

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Wasteland Warriors(feat. Souljah Boy)"

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[Krayzie (Talking)]

Yeah, got my niggas from St. Clair up in this
muthafucka, nigga
P.O.D.'d, my nigga, Sin
Fin to put this shit down like this, nigga
(We off to the ghetto, ghetto, ghetto...)

What if we slowed it down?
Then, nigga, you would hear me
I know niggas would fuck around
And say we tried to steal your style
Come on to funky town, that's where we gets the rawest
Thuggish ruggish Bone, so sho' nuff, that's what they
call us
My niggas is older, now, so they know when to unload
So, when them funky, funky jump me
Gon' be ready to roll (ready to roll)
It's part of no static, see, we just out to get paid
But, oh no, niggas heard the flow
And wanted a piece of the cake
It kinda pissed me off that ? figured they could get
skills
But when kept on disrespectin'
Make 'em think we shit's real, nigga
I'm from the Land where every niggas plan
And schemin' for the money, man, so we packin'
And they don't understand them niggas rappin'
But still they actin' like criminals
? reciprocal
They don't know it, even though
Oh, no, no, can't let you go
When I pop pop pop (pop, pop)
That funk'll gon' blow you away
Playa hation strikes a nerve everyday
Oh, gotta say fuck all y'all, all y'all
Wasteland warriors, we stressed, we stressed, we
stressed

[Krayzie (Layzie)]

Warriors ride (bloody murder, bloody mo' murder
Murder, murder, murder, play, play)

Wasteland warriors ride (bloody murder, bloody mo'
murder
Murder, murder, murder, play, play)
War corruptin' my mind

[Souljah Boy]

You know it is, what it's gotta be
Ain't no stoppin' me when I be droppin'
And these Mo Thug roll the sword from the front and
back
Don't stop, but the Double Glock they don't look out for
these
Where your troops is down to get loose, bitch
Sue these stupid muthafuckas
Don't make me huff and puff and start some ruckus
'Cause the niggas be down for the count
And the first nigga step up, get shut down
You shouldna been takin' my fuckin' style
That's how we still gon' do it in the C-Town
Arrest me on the rebound
It's the P to the O to the D from the T to the H to the U to
the G
You hoes ain't got mo' killas than me
So muthafuck what you's thinkin'
Brothas don't hit, they're weak and wrapped up in my
sheet
While your bullethole still be bleedin'
But here's the reason for the season's on my
muthafuckin' bank
Why you lame, be actin' strange?
Boom to bangs, nigga insanes
Out to rearrange this muthafuckin' figure
Knowin' damn well, I'm a muthafuckin' killa
Nigga, bow down, and I'm outta your picture
Just might killa, got a cap peela, nine rounds spiller
We done muthafuck you
And you don't wanna see fade 'em all with the blood
heater
Streetsweeper get your ass deceased.

[Krayzie] Warriors ride

Bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder
Murder, murder, play, play Wasteland warriors ride
bloody murder, bloody mo' murder murder
Murder, murder, play, play War corruptin' my mind

[Bizzy]

Rip quick to kill ya, fill ya, and I hits that quick
Nigga, what you saw
We ? somebody ? with a pistol runnin' through ?
And they call war, ready for the cause

Clones get the thug, end up gettin' them ? gotta break
Your face be on that table, ready for more
Y'all clone him, and what if I got my peeps to flip in
And vote and go ahead and smoke 'em, open 'em up
And your luck get fucked-up, ready me buck buck buck
I'm still runnin' from feds, ? all the disrespect
But I won't get cut and love, Uh-uh
What it makes you want my ? yes, some are ?
Thinkin' me bloody get with the ?
And roll but I had gun before you knows
Don't roll, and I gotta go and face it
So picture me nearly dearly get in judge, roll

[Layzie]

Aw, shit!

Nowhere to run; here come judgement day
Let's make these jealous bitches pay, uh-huh
I'm off in the midst, and runnin' and chasin' and casin'
your ?
Feelin' it might save me, baby, gotta be goin' through
this life
I snatch your life just like it's a day which type'll it be?
Come and roll with this #1 nigga in my 500 Benz
You know I got ends to spend, top ten ?
Count dividends, and I'm rollin' still real
Attitude like, "Nigga, what?"
And me Mo Thug Souljah Boy like all of 'em niggas
Mo Thug employ in my city
Destroy y'all, how wicked is this?
It may be, nigga just gotta keep real, baby, lately
Little Lay been dodgin' hits, try to keep all my people
safe
And outta the way
And you know I get greater later, so I continue windin'
It's all about perfect timin', feel me
it's about perfect timin', hear me
What's on my muthafuckin' mind in this:
These playa haters got me pissed, bitch
But let me get my gauge
Leatherface, go get your mask
We gon' blast and roll on these muthafuckin' niggas
Everlastin', everlastin', everlastin', everlastin' - the #1
Assassin

[Krayzie (Layzie)]

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