

## Dj Khaled "The Originators"

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[Intro: DJ Khaled]

Yeah, We the Bessssss!

Cool & Dre, DJ Khaled

Oh, you think it's a game, huh?

I introduce you to! Krayzie Bone, Layzie Bone,

Wish Bone

Incarcerated right now, Flesh Bone

We ain't forget aboutchu niggaaa,

Bone Thugs, the originators,

Nigga don't get it fucked up where you gotch your flow  
from

Bone thugs, its your time

Nigga, we the best!

Listenn!

Representing all the ghettos across the world,

Nigga we ghetto!

We from the hood!

We do this!

Let's take it to the projects!

[Chorus: 2x]

Its bone thug, we them bone thugs

Half of this industry swangin from our balls

Its bone thugs, mighty bone thugs

Bone thug, bone, bone thug

[Verse 1: Krayzie Bone]

I told em imma get up, get out and get something,

But I was a little bitty nothin, in the city thuggin,

Neva been a nigga that's eta fucked none less than a  
hundred percent,

The hustle that's in me, my thug mentality

Show me what to do to improve my salary,

Don't nobody move cause you could be a casualty,

One a dem, maybe dey crossed paths with me

One nigga left and they thought we was done,

Thought they could get rid a' da twist of the tounge,

They thought we was finished, but we just beginning,

They want me committed, to the murder, onneee

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, competition, ready to  
die,

Opposition, never survive, when I get done, bustin my

rhyme,  
Imma criminal transformed to a lyrical bad storm,  
Did I mention my fast flowin, lately its got my cash  
growin wit'an ass showin,  
These niggas cant see Bone, they already know,  
Came down with a style unfamiliar sound,  
That's how we kicked in the doo-oo-oor  
What it be like, bone thug nigga,  
born 'n bred in the Cleveland street life,  
And believe we aint goin nowhere,  
We permanent, posted up, like street lights  
We do it, still get to it, undisputed, who wulda knew it,  
We still da truest, shrooted, move it,  
they aint doin it like we do it, do it

[Chorus: 2x]

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[Verse 2: Wish Bone]

Nigga tell the truth when you in the booth,  
You know you think about the blown flow, old hoes  
And I ain't nice, like boss, so wanna spit chya' mouth,  
Better gimme that dough you owe, hoes,  
Wheres the respect when you cash a check, huh?  
We can' break bread, we'll bust ya head, yup  
I'll do it to the heart, rather leave em' dead,  
Before my time, but I'm still ahead,

Of all ya'll, all ya'll,  
Like a nas'y bitch, give'it nigga raw dawg, raw dawg,  
Any nigga putty, hit it, catchya, sawed off, sawed off  
And I'm ready, I'm ready, to-go,  
What it is, nigga bow down, bow down,  
Nigga show some love, ain't no hoes in ta us  
We can swing the bus, we can share some blood,  
Blood blood, blood-blood-blood-blood, blood,  
Let a nigga loose, I'm a smack em' like I do, do  
Imma come an see you fuck tha rappin in da booth,  
I ain't no studio, nutin, my name in your mouth,  
And imma show ya something, fuck it  
It's the first time, double back dumpin  
Deep in the club, they some suckas, rush em,  
Get it how they get it, don't let this singin fool ya,  
We gets dirty, dirty, dirty, never nervous, nah  
Aint no love dem, aint no love us,  
Watch ya mouth, or one day them thugstas, yes  
They will run up on ya, on ya,  
And that's when its over, cause

We don't play no games, so when we up on ya,  
Believe we gonna let it rain, rain, rain, rain!

[Chorus: 2x]

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[Verse 3: Layzie Bone]

In the hood, where its good, yea we get respect,  
Gonna industry, man us let us bill collect,  
It's a promise lil homie, no need for threats,  
We the best in the bidniss, and we breed da nex',  
Nigga ride with a thug on a Cleveland quest,  
We really aint mad at you, clones,  
You gotta give credit when credit is due,  
Why wouldn't they give it ta Bone?  
If you ever gave props to the masta, thanks,  
Now you thinkin how a masta thank,  
Way back in ninety-foe, stage stays closed,  
We open the door, nigga get that bank,  
Flip that flow, city ta' city, my niggas is gritty and o boy,  
Reppin that bone thug, mo' thug, thug line,  
Hit em with one rhyme, they be like, o boy, o boy,  
Now most of the greatest done did it,  
And some of the latest done did it,  
Rest in peace to the B — I — G,  
Been 13 years and they still fuck with it,  
Jay-Z done did, it JD done did, it little bow wow did it  
and killed it,  
I love when a real nigga do they thang, some wanna  
plead not guilty,  
Nigga get filthy, aint no playa hation, some of yall  
niggas in congratulation  
Got your hand on my dick tryin ta masterbate it  
Let me bust in face, since you had to taste it  
Smash and takin whats rightfully mine,  
Nigga betta check my profile,  
Niggas is up in Myspace, eternally this be bone style,  
bone style!

[Chorus: 2x]

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