

Krayzie Bone "Intro"

Visit "[Intro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Who the nigga with the gauge in ya face?
It's Leatherface in the place, about to hit ya in ya
bankroll!
All the niggaz that was poppin before started to rock it
We got this, now try to stop it if ya ain't hoes!
Wouldn't ya know, this the coldest flow, and have them
feelin it all over the world
They see the Bone-Bone-Bone-Bone!
Me and my niggaz is thorough-bred and every time we
pull up in the party we twirl in
Yeah, they be like, "look, look, there go them Bone
Thug niggaz"
"I wonder if them niggaz is really some thug niggaz"
And then they start to drink and get a little buzz in em
And then they get to thinkin they can fuck with us
niggaz
Now we don't need a lot of bodyguards when we roll
So, you know we packin heaters from the door
Fo-Fo, all I really need to guard my body
And plus I'm with some niggaz all kind of psychotic...

You niggaz is fucked, yeah! That's what ya gonna do?
When ya run up, ya done up, them busta niggaz fools
And we don't play, catch a feelin, bring it yo way!
We them thugs, niggaz really buzzed, nigga all day!
If we have to, yeah, think about the time
When a nigga disrespect mine, where I'm from, then I
got to shoot!
St. Clair, yeah! Cleveland's right here!
Hustlin right here, them thugsta niggaz right here!
What, what? Them other niggaz play tenderous, and
won't bust!
Not-not me no... no, not me no, I will, bust at will, I'll see
ya
Comeback boy, for sayin what? And I'll spray ya, yes,
I'll see ya, see ya
You should have never passed, stay in your place
Mind your bidness or end up needin a witness,
yeahhhhhh....

Let me make this the last time, a nigga gotta say this
The original Bone Thugs, them niggaz ain't to play with

We get down for our damn thang, rank us among the
greatest
And I'm sendin my shouts out, and fuck you to the
haters
Who deny? In 1994 we switched the game up
With the homies with the rappin and the flow that
always change up
Playin lames in the games, what a shame, had to hang
up
They music careers, cause my clique brought the
bangers
These niggaz wanna ride on a coat-tail
They stay on the dick, because we servin 'em so swell
I remember when motherfuckers called it bitin
They used to do that, cause these niggaz couldn't write
it
All I'm tryna say is, give a nigga credit
If a nigga can't get it, then a nigga gettin deaded
It's all about respect, remember Layzie Bone said it
Better believe I'ma get mine, I'm dyin as a legend
I'm livin as a legend, if I want it I'ma get it
Nigga, hustle game tight, y'all can't fuck with it
This swagger is so strong, been doin it so long
And nigga it's so cold, with bidness!
We got the (Thugs) on the (Line), and the (Thugs)
screamin (Mo!)
When we put it all together, thug niggaz gettin dough
Settin trends in this bitch, like we did it before
Still creepin on ah come up, through the backdoor,
nigga!

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