

Bone Thugs-n-harmony

"Tear The Roof Off"

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"Tear The Roof Off"

(feat. Keith G, Thin C)

[Intro: Thin C]

Let it burn (burn, haters, burn)
Uh, uh, let it burn (let that fire burn)
Uhh, uhh.. let it burn (burn, haters, burn)
Uhh, uhh

[Thin C]

Rest is for the restless, sleep is for the dead
Thin C in this bitch, puttin lame niggaz to bed
You catchin hot ones to your dome for the stupid shit
you said
The game goes wrong when you're snitchin, to the
Feds
"Kill all rats" - that's how Pistol Pete say it
The roof's on fire? Let the motherfucker burn
Mo Thug, ThugLine, Bone Thug, it's your turn
Slap these niggaz with a pistol grip and lay 'em on the
curb

[Krayzie Bone]

I keep niggaz charisma left blurry, bitches is lookin at
me leary
Feelin weary as we sink 'em, to the bottom of Lake Erie,
hear me
One lyrical genius man, I mean I'm the meanest
See how they swing on my penis, watch how they sing
and try to be us
Yeah, we them niggaz that like to fuck up the party
Already drunk off Bacardi and start shit with
everybody-body
You wanna battle me nigga? You better come check my
fuckin status my nigga
You hoes ain't got lyrics to handle me nigga
Man I got styles, styles, and many styles
to make you get down, get down, get down
When you see that black Caddy better respect (respect)
It's the Granddaddy of the Midwest

[Keith G]

What, what, Keith G
They paid to say that snappy shit, nigga that nappy shit
Gone off a fifth, it's your boy, Keith Griff'
In the alley with that Bum shit, fuck a job shit
Bone scoop me up, give me the pill, watch me run this
Dippin like I'm Reggie Bush, through your
neighborhood
Five on the wood make it all go good
On stage where a nigga stood
I'm a (Layzie) (Krayzie) nigga, so I (Wish) you would
Ride the 'Line motherfucker, try and stop mine, stick to
your crime
I'm from that West Coast sunshine, born to rhyme
Still I struggle in these hard times, who got a dime or a
nickel
to help yo' nigga get up out of this pickle; you see?

[Layzie Bone]

They call him Da Bum cause he from the slums
Straight from the gutter, gettin his paper while you
lookin for him
He wants some beef with thirty skinny niggaz strapped
up
I steamroll 'em like a Mack truck, man I'm leavin these
niggaz stacked up
And they home, it's not hard to find 'em
Put that pistol to yo' head and leave you absent-minded
I'm a hustler grindin, all about perfect timin
I'm complicated nigga, simple like Simon
Bone boys shinin, test the skill
Look a nigga up and down like, "Is you for real?"
Better chill or catch a reflex
Have a nigga on the ground screamin, "Respect!"

[Thin C]

Nigga you bound to get a hot one popped at ya
Froze from your head to toe like the Rocky statue
Too late to say that you ain't know that you was high-
cappin
Runnin off at the lip - here's a tip bitch!
Backhands and combinations, they don't miss
I don't discriminate, I eliminate; do you like Bush did
Saddam
Crush your whole world, catastrophic like a bomb
That's how the roof got tore off this motherfucker man

[Outro: Thin C]

Burn, haters, burn (uh, uh.. let it burn)
Let that fire burn (uhh, uhh.. let it burn)
Burn, haters, burn (uhh, uhh)
Let that fire burn (uh, uh)

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