

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Shotz To Tha Double Glock"

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Ooh killa
Ooh killa

If you're down to glide and slide on the Clair, then let's
ride

Tony Tone roll with Bone on the dark side
But when you come just bring your guns witcha
If you're a busta, niggas gone have fun witcha

So nigga don't get me wrong, my niggas
Swang them thangs, bang some brains
Slangin' yayo, it all remains the same

Step and you'll catch some buck shots
Murder one on the Clair my glock glock
Mo thugs, what's up nigga get dropped
Put 'em in the mud, pop and I can't stop now

Nigga, that I thug wit kill
Pop to tha chest how does it feel and nigga we peel
caps
Pap, fit to get your wig cracked back
Killin' I'm buckin' 'em down, I wish ya would
Try to get some, redrum, bitch, nigga don't test my
hood

A first degree murderin' wig splitta, grave digga
Diggin' a ditch, puttin' a bitch
And them snitches in the pit, so don't fuck with
Them niggas off the 9, 9

The foundation of niggas committin' a crime is
murderin' every time
Nigga beware 'cuz here come the Clair, mobbin' like
them soldiers
Watch me fold ya for actin' like somebody never told
ya
So off we go, to the bloody row, tryin' to blood some
souls
With that nine shot, givin' props to the double glock

Pump, pump when I let my shell down

Hit a nick nack, gimme the goodies and nigga me
dash
Ya reach for the gauge and mash, yell out 187 and
blast
Nigga don't test nuts your luck's fucked

You feelin' up right for the bone yard, thuggin' off with
the graveyard shift
Then comin' up blow your whole card, bitch
Scandalous niggas, dwellin' the Clair be servin' them
chop chop's
We rippin' them guts with buck shotz, pop pop

You better be ready for this thug style
Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Flesh with them wicked now
We straight up the glock glock, well don't get your
wig's split now
East 99 follow me down the strip as we trip to the dark
side

Betta grab your pop, niggas be trippin' and flippin'
As soon they get out, 187 you're caught in a murder
Niggas up to no good, uh oh, fuck no
They never could fuck with a thug ho

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Nuthin' but them killas, straight up thuggas
Rippin' bucks up bloody clothes
Gaugin' bloody watch this nickle trippin' shot and fuck
'em down
Buckin' them coppas down

Round after round after round
Bloody bodies badges spread out on the ground
Ain't no sound, just them demons screamin' rest in
peace
I guess you got ta suffer

Ready to pip hollow point tip, got your wig split
They made your body once you hunt my victims on a
mission
Flippin' livin' on a darker side creepin' on your
homicide
Let my nuts and my gauge hang low now walk on by
Boogie Nikke's on a night ride

Thuggin' through my thuggish ass hood at night with

my pipe
Thuggin down the double glock tryin' to get my serve
on
Watchin' my back while six-five try to roll on
But one to the suckas head and two up in his body

Now peep my creep, I eat the reefer smoke all up
inside me
We jumpin' up rough from the hood
We bailin' we thuggin' we lookin' like crooks
Could tell we be fatal, ready to roll, know we willing and
able

Rollin' with Ruthless bitch, betta check my label
Murda dem, never come again when the scandalous
niggas set up
Bloody nigga trues be on my level
Eighty eight and ten five is the soldiers ghetto

Nigga don't take the wrong turn or you will enter the
hood
And were spittin', so cover your dome
At a cut where the thugs and hustlas roam
Cleveland Browns, Dogg Pound hoes, it's on

Let's begin in the mix of a Clair player
You're liable to get your wigs split and dumped in a
ditch bitch
'Cause them thugs, sendin' them slugs
Leavin' 'em off in the cut in a puddle of blood, say what

Don't make me go in my trench
Nigga ya got me bent
All fucked up, your luck's up, you gotta get sent
To your gravesite as John Doe for fuckin' wit those

It's them thugs runnin' a muck on none but a slug all up
in the territory
Never divide, go nationwide with the buck buck
So where you at where you at
I'm strapped and ready ta snap n yank a nigga's neck
back

Puttin 'em Koolaid hats in ta the graveyard
Pumped up betta get down, thugs'll be glad ta tear
around
Foe somebody gets fucked, ya still don't want some
bitch
But what the muthafuck, I wanna wham ya wit a Tec-9
Now bitch press yo luck

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