

Bizzy Bone

"Intro"

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[Intro - repeat "my nigga" in the background]

Through the weather the storms, my nigga will always
be my nigga

Through the weather the storms...

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be my nigga

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My nigga will always be my nigga

Through the weather the storms...

[Bizzy Bone]

There was a thug I knew in Cleveland, strugglin hard to
survive

He wanted the finer things in life, whatever the streets
could provide

Hooked up with the killers slash dealers started to
grind and reside

Slept on the streets and stayed on the block with a
bottle of rocks and a nine

Gathered his homies, started a crew, stood on the
corners in sloo

Way back in 1989 when they wore flats in they shoes

Before there was (?) in they dudes, no metal detectors
in schools

Had him a gun in the bag with his books and took it to
class and he'd shoot

Whoo, suddenly he was the man, everyone knew he
was gettin that money

Brand new jewelry, bought him a car at 14, and
everything lovely

Had him a stash, dreams of upper class, cash in his
pocket to spend

Had it so good, had it so hood, man I wish I'da been
there

And one day, the po'-po' was on him,
he couldn't escape even though he was quick

They offered a deal, but just like a thug,
he was what he was, he wasn't no snitch

He went to jail, did all of his time,
back in the Cleveland, this time with a dream

He started a group called Bone Thugs and wanted all
of us on his team
That's my nigga

[Outro - same as Intro with variations]

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