

Krayzie Bone

"Silence[featuring Graveyard Shift]"

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Krayzie, Sin, and Tombstone:Thug Mentality 1999

-Refrain-

Silence(Silence) is nessecary/ Don't tell them who you
are

Sin

Formulate a different tactic/ Let's sing anthems/ No
stereotypical categorizin'/

Rising above all

Make-shift realities/ Fantasies misconstrued the
thoughts of wicked men/ They

cough as lungs inhale

Exhale poisonous gases/ Oh well, I guess I'll just

protect myself and good

health/ Done played out

the wickedest hand man has ever dealt/ I felt like dyin'

just the other day 'cause

Satan was tryin'

Walkin' too close by my side/ Stay still; Please don't

move! Your soul you could

lose/ No cryin'

Where's my blood? You'll find out soon enough/ All

right, I'll ride/ In due

time, we'll get our chance

to die/ Hold on to my mind/ No use for guns or drugs,

need more love/ But, yet,

and still

Slugs gets fired off constantly/ Immorally destroyin'

my holy oracle, but I just

ignore it though

Keep a steady pace, just movin' slow, slow, just movin'

slow

-Refrain-

Krayzie

As I sit in my livin' room, chillin' in my thug mood/ I

begin to hear noises

comin' from the other room

So I pause my Nintendo, then I walk over to the window/

Is it paranoya from the

indo?

Then 'cause I thought, then I another thought; run and

get the pump, "Who goes

there?
What the fuck you want?" 'cause I done off that bud
and I'm a buck a muthafucker
down, You on my ground
So you got another round/ All of the sudden I heard a
crash, my first instincts
was to blast
But the Mossberg didn't last so I had to dash/ Run
upstairs, I was frantic and
paniced
But I managed to make it to the top, to my artillery
shop/ I was runnin' but I
could hear the sounds
comin'/ I don't know, they must think I got some money,
AK-47 and a Mac-11/ Jet
into the bedroom, lock myself

in, the clip is in / Teach 'em a lesson it ain't healthy to
rob/ They fin
to slip on the job soon as they twist on the knob, just
like I figured when they
twisted it
The AK-47 was hot, I had to drop it, but I emptied it/ The
Mac-11 I get, and hit
the niggas up from head to toe
A nigga escapin' but I was out the window/ Here I go, I
hit the ground "Uh",
then I look around
Shake the fall, hopped in the Benz and hauled/ Call in
my niggas let's get ready
for war, I think I
killed 'em all, but I know they'll be sendin' some more/
So when they come back
around I say we
show 'em that rappin' don't mean a thang, and this is a
gun, and this is your
grave/ Rest In Peace
you're not feelin' me/ Truly Mr. Leatherface, I dedicate
this...
-Refrain-
Tombstone
Fight, movin' in the night (Watch out!) Daylight, takin'
slow paces might outrun
the race
Never want to rely on murda/ Enter my life, but life's so
strange and hectic/
All backwards/ It's
shelled/ The killin' factor in jail/ The streets is hell/ You
can tell by the
smell/ Off with his head
Oh well! You know they don't give a damn if that make

the weak mind feel the
same/ It's a shame
how they watch you, stalk you; pinnin' every step I
make, knowin' every breath I
take/ Makin' it easy
for the next man to get his hands on a 38/ They be
buckin' on niggas in these
last days, but thanks
for the fun/ Can't stay focused, causin' ruckus/ The
devil done played with the
earth like a puppet
Now we all in fucked shit/ That's why silence is
necessary/ Don't tell 'em who
you are by far
Don't you tell them who you are
-Refrain-

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