daddy's the crackhead

Mama's just lookin' for love

Marijuana, weedman, little thug

We don't call him Steven

Breathin' in the garden of Eden

Eve was corrupted body combusted from the blaze,

Cleveland ain't give me nothin' but game

Goin' insane and It's rainin' bloody murder, murder

Chillin' in the gun range servin' on the corner, corner,

chop, chop

Watch for the po po, drop top switches on the lo-lo,

Your skinny nigga with the fo-fo

Make more hot tips like off in Dodge City

Elevation say they ain't gonna dodge Bizzy like my kin

olk

In the lock down love I don't even budge

Cause I don't know you

And I'm sure to get my thug on, ho

Who that baby's daddy, daddy is beatin' your nigga

Where his Caddy at?

He probably mad in fact don't panic

Profanity I'm schitzophrenic

How do we manage so frantic and calm

With the bombay sneakin' on me, baby

## (Chorus)

In the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end, y'all near the end

In the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end

When I bust  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\varphi\tilde{A}\varphi\hat{A}\varphi\hat{A}\varphi\hat{A}\varphi$ ?em on down

In the battle zone, battle zone

When I bust  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\tilde{A}$ ¢? $\hat{A}$ ¬ $\tilde{A}$ <?em on down

When I bust  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\tilde{A}$ ¢? $\hat{A}$ ¬ $\tilde{A}$ <?em on down

In the battle zone, battle zone

Y'all near the end, y'all near the end

When I bust  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\tilde{A}$ ¢? $\hat{A}$ ¬ $\tilde{A}$ <?em on down

(Bizzy)

Little Layzie feelin' the Quija shit it ain't easy

Niggas beneath me tryin' to deceive me

Wanna defeat me please not even these could keep me

All on the wave length buck to the bang

Why they gotta stay and make me faint?

War paint, walk the plank

Fuck the bass smokin' hay

Me, I ain't no joke

And then some more dope then you'd ever know E-I-L-O, hello

When I'm all by myself let it go, let it go, let it go

Rollin' with my posse your way, hell no

Draped in Versace got me on lock

Did they rock the bells and play

Straight from the glock, glock love block later tears away

And consequences got me drinkin' free, yes i'll pay

And that's a pain  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\tilde{A}$ ¢? $\hat{A}$ ¬ $\tilde{A}$ <?cause I was stuck in a rutt, you'd say

How do we stay in the war zone

Bizzy Bone, gotta phone and then lay on the floor gone, goin' on

Probably know we read

It's hard to be in Bone here we are

In and out your car, and calm

Call me in the 7th song

Regime, you can't get in the battle zone

## (Chorus)

## (Bizzy)

I see no black queen, nigga searched it

Then your other boys cursed the term

Run up your weave with one hand

I don't show no mercy

Of course!

Who the fuck is a six, six, six, seven make the mayhem

Start blastin' on you, bitch

I come relentless where your killas at?

Posted up both of my henchmen

Remember then, Twista when you wasn't aluminum foil

Strive to strike gold

And it might go slightly less dissin' the loyal

Money say I'm the royalty

Helter Skelter on Speedknots

Oh, you got lots of shit to say

You better respect me, mothafucka!

Seance and they knock me off with the Valium

Buy your bitch from my madallions

While my posse scopin' you ho's

Slide my Mazarati to that slick bitch Yeah that trick bitch I'm ruthless, Bone Thugs, Bone Thugs, sign who? Get at  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\varphi\tilde{A}\varphi?\hat{A}\neg\tilde{A}\lt?$ em, nigga!

(Chorus)

(Bizzy)

We got it jumpin' like peanuts

Get up and see us

Fuck with the words to the song all night long

Baby, believe us damn my man keep bumpin' my back

Get you some rhythm, musta just got outta prison

Skippin' the kid but you with him

Do the walk say,  $\tilde{A}f\hat{A} \notin \tilde{A} \notin \tilde{A} \oplus \tilde{A} = \tilde{A} =$ 

COPS! $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\tilde{A}$ ¢? $\hat{A}$ ¬ $\tilde{A}$ , $\hat{A}$ 

Give it up some hardtimes gettin' in

Welcome to the bar, baby

We thuggin', huggin' this broad

And she rubbin' on me squeezin' my ass

Better check your pockets

Better not steal my cash

Ask Cube we be clubbin', clubbin', clubbin'

I'm your nigga in a bucket, like fuck it

He think he ballin' in a Mercedes 600

But he wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't

But he wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't, wasn't

(Chorus til fade)

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