

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Shoot 'em Up"

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pin ya
You know, we know, you don't wanna roll
'Cause then we give it to you, we're gonna bring it to
you, oh yeah

Right off the job, ooh, now I gots ta let ya know
When you seen betta be rollin' with tha big shot guns
And we deep when we creep never sleepin' and we
droppin'
Dead bodies on fools who wanna get dumb enough
Now that you know like that

These niggaz come around, they don't know how to
act, in fact
I'm at the track in tha back with a couple of my cats in
the hood
Smokin' weed and up to no good
Red Dog in the trunk and we rollin' that bank
Slang that bud on over yo thug

So me and tha rest of these thugs can marinate,
marinate
We straight get high, so high
That's how my mental, that's how my mental stay
It's like parlay parlay like every day
Don't think on tha pimp, playa hatin'
But ya betta be pinnin' yo self

I cuts in with tha M-11, 357
Automatic weapons from my shelf
These niggaz wanna take my health
My wealth check yo self
Tryin' to get in but they couldn't win
We took it to tha head with a fifth of weed

Now we in a 500 Benzo we roll-roll
Drop tha top, lock tha locks, cock tha glock

'Bout ta hit this corna
Livin' like a thugs on tha real who's stronga
When I put on ya, all playaz gonnaz

Murda, mo murda, mo murda, mo murda dem all
They fall, dey fall, buck-buck, oh yeah
Niggaz be gettin' they pistols finna
And fuck with tha real mothafuckas
They fuck with us when we puff bitch

Ooh, because we gonna put you back up in yo trunk
quick
Hey and 44 mag don't go and
Tha little nigga don't know betta, 357 put that ass in a
matter
Execution, I'll be shootin' round
"Leavin' em off on ya raw"

Ya plot me 'cause you watch me
My nigga you know you watchin' me now
When bitch niggaz run up and try me
I'm flippin' up outta my shit with some shit
To be keepin' you wonderin' redrum, bye-bye

And fo' sure we lit 'em up good
And you can still find me where
You know East 99, drug dealers and po-po and St. Clair
Going back to the mo
And it's Cleveland Cleveland

You know we thuggin' and thievin' thievin'
There's somebody who got beef, we got millions to
make
A whole notha record
For you see my niggaz we comin' with nothin' to lose
And bitch if you try me anybody mine plus

Bloody bodies trying to get out of tha room
If I could just look up and see ya dyin' lyin'
Lyin' and flippin' my mind
Wherever you dig 'em quiet
The get past on tha ride right bang

That's tha way you get a man, get a man
Sneak up on him and you kill him
And he won't fuck with you no more
You havin' a party

With that weed goin' up in ya body
Smokers chill
My niggaz they got me sloppy

High, oh, so, so high

Come on, come on, don't be shy, let's get high
We got tha herb, if you want some, want some
We got weed indeed, you need some, need some
Oh yeah
I know this just might sound crazy, but lately

Gotta roll wit' my gun
'Cause tha hatas they hate me
When they heard that nigga bone
Niggaz somehow someway get paid
Even if they hate that buck to tha bang

Good thing I got a gat
'Cause we rhyme tight rhymes
Had to thug out but it came in time
Just two times and if you give it to me
My thugs gon' give it to you

So people pull back, it's cool
Somebody's head gon' get blown
Bone, doin' ya best on that
Hey, hey, hey, go and fix with yo pistols
And get with that buck
To tha bang, bang, bang

Nigga wanna roll with bone it's on
But nigga we cool, we cool
Don't forget playa hataz gettin'
That buck to tha bang
All up in tha body, got 'em got 'em

We won't be slippin'
We might just be peepin' you all tha time
I'm comin', I'm gunnin'
And put that on tha dolla man

Shoot 'em up always, St. Clair breakin' you off
And you lossin', betta look to
Falsin', that'll be coffins for all of ya offspring
Well, that'll be coffins for all of ya offspring
For tha police on the corna'
Creepin' up because tha soldiers

Well, they betta be watchin' on of them St. Clair niggaz
Puttin' it together to grab the doja
Well, I know ya, see now you jumpin' about yo shit you
Ready with a gang of bitches for you
Ready and willing to do it to you, be my thang
That buck, buck to smoke Jane

See some of these niggaz say that nigga was bullshit
With that Bizzy maintain
Well, it be that north coast homie
That city where tha St. Clair niggaz sell dope on it
Police want to search you for nothin' but that skunk
So it's on bitch bang
Feel it bitch 'cause my trigga fingaz a bitch

Ho, I be puttin' 'em down with my click
I stood 'em all and still play
And rest my nine up when I'm fuckin' with y'all
Slangin' my dogs to dem all
Niggaz mention little Bizzy, but it's all good
I still ball and I'm knowin' you knowin'

No snatching, no souls, no nigga be showin'
'Cause as I'm flowin' already
Gave my niggas a fifth and we lit in a doorway here
Clair, stickin' up tha sto'
What did you think I'm scared?
There you are
What did you think I'd bring you down?

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