

Bizzy Bone

"Fa Sho"

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Bizzy Bone-Intro-

Ya, lets have some fun with him. Who's song is that?
(Yall know what your tlaking about?)(Ya,uh) Mob Life.
Little Bizzy Bone, Bone Thugs n Harmony. Yes, 7th Sign
(I'm out). In full effect baby. (Count off)

-Bizzy Bone-(Chick)-Chorus-

One for the money/ Two for the show, Oh no! (Do you
wanna ride for sho?)/ And thanks to the rhythm you
know I'm gangsta ghetto (Ghetto), do you fo sho? (Do
you wanna ride for sho')/ One for the money/ Two for
the show, Oh no! (Do you wanna ride for sho?)/ And
thanks to the rhythm you know I'm gangsta
ghetto(Ghetto), do you fo sho? (Do you wanna ride for
sho')

-Bizzy Bone-

Havin a party god damn/ Its another ghetto bash, its
fast comin to bring em right at ya/ Lives to the
grapevines/ Business type, nobody can break us/ Got a
little Italian in me, but I'm not paper chasin/ Gimme
money like basketball players, and richer than Casey
Layons with the heat, seeks the street damn my dead
friends/ I hope that he said his prayers before he met
his end, broke bread/ Make a mends with your maker, I
love my creator/ I never been a hater, my baby momma
stole all my Gators/ My face keep craters, but dog for
real we still down/ You know that block keeps me still/
You got the scrilla, I got the scrilla/ You know the deal,
if its on than its on/ Flip the blunt, we go peel/ To the
family, polish up the Grammy and chill/ What do you
know, Papi Chullo got a record deal (Record deal)

-Chorus-

-Court Dog-

Midwest representers, write that down, never go home/
We gettin' the money, I'm makin' the bids, we lay 'em
down, so ruff so tuff/ We hittin' them corners and hittin
them blocks and buy me some 25's/ None of you haters
in case you ain't know its Court Dogg with 7th Sign/ 7th
Sign soldiers, you hatin? It ain't kosher/ You roll or get

rolled over/ Layin' in that black trunk with a chaffer/ We criminals tryna be rapper, smash em (Yes we is)/ So the question we gotta be askin' 'So would you wanna be holdin your pants? Get my parlayed, thug passion' We leave the ladies grinnin from ear to ear/ With the back stretched from here to here/ Heres some playas, its pretty its pretty/ Its pretty clear, you dig?/ We leave them clearances/ You really wanna compare (?!)/ What you think this is? The D Boy, 7th Sign choppin' trees, timber! And Court Dogg, the long lost Bone, nigga/ Braids blowin' in the wind/ Got nothin' but money to spend, sippin' Henn/ Runnin' it and let this free wheel spin

-Chorus-

-Chick-

Its Court Dogg and Mob Life/ And Bizzy Bone and 7th Sign (Gotta get up)/ Its Court Dogg and Mob Life/ And Bizzy Bone and 7th Sign (Gotta get up)

-Court Dog-

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, Court Dog' buyin' drinks for everybody/ I only kick with realist, guerillas, and dealers, can't fade the wannabe haters and squealers/ I'm breakin' the figures and givin' it in, and time to deliver these heavy hitters; Bone Thugs N Harmony, you with us/ 2 Sic you D Boy, you know they feel us/ The haters, they want me to stop but see, I can't/ When saw all my game, I told 'em me name and I'm laughin' all the way to the bank (Ha ha) and you know it's fa' sho'

-Chorus-

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