

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Shotz To The Double Glock"

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All:

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, killa.

Tony Tone:

If you're down to glide and slide on the Clair, then let's ride. Tony Tone roll with Bone on the darkside, but when you come just bring your guns with ya. If your a busta niggas gon' have fun with ya. So, nigga, don't get me wrong, my niggas swang them thangs, bang some brains, slangin' llello. It all remains the same.

Wish:

Step and you're catchin' some buckshots. Murder one on the Clair-nine-glock-glock. Mo Thug, what's up? Nigga, get drug, put 'em in the mud, pop and I can't stop, now. Niggas that I thug with kill. Pop to the chest. How does it feel? And nigga we peel caps. Pap. Fin 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.

Tombstone:

A first degree murderin' wig splitter, gravedigger diggin' a ditch, puttin' a bitch and them snitches in the pit, so don't fuck with them niggas off the nine-nine--the foundation of niggas committin' the crime and murderin' every time. Niggas beware, 'cause here come the Clair mobbin' like some soldiers. Watch me fold ya for actin' like somebody never told ya. So off we go, to the bloody road, time to bless some souls, with that nine shot, givin' props to the double glock.

Flesh:

Pump, pump, when I let my shells down. Hit a lick, now gimme the goodies, and nigga me dash. I reach for the gauge and

mash, yell out "one-eighty-seven" and blast. Nigga,
don't test nuts. Your luck's fucked. Your feelin' wrath of
the Boneyard,
thuggin' off with the Graveyard Shift, then comin' up
for your ho card, bitch. Scandalous niggas dwell in the
Clair, be servin'
them chop chops. We rippin' them guts with buckshots,
pop, pop. Me give up shots out to the glock-glock.

Krayzie:

You better believe that we runnin' this thug style:
Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Flesh, Wish, them wicked, now.
We straight off the
glock-glock. Run up, get your wig split now. East 99
follow me down to me street, buck, we thug on the
darkside. Better
have your pop, niggas be trippin' and flippin' as soon
they get high. One-eighty-seven, you're caught in a
murder. Niggas up to
no good. Po-po. Fuck no. They never could fuck with a
thug-ho.

Pop, pop, givin' up shots to the double-glock, glock.

Mo! Hart:

Nothin' but them killas, straight up thuggas, rippin'
bucks of lead, and (Clair thugs) gaugin' pump
eruptions, nickel trip and shut
and fuck 'em down, buckin' them coppers down, round
after round after round. Bloody bodies, badges
spreaded on the
ground. Ain't no sound, just the demons screamin',
"Rest in peace. I guess you got to suffer." Ready to dip,
hollow point tip,
got your wig split, and made your body rupture, 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.

All:

[Boogy Nikke on the mic, right.]

Boogy Nikke:

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 sucka's head, and two up in his body. Now peep my
creep. I

keep the reefer smoke all up inside me.

Layzie:

We jumpin' up out from the hood. We bailin'. We thuggin'. We lookin' like crooks. The terror be fatal, ready to roll, now we willing and able, rollin' with Ruthless, bitch, better check my label. Murdered them, never come again where the scandalous niggas settle. Bloody nigga, trues be on my level. Eighty-eight through the ten-five is the soldiers' ghetto. Nigga, don't take the wrong turn; you will enter the hood, and we're splitters so cover your dome, out the cut, where the thugs and hustlas roam. Cleveland Browns, the Dawg Pound home, it's on.

Sin:

Never get in the mix of a Clair player; you're liable to get your wig 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. Now you gotta get sent to your gravesite as John Doe for fuckin' with those...

Gates:

It's them thugs runnin' amuck all night, but a slug up in you. The territory never divide, go nationwide with the buck, buck. So where you at? Where you at? I'm strapped and ready to snap and yank a nigga's neck back. Split them (Kool-Aid) hats. Into the graveyard, but prepare to get (drugged up on the Clair to tear a round) 'fore somebody gets stuck. You still won't want some, bitch, but what the muthafuck? I wanna one to whammy with a TEC-9. Now, bitch, press your luck.

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