

Bone Thugs N Harmony **"Thugs All Over The World"**

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Krayzie:

All over the world.

All across the nation. We all across the nation.

Thugs all over the world. All over the world.

All across the nation. We all across the nation.

Krayzie:

Nigga, you ask 'em, they gon' tell you who the thuggish ruggish. They love us. You haters, I bet you won't say fuck you us to our faces, bitch, and ball up your knuckles, 'cause we can work. Too many niggas be thinkin' that I won't bomb back at ya, thinkin' I'm a rapper-actor. Think I won't blast 'em? Shit: I'm always ready to bomb back on bustas. I got my gun, so test me if you're tryin' to prove that you ain't scared to die.

Nigga, what? Who the-, who the thugs? Y'all punk muthafuckas ain't got no nuts. I only be dealin' with real niggas. Them other niggas--they get their ass put in check when they try to flex and disrespect me. And that's when I gotta get even with niggas--retaliation. Uh-huh [uh-huh]. I bet I will see you again, and nigga, your day is gon' come. But, man, y'all niggas ain't ready for drama, but I'm a put it on Mama. Nigga, you try run up on me, then I gotta shot your head off. I'm keepin' a gun on me daily, 'cause if you got my niggas' roll, then they sure gon' try to take it.

Krayzie:

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Treach:

As far as 50 greatest emcees ever, they gave me 32, like they don't know how these dirty judge get thirty, do ya? They must be shady, baby, naw just maybe a stunt. The greatest producers, and didn't mention KayGee once? The greatest groups of all time, stop the crime, sporty, find the shorty fucked up by not namin' Naughty. Pass the mask, the glock, you faggots better stop. Blaze the page out of 50 of your rock and clock,

tryin' to prepare, I'm a fuck you wearin' rubber, tell 'em niggas at the mags that I ain't sharin' a cover [uh-uh]. Bring troops and boots from chrome coupes to hoops, that's us, like namin' emcees and boostin' brought the news. Run through wussy pussy (...?...). There's the predator, rhymes to better ya, blah! Where's the editor? Once a year, proof that they're easy to swallow, and I'll bet you'll have a different view of emceein' tomorrow. Thugs all over the world!

Krayzie:

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Krayzie:

Now I done been all over the nation, kicked it with real soldiers that's 'bout they paper. Handle me so many of these fakers, had to quickly shake 'em. Knew what I had to do. Said, "Nigga, look the year is '99." I'm dead serious. About my business--shit is gettin' ridiculous. They gotta be ready to pop, pop, pop, pop the 9 millimeter. Keep your weapon next to the pocket that you keep your profit in. While we fuckin' with niggas that's naughty, haters look, saw that Treach and Leather Face. We comin' to get the riot started.

Treach:

Since I been around the cadaver, gather matters, just wait, see I splattered the matter, rat-tat-tat-tat and shoot 'em in shake. See I'm comin' like a rhino. Pass the fine ho. We fucked in Illinois, right outside of Chicago. Got rhymes out the ass, so find the lasso, I can either rap, ride, rush, war, riddle, or rattle. Leave 'em in line, the ass-whippins with extra clips with my nigga Krayze Bone with some thugged-out shit. To my thugs all over the world!

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