

## **Bizzy Bone**

### **"Be Careful Pt. II"**

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-Bizzy Bone-(Big B)-Intro-

You better be careful what you be (Be careful, ooh)/  
You better be careful where you go (Ooh)/ Be careful  
what you do (Careful what you do), fuck it/ You better  
be careful what you see (Be careful, what you see)

-Bizzy Bone-{Big B}-Chorus-

Keep my nine millimeter c'mon, artillery got your...you  
gone, they know thats how.../ And keep my nine  
millimeter c'mon, artillery got your...you gone, they  
know thats how...(You better be careful/ You better be  
careful where you go/ You better be careful what you  
do/ You better be careful what you see){No...}

-Bizzy Bone-

And none of that mimi rappin, I already got self  
motivation/ Thug devotion, and dedication through  
every radio station/ They know me all up at the  
crossroads/ Pump me, can't nobody stop me and when  
we bringin the message, load up the crossbow/ I see  
these niggas like the (?) just another lost soul/ Respect  
the boss though, (Bitch) don't need an encore?/ Been  
elevatin my fist/ Smoke comin all up under my wrist/ I  
know that you know I would fuck you up, cause deez is  
nuts/ I ain't got no love for the bitch, they prolly cross  
me just to fuck/ If I can get my struggle on, than nigga  
you could get your hustle on/ What, did I stu-stu-  
studder? You makin jokes, but you broke tough/ Money  
money, either with or without you motherfucker/ All  
day, yall know, hey/ If not my resume, see, and I  
changed the world/ If not we rearranged Hip-Hop,  
nigga/ Neva neva neva eva forget if it's all about Bone  
Thug Mo Thug, Seven Seven, thats my shit/ Nigga lets  
get it, Little B hit it/ You know me, biotch biotch

-Chorus-

-Prince Rasu-

Be careful as fuck, baby, take precaution fo' sho'/ They  
say that nigga Gotti quiet , better fire off a Calico/  
Bastard, I'm a animal/ My guradians was avenues/ My  
Lord be my shepherd, but my swarms for collatoral/  
Who can I trust? Where can I turn? When will it all end?  
I'm suited up in Timberland boots, Regime marchin'  
God damnit I'm a grown man, its time to take my own

stand/ Fuck the federations, my heart is racin' like  
grown mens/ Pumpin the anger built up from years of  
stress, killers and haters surround me daily, no fears  
of death/ I hear the breaths of angels and demons  
fightin' over my soul/ Lord, just give me the path  
through this bloodbath and it's on, Lord/ Roll all haters,  
out my zone when it's goin' down/ Ride with the 7th  
Sign/ Violate, we gone clown/ Four pounds be safe in  
the streets of the showdown/ Love to Gambino, you the  
chief, dog/ This is your town  
-Bizzy Bone-(Big B)-Outro-  
Nine millimeter, c'mon/ Artillery, your gone (Your so  
crazy...)/ Nine millimeter, c'mon

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