

Krayzie Bone "Forces To Fight"

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Krayzie Bone-(Asu)-

Keep it real/ Keep it real... (ThugLine. You know what it is.)

We the assassin... (Krayzie Bone...)

Comin' to slay, watch â€™em fall when the gun, gun blast (Dj Khaled, Miamis finest)... (Asu, K Mont, Omar)

Asu-

Only speak when spoken to or get your shit broken through from tendon to gristle

What Iâ€™m sendin' is official like a brand, I donâ€™t suggest, I command

Anything less than demand ainâ€™t even a mouse cause even a mouseâ€™ll die for cheese (Some of yâ€™ all scared to die, period)

Droppin' degrees, only thing with me to gain is a loss, on parole like a Boss

Got more D then the Army, Navy, Marines, or Air Force Now Iâ€™m a say it once; Fronts bloody and backs get muddy

Jermaine Dupri that ass (Yeah, yeah, yeah) leave your body swollen and a little puffy

-K Mont-

Hey yo, sometimes we wyle out when we party we break night

Ainâ€™t no unity in my community so we forcinâ€™ to fight

Cause the foâ€™ foâ€™ desert eagle will put that ass in a herse

Since I hooked up with Leathaface, you know the hatinâ€™ just got worse

We make money all year around, we bring the heat like the summer

While yâ€™ all niggas be gettinâ€™ murdered with guns without serial numbers

So tell me, who is the real enemy; Is it you or the police?

We gonâ€™ continue to go to war and pour out liquor for the deceased

-Omar-

My niggas is forced to fight, forced to pull they guns
out (C'mon)
at full might cause we went from thousand-aires to
millionaires overnight (Whoa)
I see a billion dollars in my forecast, I observe
While you only see rain and clouds in yours?
Make you wanna go and get yours, make you wanna
squeeze yours
Well get at me, son
I make sure you get yours
See they used to call me Scrappy Scrap cause I
scrapped a lot
Now they call me Clappy Clap Clap cause I clap a lot

-Krayzie Bone-

I don't give a fuck if it's the cops, niggas up on
the block, we know how you niggas plot
When I cock my seventeen shot all that talk-talk
gon' stop, watch (Pop! Pop! Pop...)
You hate me now while I make my money, I'll be
back to deal with that later and I'm gon' slay ya
simply cause you played me like a busta so I'm
gon' fade you
Ever since I was seven, nigga showed love to them
streets, sho' nuff
Ran with niggas, Mo! Thug, Mo! Thug
When I walk the streets, I keep my hand on my ball' and
I'm not just holdin' my nuts I'm tryin' to
keep this pistol from fallin' fallin'
We can't stop the fire, fire... 'cause we ain't
start the fire, fire, fire...

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