

Layzie Bone

"For the Thugs That's Gone"

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[Layzie Bone] Deuce-double-oh-tre Layzie Bone,
representin for all my fallen soldiers I keep my, feet on
the concrete, and I ride for the cause That's why this
opportunity still knockin like I would in my balls Forever
the, hood in me dawg, and yeah the law is still trailin
Been some time since I been drug sellin, they labeled
me a thug felon And at least they think so, see me
rollin in my Benzo drivin I-90 East on the freeway, po-po
and they wanna stop me They see me leave the
projects, pick up suspicious objects My cousin Skano
had that sticky green so I went to cop it They always
fuckin with me, just got a Denali truck They hate that
I'm it with the windows tinted, finna roll this up And I
know they hate to see me, they smell the leather on me
As soon as they ask me for license I'm quick to flash it
on 'em And sure done rollin 'em proper, cause dawg I
learned my lesson Big Wally told me to get legit so I
can roll with weapons And I pray the Lord he bless 'em,
I pray he R.I.P. Forever I'm holdin down your legacy in
these streets [Chorus: Layzie - singing] So we pour this
liquor out For the thugs that's gone, for the thugs that's
gone And if you feelin what we talkin about Then you
know we mourn, and you know it's on Even though they
all gone home You know life goes on, and it won't be
long 'til we see each other again It goes on and on on,
and on and on on [Layzie Bone] We wanted the money
and the power, remember how quick it all came? Little
hustlers gettin it, makin that dough, already we thick in
the game We thought we as slick as they came, a little
bit sick and deranged Doin thangs, did not seem
strange, I can't explain but we had to bang And your
name we keep it poppin, them polished pimpin playas
Represent from everywhere, my niggaz from the Clair
We keep on movin, movin, if I happen to be who next
Just keep on movin, movin, makin these niggaz give
respect Cause I'm that worldwide baller now, and
everywhere I go I keep my heat right by my side, in
case y'all ain't know We wouldn't do shit to start some
drama, man we riders for real Layin our freedom on
the line, tryin to provide us a meal And I'm makin mil's,
sellin mil's off record deals, still in the hood Nigga

Troy, Hollywood, Little Boo, it's all good We love y'all
and miss y'all, Tombstone from Mo Thug You my dawg,
and sho' enough, and you know when I show love
(that's right) [Chorus] [Layzie Bone] This life is tricky,
ain't it? Pictures painted, tainted and distorted It's like
these memories all I have, so I report it and record it
Remember that baby she was gorgeous, not a flaw in
the world But she left us and went to Heaven, oh
precious, that beautiful little girl See we can take it for
granted, cause it ain't promised Never know just how
this life is gon' be Better take advantage as much as
you can manage cause if you damage it this is all it's
gon' be - trust me Too many celebrities perish, these
people we love and cherish And I had a chance to met
Aaliyah, but I was too embarrassed And I should've
took that chance, I heard that from a man Jam Master
Jay was so real, y'all niggaz don't understand He told
me to handle my busniess, make sure I pay my taxes A
little advice from a legend to keep my paper stackin
And I gotta give props to Eazy, that nigga put me on If
he didn't believe in the Thugs, y'all wouldn't have
heard of Bone [Chorus] - 2X

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