

Bizzy Bone

"Way Too Strong"

Visit "[Way Too Strong](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

DJ Unique. We need to take 'em back to the projects,
man.

Like 1988. Let me hit somethin' real quick. Mmmmm
Hmmmm. Oh what? what? what? what? what? what?
what?
what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what?
what?
what? what? what? what?
wha.....? We are way too strong.

Chrous:

(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, yeah.
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong.
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, I said
way too strong, i said way too strong.
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, yeah.
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong.
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, way too
strong, way too strong, way too strong...

Verse 1: ('what?, what?' repeated in rhythm in
background)

Somebody hide my homeboy, and i'm prayin' those
same old
enemies try some
drainel things. One of my friend's is comin' with or
without ya.
Plus i'm to flip out, then dissappear in the rain.
Those sucka'z can sue me, do me, ain't seen a thing.
Prison may make me loyal, murda may make me
scream.
I been bustin' with regime, fiend gonna rob me.
For the love of money, cash all's around me.
Rebel with a cause with a sawed off buck shot,

good side, pass off five (if i) shot that boss,
glass eye go cock, cock, glock. Watch man's life shall
squash.

Now i've struck like blood, pump like blood, pump like
blood, (pump like blood)..

*and so you wanna dollar, make a triple dollar bill, but
whats your salary

no love up for that nigga, in the bone we can talk
gotchour number and the chips up, if they kill em/
when the federal general ona mission(Thuggish
Ruggish say)

(chorus 2x)

Verse 2: ('what?, what?' repeated in rhythm in
background)

Projects like Y-A, sell rocks, slide in my low-low, fo'
sho'.

Grab my pesos, compadre. Slow down, (aww shit).

Don't take my photo, in a mo-mo, lookin' out the
window with a four-four.

Why you roll solo? 'cause don't nobody know what i
know, fo' sho'.

Buy my weed hoes, Little Eazy tell Jesus to let me be.

I drink Hennessey till i can't see. Where's my regime?

Smack, Pennsylvania, my ends low, i'm still in my Lexus
smokin' perfectos,

pumpin' petro. Baby, let's go, I got death notes,

Till the rap flows, in the wind (wind), tinted up again
(again),

in '89 on twins (twins). Tell my secret to the moonlight,
praise God makin' my tomb right.

To my friends, hop out the Benz if you are envious of
my ends.

(chorus 2x)

Verse 3: ('what?, what?' repeated in rhythm in
background)

Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-
one).

Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-
one).

Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-
one).

Envious (envious), remember, remember, remember?

End it all for the kids,

mama wanna know what I did when I had no place to
live.

Addicted to Ghetto violence, me and my nigs,

gimme a swig, kick that (ssshhhh).
And the devil strikes on the runway to L.A.
I remember the day, with Little Eazy and Krayzie.
History in the makin', finally made it.
Man I can't wait to get paid and I signed at 17.
Fuckin with my thugs, we thought we had it made.
I better wake up. But I was young and drunk off the
Henn,
and so was my friends. Then I ended up broke with
platinum records.
No not again. Then, then, then, then, then will the end
begin.
Nobody knows, 'cause bitches don't suppose, and it
might be 1999,
Then it might be 2000 and 4. Baby let's roll for the 7th
sign
(seven, seven, seven, seven).
Man they don't know, I started this in '85.

(chorus 2x)

Visit [Bizzy Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.