

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony** **"Whom Die They Lie"**

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*[Bizzy talking]*

It's East 1999 time

*[Bizzy]*

I promise that I'll hunt you bastards  
Zip 'em in casket, here to get drastic, fast in a hurry  
Is you ready for me magic?  
Let 'em blast, and nigga, better burn  
Then move, true to the murder mo, gladly  
'Cause the haters never had to have me  
Want to follow fools through alleys  
'Cause ready to lose and daddy  
who raised me like Layzie, Krayzie  
Probably St. Clair babies, so hate me  
But I handle my business  
So lately I can handle my shady  
Kill 'em, but we think I'm a bomb again  
No leavin' as they put me in prison and give me time  
I'm ready for the gun to go get'em  
And I'm a fill 'em with eleven of mine and one die  
Is he ready to lie if I decide  
Lookin' at my killin's in his eyes and boom to go bye  
I'm gonna fly (fly)  
Whom die they lie

*[Flesh]*

Whom die they lie

*[Krayzie]*

No mo' mercy...

*[Flesh]*

Whom die they lie *[Shot]*

Now, who wanna go snitch?  
Talk shit about real trues, still be payin' dues  
Saw them sneakin'  
And a nigga gettin' sick of all the playas, they hatin'  
Why so many fakers runnin' they mouth about shit and  
they lose  
Lookin' so deep eyes, and tell it when they lyin'  
Stop tryin', but they never convince none

Got hundreds runnin' up with gauges  
Still I'm sure they sure they fryin' us, but I buck  
Sometimes I save it, for me kill 'em off late at night  
So, what if it got too late for me to get 'em?  
Then gotta switch to testin' G's  
In this game I aim to keep away from every crazy  
steady  
we're too quick to pull petty bullshit  
Y'all thought that you could fuck with the Cleveland  
thugstas  
#1 fillin' his gun, and I wish you would  
Bitch, pop, pop and pump and have to show you  
through  
When Mo' thugs comin' in, it's a headline  
Time to get on top of moff top  
When they got on stages all over this nation  
World, and I plan on  
Now look at you bustas get mad  
Beat the fuckas on their own line  
Don't make 'em tell it to ya twice  
When you crack a grip, keep it real  
But you should die, pay the price top  
Whom die they lie

*[Layzie]*

Whom die they lie

*[Krayzie]*

No mo' mercy . . .

*[Layzie]*

Whom die they lie *[Shot]*

Time to stick it for the thugsta, thugsta  
Little sneaky muthafucka on a mission

Grind, be plottin' for it quickly  
Who fried? Do or die, nigga  
You and I for the creep on the come up  
And pay these niggas a visit  
So is it, was it, wicked ways  
Got me strugglin' for days  
Hey, a nigga's gotta eat, so yo  
I gotta get paid and blaze  
So swift not to catch a case  
Crept up in his place  
While the nigga was gone for his safe  
And his stones, and it's on  
'Cause the Bones havin' a say  
I won't forget this evenin'  
Nigga had theif, Little Layzie Bone

Thievin', 'cause he had cameras hid off into his ceiling  
Pin me, niggas run away  
They said they lookin' for me  
But I'm a find a nigga killin' before this nigga find me  
Y'all niggas know a murder-bound city  
See me when I'm servin' now, parlay it down  
Breakin' it down in the C-Town  
Spot 'em on the avenue, follow him passin' through  
Get 'em at the next red light, green light  
Got the go ahead, infrared on your forehead  
Whom die they lie

*[Krayzie]*

Whom die they lie  
No mo' mercy...  
Whom die they lie *[Shot]*

*[Krayzie]*

I'm that nigga with the shot and, red-hand  
Answerin' niggas, poppin' enemy  
Drop 'em  
Me gotta get 'em  
Kill 'em before they get the coppers on us  
And you know the bitches want us  
But as soon as they close, it's the pap pap, pardon me  
Take a look, and what you see;  
Krayzie still runnin' from the police  
'Cause I got a fuckin' bag of weed  
I'll be leavin' sale now on the scene  
I can do it, I can kill 'em if he gotta be a casualty  
He after me, but I'm a put a bullet through your head  
Shoulda fled, but you didn't, so bye-bye  
Take 'em a couple a days to get your body outta the  
sea  
Meet your fuckin' fate and in grave lay  
St. Clair, Wasteland, all my niggas comin'  
Oh but they can't take it, if you wanna make it  
Break 'em, hey, or can't a nigga get paid  
Or your fuckin' with some niggas in some desperate  
days  
Crime, yes, it pays, if it's cool with it, cool with it  
Never act a fool with it, broad, 'cause your losin' me  
Tell a muthafuckin' nigga, 'cause a nigga told another  
nigga  
"I know who did it"  
Rollin' with the thuggish bunch of all  
Testin' nuts, and, nigga, we'll cut your balls  
It's Mr. Sawed-off, Sawed-off  
Whom die, die, whom die, die, they lie

*[Krayzie]*

Whom die they lie  
No mo' mercy...  
Whom die they lie *[Shot]*

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