

L-Burna (Layzie Bone) "Str8 Ridaz (featkrazie Bone)"

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[Intro-Layzie Bone]

Yo we vibin'

What?!

This is.....(Im' a str8 rida)

another Self-Entertainment Production (Im' a str8 rida)

(Im' a str8 rida) Bone Thugs (Im' a str8 rida)

Yeah

Ay move, that's that nigga right there dawg,(we str8
ridaz)

thats the same nigga that was talkin shit at the club
dawg, watch out...

[Verse 1-Layzie Bone]

When I am yeah Im' grindin baby gettin down with the
best of them,

You thought I would slip and fall, end up like the rest of
them,

Thats what you expect from them, neva' the thug nigga
this bone,

Whup him like he stole something, I beat him like Im'
Roy Jones,

And I thought I told you life is quick and fast better get
up and get the cash,

Quick to mash, nigga be lettin em' slip and pass,
number one is up for grabs,

Im'a be the victor man, strong arm, take the shit man,
like I was the beater man,

Bulldozer against the grain, I always been the rebel
dawg,

Kickin' ass and takin names, on a whole 'nother level
dawg,

Grown since a teenager, mobile phones and Sky
Pagers

Brought up in the projects, now we ballin' skyscrapers
H2s and Escalades, customized, special made

Hollywood to Broadway, check it dog, we gettin' paid

Naw I ain't about to change, I'ma just continue grindin'
Bills paid, babies eatin', record sales steadily climbin'

[Hook - Bizzy Bone] X 2

Ride or die..

Ain't nothin' wrong, I'm ready to get the battle on

Ride or die..
Waitin' for war, waitin' for warfare

[Verse 2 - Krayzie Bone]

A nigga got a flow that's so sick, my shit is in critical
condition
And if there's a cure for this, I don't need a fixin'
Gimme a blunt and let me split that shit, man hit that
shit
We ain't smokin', rollin' no penners, we blow big fat
spliffs
My nigga, just kick back with me, it's the thugs

That's runnin' this motherfucker so bitch answer to us
We the man, we the one
That started this thuggish ruggish, that rough and
rugged shit
We ain't smokin' heat, tokin', fuck with me killer, fuck a
bitch
I must admit these niggaz, they caught on quick
Broads is gettin' pretty jealous 'cause they all on dick
Battle you with a rhyme, man I battle you with a nine
Millimeter heater, start the breathin' and stop the
bleedin'
Thug niggaz straight outta Cleveland, just released to
the streets
Paper chasin' player haters get pussies feet
underneath, when I creep
So don't be fuckin' with Krayzie, I come through blazin'
With my Leatherface and sawed off, servin' niggaz raw
dog

[Hook] X 2

[Verse 3 - Bizzy Bone]

Resurrection of the radical, none of these rappers
compatible
Ready for combat, fanatical, tragedies never tattle
Automatic guns rattlin', moppin' up blood stains,
grievance
And I done seen about everything in the world but Jesus
I been to Armageddon, under war, one disciple
Tear it up and start it all over, let me rewrite the Bible
My shit's maniacal, drink Henny until I spit up bile
Livin' this crazy life, la vida loca
Baggin' that coca (cola), poppin' that Motorola soldier
This shit is sizzlin', bullets are whistlin', bitch
I am the master of my destiny, never no De Lilo
And no Jezebel, my sisters say don't let them broads
stress me
I need the silence of the spirits, I am the lamb

These niggaz gon' hate it, corrupt it again, hmmm
It's the religion of Abraham, where there were Muslim
bastards
Catholic or Jewish, leave it to Christians, this is thug life
niggaz

[Hook] X 2

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