

Bizzy Bone

"When Thugz Cry"

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. . . when the thugs cry
This is what it sounds like [this is what it sounds like,
this is what
it sounds like . . .] . . .
. . . when the thugs cry [when the thugs cry, when the
thugs cry].

Nigga, we represent the planet. Get schizophrenic and
panic. Maybe
their parents would understand if they get off they ass.
And man, how do you manage? Paranoid, don't even
trust my boys. Watch
for them plots and the ploys, and boys scopin'
like a dope fiend, when I'm smoked in these alleys with
these ghetto
guns and erased muthafuckin' Watts niggas in Cali
take
bullets to the brains, still rowdy. Jesus really never
died--you
crucified Him to a suicide. Who am I? Loco with vocals,
goin'
coast to coast. Heaven'll move me, right, for sure.
Deception within
my brethren, but sunny days when I parlay. Get killed
when I get to steppin'. Remember the weapon (come)
and the doctor said
I need time to myself where ocean flows, Rip in
this, thug for the Bone, up puttin' this independent
stardom. Seven
relentless evil intentions, nobody knows 'em, Im even a
hitman. Where will you go? We never did mention
about my lady
rebel. And we can get this choke on. And we can get
this choke on. And we can get this choke on. And we
can get this
smoke on, when the thugs cry.

This is what it sounds like (this is what it sounds like,)
. . when the thugs cry
[when the thugs cry, when the thugs cry].
[Are you ready, ready?]

We keepin' the lights on at Ruthless and I ain't fuckin'
the boss,
lookin' at me sexy. Take your clothes off, and my dick'll
go
soft. Never mix business with your sickness. Enemy see
me trippin'
at the picnic with your little divide and conquer, but my
sister was ready to bomb her. Get off the diznick and
up off my
boys. 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! Huh, I
didn't studder.
But what if I lost and I came in the office, and nobody
noticed went in with explosives on top of Versace
clothes. Give up the
ghost. Krayzie's Picasso. Little Layzie's like Caesar.
Stack's like Joe Pesci in Casino, and Wish don't give a
fuck, ho. 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, rivals]--none of you said, but I roll with killas,
niggas
that'll bust a nigga. We don't feel strapped in the bed,
kickin' up the
camp on the realest, the realest, the realest.

This is what it sounds like
(this is what it sounds like).
[Yeah, yeah, yeah . . .]
. . . when the thugs cry
[when the thugs cry, when the thugs cry].
[Are you ready, ready, ready?] Oh no!

Here to make your body shake, when it's too late, soon
as you flipped
off the safety. Baby, this be all day, don't tell me you
crazy. Would they tell me? Hell, naw. But the reason
there's
weepin', we off with a demon, so cheap. And at least
she
peekin', so peep deep down in your pockets. Don't
sleep, runnin' with
my crucifix, Lucifer usually uses it to rule all these
wicked tricks in the school of these ghetto games. And
the fool, this
bitch is missin'. Shame, shame, shame. Enemies

attackin'
me. Actually I'm in the grave, ask Mr. Majesty. These
casualties--well, they passin' me by, but I hear death
callin', when
it's
so cold in a room, who's stallin'? Better come after me,
and we say,
"Fuck ya'll." Haul into battle [we battle, battle].

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