

## Krayzie Bone "Silence"

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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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