

## Eazy Bone

### "Innocent Hands"

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Ridin with death hitting these niggas till the day I die

we got mercy and there's no place to hide these are  
some thuggin tortured innocent hands

I crept and I came sit back on da streets nigga you  
ready to bleed ready to go to war so grab yo weapons  
lace yo boots with my thugs wait till the law down  
let me grab my strate jacket they pumpin dem slugs  
and on dem drugs lay you in yo caskets  
the president all over my shit wantin to see the e-bone  
drop it don't stop body rott till we test and buck  
now you outta luck it makes a nigga thank from taking  
all

the credit them hoes going to rest now they are a  
bloody mess

distress with my soldiers lyrics from tha mind the heart  
thuggish ruggish always straight thuggin from time to  
time

gotta get my cash before I get in dat ash pump dem  
slugs

on drugs doing what I can to set it straight appreciate  
seperate from

the fields of war yo enemies gettin put to rest buck  
buck to

tha bang sing along with my twelve gadge call me e-  
bone

break the song down defend or assault krayzie bone  
gettin high on a

sly remember the times I was down to ride for life  
thank the lord

for watching over me everyday and everynight cause  
it's

peaceful, it's peaceful

chorus

Ridin with death hittin these niggas till the day I die  
we got mercy and there's no place to hide these are  
some  
thuggin tortured innocent hands

See I started when I was 13 and still doing this shit the  
grenades  
burning down the homes of lives thugs hustlin, laid in  
the grass  
till your body rott my body guard waitin while you hatin  
statin the facts  
of bone lyrics bone full of this shit gettin rich the  
closest moments  
of my life was when I become a thug If you a trifling  
nigga, you  
might get killed drilled in tha head spread yo wings  
rings over my thugs  
through the ectasy hit it get high realize that it's a  
skeam dream about  
the war beam the light , mash it , flash it shine it in yo  
face a thuggish  
nigga in the woods if you was to come in my hood I'm a  
thuggish nigga  
so ah I would have to kill ya so die, cry when you dead  
and gone, now\  
I'm all wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong

chorus

Ridin with death hitting these niggas till the day I die  
we got mercy and there's  
no place to hide these are some thuggin tortured  
innocent hands

Hittin em up quick in a second within a minute with my  
automatic pistol If I get  
dangerous better bring yo weapons before steppin no  
telling he dwelling in da land  
were demons never ran, bang dem flames Mo thugs  
stoppin stacking in the  
artillary shop wanna sound like bone sneakin up on you  
what would you do  
It's the neighborhood slang I know I'm down for my  
thang as long as they remember  
e-bone as being no pretenda when I bust you better  
stay low because I got plenty  
of rounds It's not as easy as it sounds if you wanna get  
pounded my 9mm cocked  
up on yo block tuckin yo chest wanna be Mo thug that's  
insane though you could  
hang never would come to the real thug, so what

chorus

Ridin with death hitting these niggas till the day I die  
we got mercy and there's no place  
to hide these are some thuggin tortured innocent  
hands

I'm a real thug I'm the silent blu killa outta tha mind the  
greatest place on earth would  
be a thug paradise

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