

Bone Thugs N Harmony "The Silence Isn't Over"

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(Chorus)

The Silence Isn't Over Until the Flesh has crept and
taked No time to hesitate, anticipation Much to be done
And it don't matter where ya come Really don't matter
where ya from Don't matter where ya run

Verse 1: Flesh breakin' 'em down, hittin' 'em up, outta
line, with yo' innocent, gotta get to start, to handle
niggaz, no slackin' lackin'. It's trackin', and if the dance
vibe best, there's a dance vibe best, then he can
swerve. And servin' enemies, seeks on the side of the
chimney trees, see a track to the back, strap guns.
Then double double shot, then a nigga goes stormin' to
get the four, and about the block, shoot the spot. And
put on muscle for the pussy who tried to plot the way,
he rannin' off. Start worse shit on the Double Glock
dangerous. My niggaz wanna have ho' chalkin' in
everyday, perfect stalkin' searchin' and snatchin' up
strangers. Anyone run, redrum, all get 'em off.
Finished niggaz wanna hear silence, makin' me riot,
fucka stayed messed and fry-ed. Thought it was over,
nigga never the silence. I'm on the rise with a gun, here
I come, nigga there no muthafuckin' where to run. Fit to
get ya some of this rap game. Leavin' no where to run.
but even though you tried, they got yo' body numb.
Done, Done, Done, tell it be, 1-9-9-9 crime, crime, find,
they gonna nick and wreck, and catch yo' people by
surprise. Strengthen a journey, we would rather,
snatcher, snatch a life, your still gonna pay the price,
and they just might, go pick up a knife and slice. And
nothing could any who speaks of a new end, to get
enemy dead we gon' meet you. Get the family to trick
or treat you, with the bullets that flip, and it sure not
just gonna meet you.

(Chorus)

Verse 2: I'm flippin' rippin' scripts over and over, to
pass from a place, that made up a Heartless Souljah. It
is really bone of a show, but better might play you a bit
in a party show. Let's go! But the darkness froze, and

my people trippin', if you would like to pay me money back on time, or you betta drop a dime, or get fucked up, and yo' people won't find it all funny, well then if you cut and you act, then you dead wrong. Get ahead to get dealt with. Gimme gimme little reason to purpose the the perfect slug within his head, get it. Pain, on top of he felt it, fucked up himself quick shit. But that would be my crime. Every now and then a nigga feel it, gotta keep on mackin' trippin' down ah, but you not almighty, keep on comin'. Comin' for you, thinkin' to get you, nigga we'll split you, runnin' pretty bold cool. But harnish the streets, to get yo' body soon, and I doubt if we'll miss you, we hackin' foos. Betta move yo' self a little quicka fast, and if you thought you'd get caught in the wrath. Go place and go stash, what he left remain. But I had it incenerated, got it burnt to ash. Steady nothin' but crust, when I keep bustin' and cussin', but I also pull triggas. All ah my niggas are keepin' the money, trustin' the family from the grave diggas. Takin' no slays, not or no prisoners, hear dear. Gotta get 'em off, finish, anyone pray, but fact that you shiver proper. But yo' pants have reached chest, Flesh get 'em off finished.

(Chorus)

Verse 3: Stand up in that ease ah pop, face souljahs march, troops run swoopin' through the duty. Shootin' refusin' to cross me, punk, took 'em offs gee. Incarsed me, I'll be damned now toss me, the mossy slam in the shells of a 1 by 1, saw 2. Like, man sit back we spill off tamen foos. And rollin' my barrel insane, cruise the blank, Flesh tech at that chest. Oh no won't show No Mercy. But I roll up with a hearse, even death curse, for those who wanna hurt me. You feelin' little worse, feel 'em off, rollin' with the 5th Dog, every little nigga trip, spit 'em off in a coffin', and chalk around the mic. Nothing read aftermath, nigga that's yo' ass. fuckin' with the bosses from Cleveland and gee van goes. On a quest for death, don't say passin', is he created, he made me rich with his pistol, and there ain't any demon's screams. My path, preceed in a hood wrath, and I'll crash, and leave the little nigga with a blast ya. Creepin' on mo' come ups,, and flippin' mo' cash, get it. GOD, rock, gonna bring it, do you really hah, long to take a long fall. And pack of mystic now they say. Through tunnels ya droppin' down, hit the crown, murda one drop enforcer. Forcin' yo' soul soarin' undershore. Now to call a war, but Warrior Stories of Flesh, and I got yo' eye, eye, not a sign of death, but a most of ya.

(Chorus)

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