

B.V.S.M.P

"The Righteous Ones"

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(Chorus: David's Daughters)

I am waiting for the righteous one
Enlighten us the righteous one
I am waiting for the righteous one
Enlighten us the righteous one
Are you waiting for the righteous one?
With the faith of titans with your beauty enlighten us

(Verse 1: Layzie Bone)

Mama said it's a cruel world
And I still can't believe some of them things that I've
seen with my own eyes
Weak niggas frontin like the strong guys fuckin with
them Bone guys
Nigga you die,you die'm that sneaky little nigga still off
the hook
Off the chain and a muthafucking wire
You can label me a hitman that's out here for hire
Throwin up blood til the world expires
Nigga's lost and it turned out
Ain't got no direction and don't know which way to go
Nigga save your soul cause we all gotta struggle or
strive
And that's called survival
It's vital nigga better know what to die for
Living in the battlefield it's all about respect and honor
Niggas be strapped with the gats and armor
Ready for whatever nigga fuck the drama bitch what?
We can make a mil take a mil tell me how that paper
feel
Is he real is he real?
Would it make a nigga kill for the house on the hill?
Drive a brand new Benz and no bills?
Fuckin right it will that's why I stay heated
Cause I got to let'em know a nigga's needed
Nigga fuckin with me while I'm weeded
Comin with the beef then nigga you eat it,eat it,eat it!

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2: Bizzy Bone)

And you're feeling so thuggish outta Columbus
Seen my mama? Hey, remember me baby?
I bought a Mercedes, a crib for my babies
And lately got him running from Lady Death, still I'm
shady
Okay they say he schizophrenic and crazy
Back in the 80's tryna get up out the foster homes in
dreams a teen
And now my mama lets me down
She wouldnt pick up the phone
I'll make it all on my own
But that's a whole other song and y'all don't leave it
alone!
I save then baby, c'mon!
Murderous, somebody noticed when I strike through
the killing fields, dead!
T-Rock done got shot got a glock for the nigga ar-tillery
shop
Drop when the nigga pop and the party dont stop till
they call the cops!
Somebody get with the bacardi, got to get to the block
You know it's me and my niggas, all the guerillas, killas
Still I'm puttin Biblical bop
Stay in rhythm with my eye on the clock and tick-tock!

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3: Flesh -N- Bone)

We got Mack-11's AK-47's
Yellin mo murda with the beam got lots of felons
Bloody bodies smellin
Caught up in a 180 ah got grenades and cannons
involved
When I'm barkin just fuck with the 5th Dawg
Nigga we got a missle to haul off the shotty guns
And a barreled sawed-off
And all the body bags come with the white chalk
Nigga while you on a mission my nigga better protect
the chest
A super nigga bullet-proof vest nigga take it from me
Flesh
You don't wanna be sorry yet again
We don't need another nigga-less army
So investing me with artillery quality satisfactory

guaranteed
I ain't no con I'm a nigga that's waiting for some shit
like Nam
To pop off in my country!

(Verse 4: Bizzy Bone)

When Kennedy was shot on the drive, the roof went on
fire
Hide all, you little children in a dire
When I spark in the dark with a lighter
Light up and don't die in silence
Somebody was sitting on the backs of the lions
Somebody was drinking from the back of the lamb
Somebody was spittin' ammunition in the radio-even in
Zion (Zion)
Millennium and also through the city when they hated
Don't be bucking on my Bone
When someone's home and never play to me
And pray to me, can't play with me
So label me a runaway slave
And "CÃ©st la vie"!
Murda Mo criminal's insane
Isn't worried about the aliens
Move faster and then ask 'em about the state of men
and help the matter
Brace yourself, I can't tell if I'm in peril
I ain't well, fucking up some, soaking up some
How will he run from jail?
When the jail's within himself
The righteous one!

(Chorus)

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