

Bizzy Bone

"When Thug's Cry"

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for the ghetto media ..dont let the light skin fool ya..I
will fuck u up

Nigga, we represent the planet. Get schizophrenic and
panic. Maybe
the past would understand if they'd get off they ass.
And mash, how do you manage? Paranoid, don't even
trust my boys.
Watch for the plots and deploys, envoys scopin'
like a dope fiend, but im smokin in the alleys with these
ghetto
guns and erase my funds Watts niggas in Cali take
bullets to the brains, still rowdy. Jesus really never died
you
crucified mutual suicide. Who am I? Local with vocals,
goin'
coast to coast. Heaven'll move me, right, for sure.
Deception weather
my brethren, but sunny days when I parlay. Get killed
when I get to steppin'. 'member the weapon's close and
the doctor said
I need time to myself on the ocean those frivolous
thoughts but im brought up
full of this independance caught up sever relentless
evil intentions,
nobody knows 'em, even the henchmen warrior poet
never to mention
i love my lady rebel we can get the stroke on we can
get the stroke on
we can get the stroke on, when the thugs cry.

We keepin' the lights on at Ruthless and I ain't fuckin'
the boss,
lookin' at me sexy. Take your clothes off but my dick'll
go
soft. Never mix business with your sickness. Enemy see
me flippin'
in the picnic with your little divide and conquer, but my
sister was ready to bomb her. Get off the diznick and
up off my
voice. Me and my boys, give us a choice. How could
you

ever tell Sony that I was the only one was makin' noise?
Ain't it a
breach of trust? Look in the gutter. Ha! Never judge
your
book by the cover. Word to the muthafucka! I.. I didn't
stutter
But what if I lost it and came in the office, and nobody
noticed with liquid explosives on top of Versace
clothes. Give up the
ghost. Krayzie's Picasso. lil Layzie's like Caesar.
Stack's like lil Pesci and Casino, and Wish don't give a
fuck, O I'm
Gambino. And the walking dead woke up on the wrong
side of the bed bible of survival, triple six rivals triple
six
rivals member u said i read but I roll with killas, niggas
that'll bust u in the club u don't feel us strapped in the
bed, strapped
pickin up the kids in the realest, the realest, the realest,
the realist

It'll make your body shake, when it's too late, soon as
you flipped
off the safety. Baby, this we all day, don't tell me you
crazy will they sell me? Hell, naw For the reason this
weepin' widow be the demon, so cheap. And at least
she
peepin, so peep deep dead in your pockets no sleep,
rollin with
my crucifix, Lucifer usually uses to rule off these
wicked tricks in the school of these ghetto games. And
the fool, of this
bitchs mist I say Shame, shame, shame. Enemies
attackin'
me. Actually I'm in the grain ask Mr. Majesty. These
casualties--well, they passin' me by, but I hear death
callin', when
it's so cold in the room, who's stallin'? Better come
after me, and we
say, "Fuck ya'll." all in the battle we, battle we, battle we

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