

Bone Thugs N Harmony **"Thuggish Ruggish Bone"**

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We're not against rap
We're not against rappers
But we are against those thugs
(Thugs, thugs)

It's the thuggish ruggish bone
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You're feelin' the strength of the rump
Step up, hear the funk of the jump that the thugstas
feel
Just be thuggin', straight buzzin', lovin' yo peoples 'cuz
we so real
Chill, better bring yo weapon when steppin'
Bring on that ammunition, trip and don't slip
Not to mention, never knew no competition

But I gotta get mine, so scream out, mo
And let me hear ya holla
Not about that mighty dollar
Roll with the bone, mo' thugs will follow
Chain gang remains the same
Flamin' my dank and drinkin' brew
Thinkin' about hangin', clockin' my bank, and thuggin'
trues, foo's

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Get ready for the bone and the mo thug, bustas
You know me as a hustla, try to creep and get deep
Make me succeed, peep, gotta put them under
Straight jackets gotta make that money, man
It's still the same now, bailin' in my black trench vest
You gotta be down to bang, bang
Come and get this teachin', ya soldiers how thugstas
must slack
Me drinkin', me brew till me skull crack, when we on our

way back

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Now follow me now, roll, stroll off deep in the land
Well, creep if you can, take another swig to the brain
(Whoa)
Loc'in, steady chokin' off that potent smoke
And runnin' from the po-po now
Gotta get up with my thugstas, right turn to the double
glock
Pull to the curb, smoke with my hustlas
Puff, puff, puff to the brain shot
Love P.O.D.ed and tweeded, gotta get another case for
my trunk

Old English, really don't need it
But in case my trues wanna get drunk
They pump bone, so leave 'em alone
You don't wanna get shut down, Thug runnin' the nine-
quad
And you better believe they be wantin' this thug style
So what now? See the bone thug claim
Thug never gonna change, so flame up
Sit back and just smoke the same cut
Leatherface on the creep, I came up

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Gotta give it on up to the glock, glock
Pop, pop, better drop when them buckshot blow
The bone in me never no ho, so no creepin' up outta the
ziplock
So sin, sip gin, and lil' mo heart run up, nut up
And flipped in, than slipped the clip in, mistakin' the
bloody victims
Ever if ya test nuts, to the chest and put 'em to rest
And, but I won't test bucks, put a hole up into me vest

And gotta get through my soul
But they won't budge, mud, drug me victim
The blood in me runnin' my mental, the thug in me,
stuck in me
Keepin' it simple, the bone in me runnin' with thugs so
To the temple, buck when you duck to the thuggish

ruggish T's
St. Claire P's to appeal to the G's and a buck to all my
enemies

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We got Layzie and we got Krayzie
Bizzy's in the house, Wish is in the house
And Flesh and Tasha
Cleveland's definitely in the house

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