

Bizzy Bone "Social Studios"

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I don't spread no strong message of violence nobody
silence me
quiet gun shots start riots so do children fry them little
boys
don't try it kill'em don't put it on crossroads put it on
your
lost
S and f**k the world those little girls in jonesboro died
all
alone down in arkansas woods little mitchell strapped
up with
ammo do they know really what he's thinkin and the
plan is
plotted out
And morbid be gang bangers hang on corners smokin
perfecto's and
I often search for profit but I ain't killed nobody stop it
put
it on petro 7th sign voted for deathrow and the death
note read
b
E baby debbie tell me did he die crazy baby let's go to
the
parents to the preacher to the pastor and I ain't no
marilyn
manson I'm a rapper thugologist in the rapture I
wouldn't chance
it I got
Dren myself and I watch their well being demons seep
under me
breathin see me help me and I ain't dreamin and I ain't
dreamin
and I ain't dreamin.

[chorus]

I stand in front of the congress with these runaway
slaves of
justice blame it on bone thug music and abusive fo
fathers
don't touch it when I was twelve I slept in buckets
reminisce

juvy back
Lumbus in cleveland I'm poppin these niggas at 14 and
I loved it
adrenaline rush for the get back gang war 99th niggas
fred ward
americas most wanted I'm haunted by sinister niggas
that paid
for
Mr. mitchell johnson you's a grown man with no soul fry
him at

15 years old and heaven will rain down and unload fold
with the
murder mo murder mo the devil will hear you moan
heard him go
heard
Go little mitchell dead and gone from the mob boss bb
gambini
nina ross in the crossroads die off little demon off
those and
assistant distant fry but they was kids right nigga these
boyz
is kil
Hat'll split you wig and of course they should die as if
they
were muthaf**kin big you dig.

[chorus]

I don't blame the babies it's the lawyers but I'm royal
legally
unfoil little mitchell listenin to this serpent uncoil pay
attention boy member and eye for an eye go on and kill
and you
soon wi
E give up the ghost give up the ghost fry fry these are
the
signs of the times passin us by suspected of felony
keep tellin
me they wanted me dead or alive heaven will move me
right fo sho
movin
Eaven'z movie literal ku ku kids in the burbs shootin for
the
youth for the world is so absurd blurry o critical
thoughts of
my fury with tongues of double edge swords surely
have faith in
God b
M worried lookin at the lions in the crossroads hit 'em
up with

my crossbow glory to jesus I love my mob break 'em off
dawg
lethally injected he's just a kid aw he should die like
he's
muthaf**k
G can you dig.....

[chorus]

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