

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Thugs Always"

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Krayzie:

It's 1999. Guess what? The muthafuckin' real thugs is in this muthafucka.

Oh, shit!

Krayzie:

Always, always . . . What am I? What am I? A thug always, -ways, -ways. Uh-huh, uh-huh. Krayzie: Niggas look out. We in the muthafucka house. We in here now. It's goin' down, steppin' through the crowd, sippin' on Hen, and we get wild. Niggas lookin' foul. If he even move and step like he hatin'--knock 'em out. And then keep stompin' his head in the ground, and drag 'em out onto the dance floor. Tell 'em what it stand for: now when they came they had they pants on--we beat bitches up out their britches to show 'em how to tear up a club when they be fuckin' with the thugs.

Nigga, we come to party, but I'll fuck up somebody, but y'all ain't feelin' me, is y'all 'til one of these bullets split y'all, hit y'all? If y'all thinkin' we some bustas or hoes or fags, then you should meet us, see how fast we slash your ass. You wanna rumble? I'm sick of bein' humble, give ya everything you come here for, so come on, ho. Sawed-off, slim, it don't

matter. I got somethin' for him and him, and then them niggas that you bring back thinkin' you can win. Fuck your friends. Everybody talk that shit, nigga. Oh, yeah I know it. But who gon' show it, and who the ho is? I bet 'em a million bucks it's not us. Yeah, we might not get everybody. Somebody gon' get fucked [fucked], fucked [fucked] up.

Flesh-n-Bone:

You wanna come test me now? Come, I say, come now challenge me, the realer, can handle my business. I'm gonna finish, I gotta end this, I'm a diminish thee. Come, follow my profits seeking gifts. It ain't no stoppin' me. I gotta clock cheese. T-H-U-G. Pop niggas, they D-E-A-D. Bet I'm thug, don't test me block, trust my dogs. Hit 'em up with a left, right, spot 'em with the beam. There's five trues of mine. What am I? A thug

always. Remember the way they play back in the day? Hit 'em with AK, you're made to hate me, baby. Whoop! We comin' to really make y'all feel us. Remember that nigga, Eazy-E, labelled me and my trues black nigga killas. Nigga, the realer gravedigger, brew-swigin', lovin' bud, and if you think you can hang, then come up with a thug. And I don't give a fuck if you a Crip or you a Blood, but when you see a thug, you better show some love.

Layzie Bone:

Goddamn, it feel good to be a thugsta--gettin' high, smokin' weed all day. Ain't got to listen to no bitches and I'm disrespectin' laws, just doin' it the Bone Thug way. Yeah, nigga, you got to be crazy, fuckin' with Layzie, and all these Mo Thug killas. We them ex-dopeddealers and natural born cap-pealers. Feel us, nigga, if you want. Ain't nothin' but a high caffiene hit. We kickin' that raw shit. Fuck the law, shit, been screamin' it for years. Ain't no fear in my heart, thanks to the Lord up above. And I got a grudge against the people that judge, give 'em no mercy, no love. Let me see you shoot that muthafucka, shoot that nigga.

Ride up, slip the clip in, any trippin', niggas spit that fire. We don't need no water, let this muthafucka burn, baby, and I know they hate me, say lately, Layzie actin' shady. Hey, it's the #1 Assassin [that's me], they just can't understand. I fear no man, put it on my #1 grave, 'cause I'm a stand-up true thugsta in a league of my own. The city of Thieves is my home, and I don't trust nann nigga. My mentality is thug, runnin' the streets sellin' drugs, off this nigga gettin' buzzed, packin' heat off in the club. Nigga, what? Nigga, what? They sayin' that Bone was split up. Niggas is jealous, tellin' rumors and lies, can eat a dick up, nigga.

Wish Bone:

Nigga, stay real. Thugs get high. While you call yourself a thug, that's how I feel inside. And we don't wanna hurt nobody, -body, but your fuckin' with us, and we shootin' up the party. Even if we're solo on some of that Bone shit we sayin', now you can bring it on, because we ready, we ready. Fuckin' with us is like fuckin' with no condom. That's dumb, better play with yourself. Nigga, I ain't the one. Ain't a thang changed: niggas still the same--made a little change, sendin' bullets to brain, fuck around, man. Nine millimeter, come and get some, get some. Shoot 'em with them hollows, 'cause you know he's got his vest on. And you didn't want it to come to this, did you? Fuckin' with

them thugs: them niggas roll through. If you really want some, run [Krayzie: you better run], fuckin' with thug niggas--run, run.

Krayzie:

Yeah, and nigga, come on. We ready for combat, but y'all ain't ready. Carry a deadly machete, shred 'em and stretched, now they human spaghetti, steady smooth and very eager to bury enemies. If it be necessary, then nigga wet 'em, and better go get 'em. We pickin' 'em off with the heater 9-millimeter shit to sweep the streets, make niggas retreat. That's heat. Now, I repeat: if you want some, nigga come and get it, 'cause we still five, live, and vicious. Don't get it twisted, muthafucka. Run up on it whenever ya wanna get down and dirty. Still stand in the Land with the slugs in gun in my hand. Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish, and Flesh put it down to the north, south, east, and west. From back in the day, we claimin' the thuggish ruggish--no need to change it. Now everybody a thug. If you real, throw it up, but if it's fake, kill 'em and put 'em in with the rest of them phonies. Fuck 'em, and yes, it's like that.

Krayzie:

Always, always . . . What am I? What am I?
A thug always, -ways, -ways.
Uh-huh, uh-huh.

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