

Bone Thugs N Harmony "World War"

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World war.

This is combat. I don't think these niggas really know.
This shit is for
real--this is not a game. So all my real muthafuckin'
thugs get the fuck up, and put your guns in the
muthafuckin' air, and bust the muthafuckas like you
just don't care, and fuck the muthafuckin' police, and
kill all the muthafuckin' enemies!

Nigga, come a little closer let me show you a ho.
What's up bitch? We can roll. Anybody wanna fuck with
me? 'Cause I'm down to fuck back with you. What you
wanna do, huh, huh? You say wanna fight us, come
fight us. We do it 'cause its real--fuck a title. It's all
about survival, dedicate it to my rivals. And you could
die a ho. What they talk about? Bone Thugs ran? Nigga,
we never ever run from no man, and fear none.

If you see their click, then niggas, get the big guns. Pop
one, split 'em up. Bet the bitch run. He said he came to
get some; nigga, he ain't really want none. Don't let
them suckas fool ya. Bustas won't do too much [Nigga
ain't really want none.]. I'll knock you out. That dumb
shit comin' out your mouth'll get you nothin' but a
rematch. Why these niggas gotta lie? They can't stand
up and face the facts? Nigga your head got cracked.
We heard what they said--said that my niggas fled. But
y'all niggas know what's up. What? Y'all wanna shed
more blood? Shit, then come on.

World war.

Now you know, now you know. Now you know . . . Nigga,
bet our niggas comin' to bring the pain. Better get your
hard-hat. Nigga protect your brain. Get a gun and
bang-bang. Tell me when you really wanna battle, my
nigga. We can handle that any way you want to handle
static. Nigga, thugstyle, buckwild. Some tear-up-the-
club shit? Whatever, drop down. When the bullets get
to jumpin' around the playa haters on the ground
bleedin'. The 9-millimeter hit 'em and he drop like,

"Who could it be?" Your life has been took--no, not by the bullet, but the nigga with the heater.

I'm trigger happy. I'll be in demand, I'm in command. So let's move, and you know what the enemy look like. They clones that look and sound like Bone. Give a muthafucka more than Speedknots. And when he run up to get punked, give a nigga lumps. Y'all niggas ain't Mobsters, 'cause if it was the mob nigga, somebody would've been shot ya. But we can get the whole cru: Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Wish, and Flesh. Bone too strong for niggas to hold on, to keep up. But I see ya still wanna be us. No matter who was claimin' it first, it's who's the realest [realest]. Do not enlist if you're not ready for war.

World War.

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